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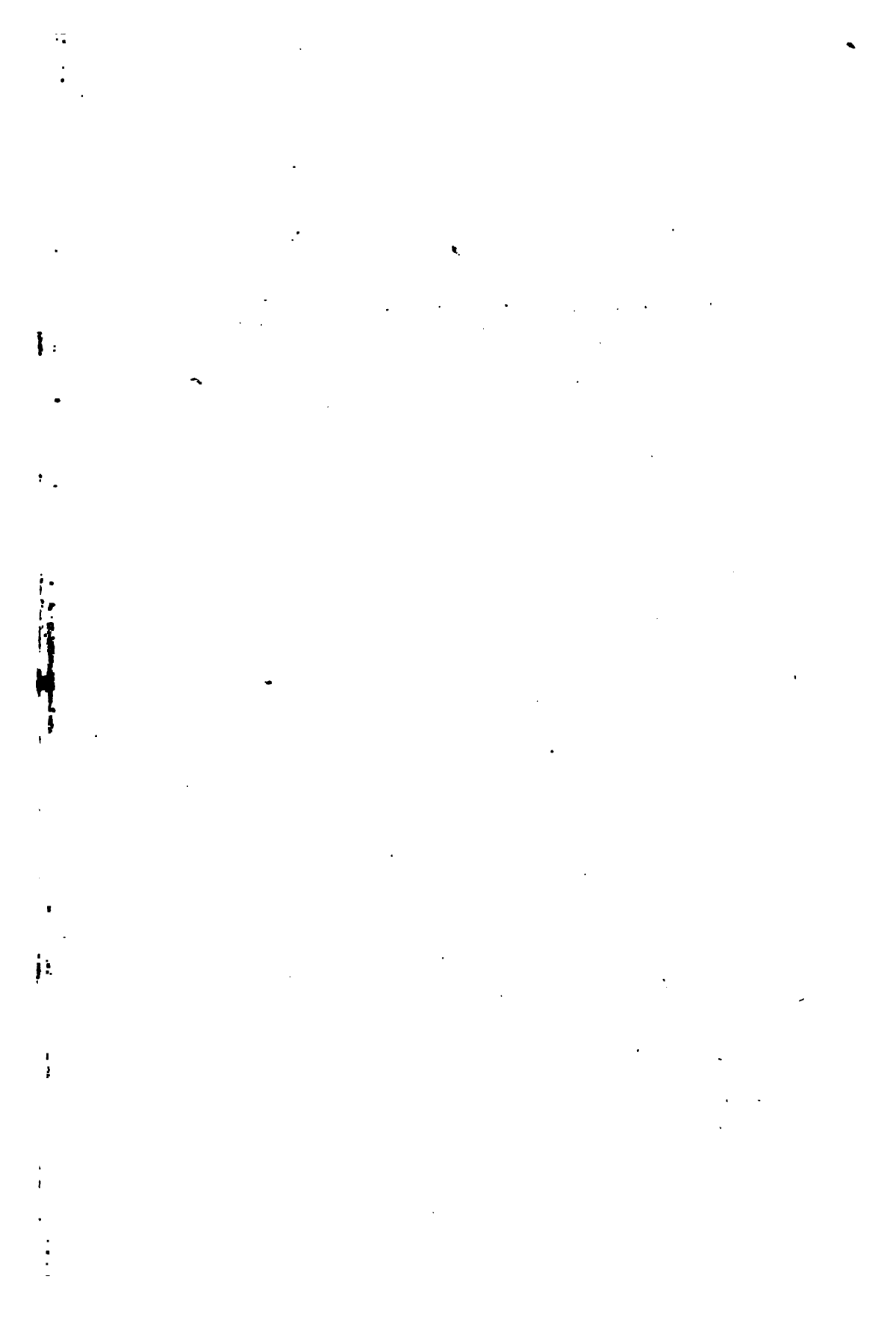
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1





THE FIRST DATED WOODCUT.
("St. Christopher," 1423.)

[See p. 365.]



The Bookworm.

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OF

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* * *

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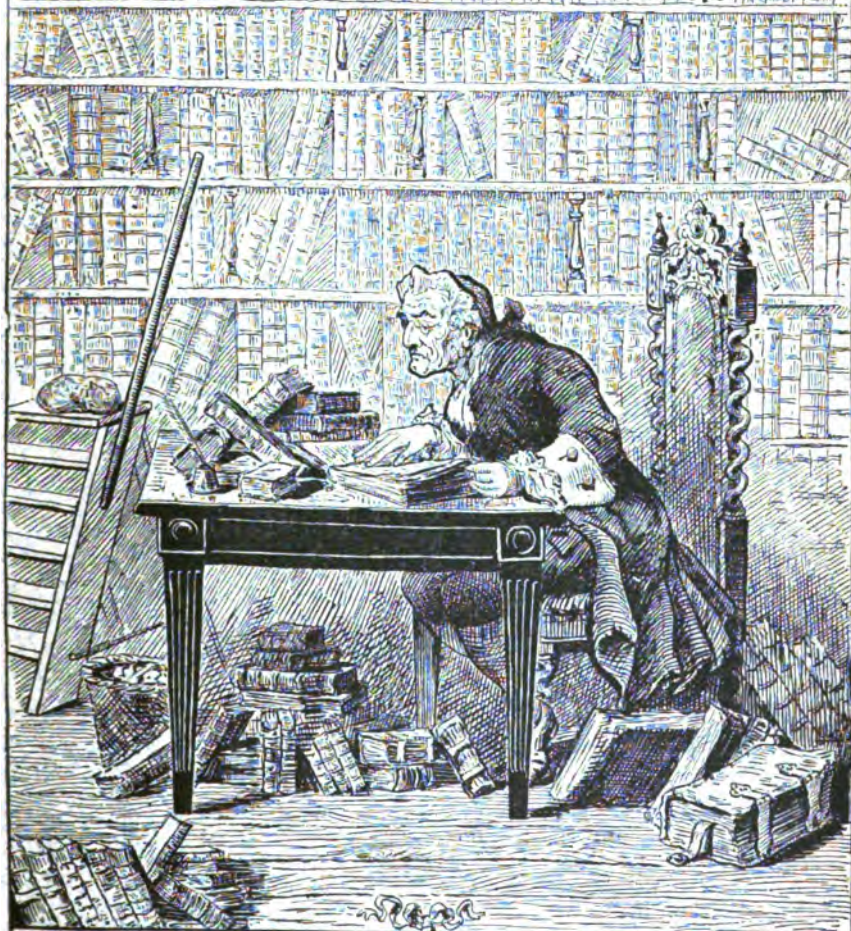
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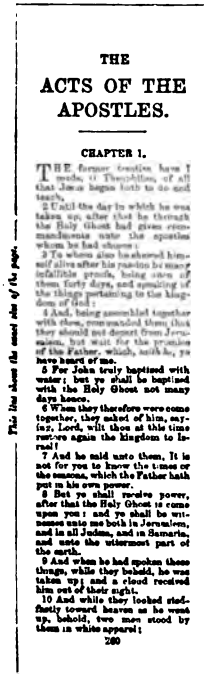
THE recent death of Simonides, the notorious Greek manuscript forger, has a passing interest for bookmen. Less brief and dramatic than the life and final exit of the equally famous Shapira, his career was much more remarkable, and his frauds much less transparent than those of the manufacturer of the pseudo-Deuteronomy. As a forger of Egyptian and Syrian antiquities, Simonides is without an equal, and his exploits read more like a page out of some romance than as the record of incontestible facts. Among other things, he presented to a committee of scholars at Athens a manuscript of Homer written on lotus leaves, which he asserted belonged to a date anterior to the Christian era. Eleven of these twelve wiseacres were convinced of the authenticity of the document; but the twelfth proved it to be a faithful copy of the text of Homer as published by Wolff—with all the printer's errors of this edition! So that once again the vagaries of printers have been useful in exposing a counterfeit, just as the "good" Elzevir Cæsar of 1635 is known principally by the pages 149, 335 and 477 being incorrectly numbered. Simonides succeeded, also, in swindling Ismail Pasha out of a large sum of money for a forged manuscript of Aristotle—now in the British Museum—a false memorandum addressed by General Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian; he likewise induced the Duke of Sutherland to purchase two apocryphal letters from Alcibiades to Pericles.

* * * *

A series of very entertaining papers might be written on "The Small Books of the World." One of the most interesting, if not positively the smallest, is, or was, in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin, and contains the text of the sacred books of the Sikhs. Though only about half the size of a penny postage stamp, it is

nevertheless almost as thick as it is long. Another tiny booklet was published in 1884, by Mr. A. W. Tuer, under the title of "Quads," and is in "midget folio" ($1\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 1 in.), and is a facsimile in size, paper, type, and binding, of Peel's "Tale of Troy in Verse" (1604), of which a copy was sold some time ago at Sotheby's for £14 15s.—about its weight in five-pound notes. The "Thumb" Bible, which John

Taylor, the "Water Poet," brought out complete in 1693, was a versified epitome of every book in the Scriptures; Newbery and Harris published during the last quarter of the last century, a curious "Thumb" Bible in prose with a number of tiny illustrations. The latter is slightly larger than "Quads," and quite double as thick. The most recent attempt in the direction of small books has been satisfactorily made by Mr. Henry Frowde, of Amen Corner, whose "Finger" New Testament is simply perfect and a gem. It weighs, when bound in Turkey morocco, less than three-quarters of an ounce. It is a complete New Testament, and measures only 1 in. in width, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length, and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in thickness, yet it contains 552 pages printed in a type which, though necessarily minute, is clear, distinct, and perfectly legible. The most remarkable feature about the Finger New Testament is the Oxford "India" paper upon which it is printed, and of which the characteristics of extreme thinness, opaqueness, and toughness are most



SPECIMEN PAGE.

characteristics of extreme thinness, opaqueness, and toughness are most conspicuous. A strip of only 3 in. in breadth has been tested, and found able to support a quarter of a hundredweight without yielding. The Church Prayer Book has also been published in this form. The size and general appearance of a page of the New Testament are indicated by the accompanying facsimile.

* * * *

There is much bookish interest attached to the English Miracle Plays, of which Mr. A. W. Pollard has published (Oxford University Press) an admirable series of extracts. Of such plays written in Latin "none now exist of which it can be said with any probability that they were acted in England." Miracle Plays were commonly played throughout England in the fourteenth, fifteenth

and sixteenth centuries, and many of the places at which they were performed were very small. There are what has been termed four great cycles of Miracle Plays still extant—the York, Towneley, Chester, and Coventry, and no one of them, in the form in which it has come down to us, can be regarded as a homogeneous whole, the work of a single author. The manuscript of the York cycle, which dates from about 1430–40, contains forty-eight plays; in the Chester cycle, of which there is no manuscript extant earlier than 1591, there are twenty-five plays; the Towneley plays (so-called from their being for a long time in the possession of the Towneley family) are thirty-two in number; whilst in the Coventry cycle, as divided by its editor, the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, there are forty-two plays. Mr. Pollard's introduction is both long and to the point; whilst his selections are made with great judgment.

* * * *

From "Two Orders of the House of Commons," January 25, 1641, we obtain a slight but very interesting insight into the Grub Street of the period. It appears that Martin Eldred, of Jesus College, and Thomas Harbert, formerly of Trinity, Cambridge, were in the habit of composing petitions to Parliament. A stationer with an appropriate name—John Greensmith—was summoned before the powers that were, and duly cross-examined. He admitted that the men above-named brought the petition unto him, and that one Bernard Alsop, of Grub Street, printed it. Greensmith likewise confessed that he had "printed sundry pamphlets of these men's composing," namely, "Good News from Ireland," "Bloody News," and the Cambridge and Hertfordshire Petitions—pamphlets which, with specious titles, were regarded as serious impediments to the full discharge of the Divine Right of kings. For each of their efforts in the cause of freedom the two authors received half a crown apiece. The only result of this patriotism was the committal to gaol for an indefinite period of authors, printer, and stationer. Authorship clearly was not in a very flourishing condition; and it is amusing to notice that, as in a recent instance, the publisher states the sum he gave for the pamphlets, but omits to mention the amount he received from their sale.

* * * *

The approach of Christmas invariably synchronizes with the publication of books of Fairy Tales. The collection just published by Mr. David Nutt, under the capable editorship of Mr. Joseph

Jacobs, is a book which will fascinate grown-up people quite as much as the younger generations. The illustrations are by Mr. J. D. Batten; and as one of the stories is distinctly bookish, we reproduce the pretty picture which accompanies it. The late Mr. Blades would have enjoyed this story, for the big book bound in black calf and clasped with iron, and with iron corners, is



described as "being chained to a table which was made fast to the floor." When the very learned man who owned this book wanted to read it, he had to unlock it with an iron key. The servant of the wise man had a desire to read this work, which "contained all the secrets of the spiritual world," and he succeeded in doing so one day, but with what result may be seen in the story of "The Master and his Pupil."

* * * *

The "Doyle Fairy Book" is doubly welcome. It appeals with equal force to lovers of fairy tales and to admirers of the versatile artist whose name the volume bears, and with thirty of whose

graceful illustrations it is furnished. The book is comprised of twenty-nine tales, which have been translated from various languages by Anthony R. Montalba; whilst our contributor, Mr. F. G. Green, contributes a capital introduction and a carefully-written memoir of "Dicky Doyle." The source of each tale is briefly described, and the very universal distribution of our commonest fairy tales is certainly extraordinary. The illustrations which Messrs. Dean and Son have been so fortunate as to secure for the "Doyle Fairy Book" were executed in the year 1849, and show his "felicity as an artist of the realm of Oberon and Titania." They do not, however, form anything approaching the whole of his work in the regions of fairyland, his most ambitious attempts in this direction being coloured pictures in folio size to William Allingham's poem, "In Fairyland," published in 1870. "The Doyle Fairy Book" is, in short, a delightful contribution to an equally delightful, but inexhaustible, subject.

* * * *

It is difficult to dissociate one's self from fairy books at this period of the year: it is well-nigh impossible to do this in the case of a collection edited by so profound a folk-lorist as Mr. Andrew Lang. "The Red Fairy Book" is a supplement to the "Blue" issued by the same publishers—Messrs. Longmans—last year. It is scarcely so interesting or so important as that delightful book, but it is nevertheless full of good stories, which have a distinct advantage in being less familiar than the majority of the first series. The tales in the "Red Fairy Book" have been translated, or adapted, from French, Russian, Norse and German sources by various enthusiasts; and the book will commend itself to all, not merely by the interest of the tales themselves, but by the exceptional merit of the numerous illustrations by Messrs. H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed, and also by the beauty of its get-up. The most fastidious bibliophile would not hesitate to give it a good place on his book-shelves.

* * * *

As a Christmas present, nothing can be more quaint and interesting than the facsimile of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" just published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is the most popular of all the Christmas tales written by Charles Dickens, who, it is said, wept and laughed over it while he was writing it. The first edition of 6,000 copies was exhausted on the day of publication, and 15,000 were sold by the end of the season. Copies of the first edition are now very rare, an autograph example selling for £25 10s. Mr. F. G. Kitton, who supplies an exhaustive introduction, states that the story was written at Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, and, unlike most of Dickens's

novels, was written in black ink. The original MS., with the author's numerous characteristic corrections, was presented by the author to his friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Thomas Mitton; it was bound in red morocco, and had Mr. Mitton's name in gold letters on the cover. On the title-page is written by the author, "My own and only MS. of the Book, Charles Dickens, mdcccxlili." This precious autograph was sold by Mr. Mitton to Mr. Francis Harvey, of St. James's Street, for a comparatively small sum; from his hands it passed to those of Mr. H. J. Churchill, who disposed of it to the late Mr. Bennet, of Birmingham. From Mr. Bennet it was purchased by Messrs. Robson and Kerslake, of Coventry Street—it is said for the sum of £200. It was then catalogued by this firm at £300, and secured by Mr. Stuart M. Samuel, of Kensington Palace Gardens, in whose wonderful collection of Dickens's relics it still remains.





Making a Dictionary.

SOME sixty years ago the Academy undertook to publish a great historical dictionary of the French language. In this work it was (writes a contemporary), proposed to search out and chronicle the parentage and biography of every word in use. The idea was sufficiently daring in its novelty in 1829, the year in which the book was begun, but the steps taken to carry it out were more suited to the leisurely dignity of a learned society than calculated to ensure its speedy accomplishment. The task of completing the gigantic undertaking was entrusted to a committee of six members. For threescore years successive "sixes" have laboured with stately slowness at this *magnum opus*, and in the present year of grace have nearly reached the end of the letter A, *avant* being the exact word on which they are now engaged. Of late years the committee has met every Thursday afternoon during eight months out of the twelve. Polite salutations are interchanged, progress is reported, and in one hour the members separate. It was Victor Hugo, it is said, who once remarked to Renan that he had calculated that at the present rate the last volume would be due in 3100 A.D. Since this ambitious task was first projected by the Academy, various similar works have been undertaken in France by private enterprise, and successfully carried out with a rapidity which is quite disparaging to the committee of six Academicians. Littré took twenty years to write his famous dictionary, and in fifteen years MM. Darmsteter, Hatzfeld, and Thomas produced a philological French dictionary worthy to take rank as a companion volume to Littré's. More than £3,000 has already been contributed to aid the Academy in tracing the development of such words as come before *avant*, and the well-

known publishing firm of Didot has, in the name of the subscribers, suggested to the authorities that funds are not likely to continue to be forthcoming to carry on the publication of a literary labour which will probably not be completed for a millennium, and which will have to be recommenced directly it is ended. In consequence of these representations it is not improbable that the historical dictionary will be quietly dropped. The rumour of this decision, however, has undergone an alarming transformation in the course of circulation, and the report has been spread by some French journals that the next edition of the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française," due about the year 1910, will not be published. English writers and English readers, never having been called upon to bow the knee to any linguistic Baal, find it hard to understand the awe with which democratic France reverences and respects the literary dictatorship of the Immortal Forty. But ancient associations, dating from the time of Richelieu and connected with all the great names of the national literature, have bred an anomalous conservative loyalty in French literary circles, which makes a rumour of the suppression of the Academy Dictionary almost as disquieting to the faithful disciples of the god of style as the announcement of a revised version of the Koran would be to a tribe of Mahomedan fanatics. Happily, however, the only ground for the alarming *canard* is a confusion between the two dictionaries which appear at intervals under the auspices of the Academy. The historical dictionary will probably be discontinued. The Academy Dictionary remains, like its authors, immortal.





Foreigners who have written in English.

OCTAVE DELEPIERRE.

"Wer fremde Sprache nicht kennt, weiss nichts von seiner eigenen."—GOETHE.

MORE than ten years have now elapsed since Octave Delepierre was called from among us, yet the recollection of the happy hours spent in his society is as vivid in my mind as it was when I followed his honoured remains to their last resting-place in Highgate Cemetery.

Rich in knowledge, kindly in disposition, Delepierre felt a veritable pleasure in imparting to others the vast learning which he had acquired. This proclivity, not exceptional with bibliographers, was with him carried to unusual lengths. It may be partially accounted for by the fact that he did not write for money. He once said to me that "he had the honour of writing books which did not sell." As far as he was concerned they brought him, I believe, little or no remuneration. Yet they have sold; many of them are exceedingly rare, and a complete collection of his works would be most difficult to form.

I do not propose to write a chapter of personal recollections, nor to compile a bibliography of Delepierre's numerous works, but simply to offer a brief sketch of his comparatively uneventful life, so intimately connected with England, and to recall to my English readers a few books which he wrote in our language.

Octave Delepierre was born at Bruges, March 12, 1802. His youthful training was very different from what we are accustomed to nowadays. At twelve years of age he could neither read nor write, attention up to that time having been paid exclusively to his

moral and physical development. His progress when once put to study was, however, very rapid ; he soon passed from the school to the university of Ghent, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws. His first employment was the keepership of the archives of the province of West Flanders in his native city of Bruges, where he quickly brought order into the chaos with which he found himself surrounded.

In 1843 Delepierre came to England as one of the secretaries of legation to the late Sylvain Van de Weyer, and was eventually appointed consul for Belgium. "He soon became a great favourite in social and literary London circles, where his handsome person and dignified deportment never failed to impress those present. His own *salon* with its Sunday evening receptions, was for years quite a feature of London life, and admission to it was eagerly sought by English and foreign men and women of literary, artistic, and social distinction."

Like his friend, M. Van de Weyer, he definitely adopted England as his home. He certainly had, during his later years, the idea of retiring to Blankenberghe, and I had the privilege of spending a summer with him in that, then, dullest of watering-places ; but he soon abandoned the project of fixing his residence in Belgium, and returned to England for good. His latter years were passed in his little villa, 35, Howley Place, Maida Hill West, surrounded by his beloved books. He expired at the house of his son-in-law, the late Nicolas Trübner, 29, Upper Hamilton Terrace, on the 18th of August, 1879.

Besides belonging to numerous literary societies, Delepierre was one of the founders, and for many years secretary, of the Philobiblon Society, now itself defunct, alas !

With English literature Delepierre was as conversant as with Flemish or French, and he spoke our language in perfection. His erudition, of which I have already spoken,¹ was supplemented by a species of knowledge peculiarly his own. "The follies of man, his mental and moral aberrations, singularities of literature, enigmas of life and manners, and the like, had a strange fascination for his mind, and were treated by him in preference to subjects of more general interest, for which his natural taste, his vast reading, his versatility, and powers of analysis equally fitted him."

All who had the good fortune to know Delepierre will remember him as a perfect gentleman, handsome in person, noble in deport-

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. xii. 180.

ment, gracious and affable to those in whose society he found himself ; a good talker, a patient listener, equally ready to impart, or to imbibe information.

A graceful tribute was paid to Delepierre's memory by Nicolas Trübner in the form of a sympathetic and carefully compiled bibliography¹ which, not being in general circulation, I have made bold to cite at greater length than I should otherwise have done. A complete list of Delepierre's works will there be found ; I have to do only with those which he wrote in the English language :—

"Old Flanders ; or, Popular Traditions and Legends of Belgium. London, 1845." 8vo, 2 vols., pp. vi. and 327, 311. Translated by the author from "Chroniques, Traditions, et Legendes de l'Ancienne Histoire des Flamands," which he had published at Lille in 1834. Contents :—Vol. I. Antigon ; or, The Giant of Antwerp. Baldwin of the Hatchet. The Blankenberg Fisherman. The Castle of Zomergheem. Baldwin of Constantinople. Ethelinde and Engletran. Festival of the Golden Fleece. The Tournament of the Golden Tree. The Abbey of Waulsort. The Sacrilege.—Vol. II. Jehan the Libeller. Herman the Tiler. The Carved Chimney. The Cobbler. The Street of the Cross. The Castle of Maldegheem. The Corsair's Daughter. The Iron Lady of Maestricht. Legend of the Fair Godelieve. Henry of Calloo. Four Episodes of a Grand Drama in 1223 A.D. The Dry Well.

"The Rose : Its Cultivation, Use, and Symbolical Meaning in Antiquity. Translated from the German by OCTAVE DELEPIERRE. London, 1856." 8vo, pp. 40. Only 100 copies printed.

"A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its Celebrated Authors from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. Compiled from Flemish sources. London : John Murray, 1860." 8vo, pp. vi. and 224.

"Historical Difficulties and Contested Events. London : John Murray, 1868." 8vo, pp. 179 and 6 of titles and table. Contents :—The Colossus of Rhodes. Belisarius. The Alexandrian Library. Pope Joan. Abelard and Eloisa. William Tell. Petrarch and Laura. Jeanne d'Arc. Francis I. and Countess of Chateaubriand. Charles V. of Spain. The Inventor of the Steam-Engine. Galileo Galilei. Some of these articles appeared in *The St. James's Magazine*.

¹ It is entitled : "JOSEPH OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, Born, 12 March, 1802 ; Died, 18 August, 1879. In Memoriam. For Friends only." Small 4to, pp. 69, on toned paper, beautifully printed by Ballantyne, Hanson, and Co., with printed outer wrapper, and a portrait of Delepierre from a photograph by Dr. Diamond.

"The First Printers of Belgium and England," paper of 22 pages contributed to "Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society," vi.

I offer no criticism upon the books above noted; they have long since taken their place among kindred works—a place if not of the highest, at any rate thoroughly respectable. Perhaps the most valuable contribution is the "Sketch of Flemish Literature." Here his foot was on his native heath, for no one, I opine, was better acquainted with that subject than Octave Delepierre. Delepierre's English is terse, lucid, fluent, and to the point, never ornate or involved—the style, in fact, of a historian or bibliographer, not of one who seeks to hold his readers by charms of diction. Delepierre invariably wrote *con amore*—even with enthusiasm; but he embraced too many topics, wandered into too many paths of knowledge; had he concentrated his great powers and extensive reading upon the elucidation of one single subject, instead of handling so many, his reputation as a writer would have been greater.

At the time of his death obituary notices appeared in many literary periodicals; I would refer my readers especially to that from the pen of the veteran bibliographer, M. Gustave Brunet, of Bordeaux, Delepierre's friend, admirer, fellow-labourer, and constant correspondent; it appeared in the first volume of *Le Livre* (Paris: A. Quantin, 1880).

H. S. ASHBEE.

Book Covers.

AS is well known, when pasteboard covers began to supplant oaken boards, the binders manufactured the former by simply pasting one sheet of paper upon another until the desired thickness was obtained. For this purpose they did not scruple to tear to pieces any printed volume that came in their way. Valuable books have thus been recovered from the bowels, so to speak, of the heavy pasteboard covers of old folios. In this way the fragments of almanacks printed by Rabelais at Lyons, from 1533 to 1550, have been saved from destruction.



An Illuminated Manuscript of Dante's Poem.

AT a recent meeting of the Bombay Asiatic Society the secretary laid on the table an illuminated manuscript copy on parchment of the "Divine Comedy." It appears that in the July number of the *Journal of Indian Art*, to which reference is made in the last volume of the *BOOKWORM*, pp. 374-5, Sir George Birdwood, in the course of an article, mentions that when he was secretary to the Bombay Society he found this manuscript in a heap of rubbish under the roof of the town hall. He describes it as "an illuminated manuscript of Dante's poems, with a miniature of the poet, all painted within thirty years of his death, and certified by the secretary of the Ambrosian Library at Milan to be one of the noblest manuscripts of Dante extant." In a letter to the secretary, which was read to the meeting, Sir George Birdwood inquired after the volume, and said:—"It is worth a lakh of rupees, and I made a regular shrine of it, showing it to all distinguished strangers. Every learned Jesuit that passed through Bombay used to be shown it; and I recollect one of them saying that it was absolutely priceless, and that £10,000 would be given for it at once in Italy." The secretary of the society says the treasure is in excellent condition, and he exhibited it at the meeting that members might be able to judge for themselves. A few pages in the beginning had holes made into them here and there, but the bulk of the copy was remarkably neat, clean, and free from the ravages of white ants. Powdered camphor was constantly put into the body of the leaves. The fly-leaf has the following words:—"To the Bombay Literary Society, presented by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, President of the Society." The inside of the leather bears an inscription in Italian, of which the following is the translation:—

"Magnificent copy in parchment of the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante Alighieri, which equals in preservation and in beauty those existing in the leading libraries of Europe, especially that in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, with which it has been compared. The form of the characters shows that its date is near the middle of the fourteenth century—that is, thirty years after the death of Dante, which took place in 1321, at the age of fifty-six. The miniatures at the head of each canto allude to the contents of the canto, and indicate the style of art of the fourteenth century in a way that renders this book highly precious."

Persian Manuscripts in the Bodleian.

IN reviewing Dr. Ethé's Catalogue of the Persian, Turkish, Hindustani, and Pushtu manuscripts in the Bodleian, the *Athenæum* points out that the famous Oxford library, out of a collection of only 400,000 printed books and 30,000 MSS., possesses the same number of Persian MSS. as the British Museum, which boasts of a collection of more than a million and a half of printed books and 50,000 MSS. Whilst fully recognizing the vast importance of the Bodleian collection, we should scarcely venture to endorse the statement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that the library, in the department of Oriental manuscripts, is perhaps superior to any other in Europe, though we might go so far as to assert that it has no European rival out of England. As regards beauty of art workmanship, it is certainly excelled by the British Museum collection, but to decide which collection is the more valuable in other respects would require many years of close comparison. Of the three great collections of Persian MSS., those, namely, of the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the India Office, we have now, thanks to Dr. Rieu and Dr. Ethé, complete analytical and descriptive catalogues of the first two; whilst a similar catalogue of the third is being prepared by Dr. Ethé.



The Literature of the Livery Companies.

ALL interested in the Livery Companies of London are under a deep obligation to Mr. Charles Welch, F.S.A., the able and courteous Librarian of the Corporation of London. In October, 1889, he read before the Annual Meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom a valuable paper entitled, "The Bibliography of the Livery Companies of the City of London," and this has just been issued in pamphlet form, and will, consequently, obtain a publicity which it would not have if buried amongst the *Transactions* of the Society. Mr. Welch has contrived to say a great deal in a very little space—there are only seven pages in all—with the natural result of causing his readers to wish for more.

To every student of antiquity, of whatever phase, and particularly to those more especially interested in London, the Livery Companies of this city have a great and peculiar charm. They form the very bulwarks, so to speak, of London's commercial history; but they are also distinguished to a degree for what Mr. Welch so aptly describes as "their benevolence, their liberal encouragement of technical education, and their generous hospitality." They have been from time to time the object of virulent and foolish abuse at the hands of irresponsible writers who knew rather less than nothing of the institutions about which they wrote. But historians have long known, fully and well, of the value of their records, and of the great and good work which they have done in times past, and which they continue to do at the present moment. The popular idea is that the City guilds are conservative bodies of who have never a thought beyond a good "feed." It is almost superfluous to say that in this, as in many another case, popular opinion is entirely wrong. In addition to the merchant princes of London, the City guilds include

among their number kings and princes, nobles and potentates of every degree and nationality. It was deemed an honour of very great distinction to be enrolled in these companies.

The literature of the subject is by no means extensive, but it is quite sufficiently so to warrant a bibliography. Its general history is told best by J. T. Smith in "English Guilds," issued by the Early English Text Society in 1870, and by Cornelius Walford in "Gilds: their origin, constitution, objects, and later History," 1888; the works of Stow, H. T. Riley, and Sir Nicholas H. Nicolas, and especially the Reports of the two Parliamentary Commissions, dated respectively 1837 and 1884, contain much information on the subject.

Of the twelve great Companies only six have as yet prepared any permanent record of their history. Mr. C. M. Clodes' "Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors," 1875, and his "Early History," 1888, are models of what such works ought to be. The late T. C. Noble's account of the Ironmongers is a good supplement to John Nicholl's history which reached a second edition in 1886. Baron Heath's sumptuous history of the Grocers appeared in 1829, and a second edition was published a quarter of a century later. Tentative accounts of the Vintners, Salters, and Skinners also pave the way for more elaborate accounts which will no doubt in due course be published. So far the Mercers, Goldsmiths, Drapers, Fishmongers, Haberdashers, and Clothworkers are without any published histories worth mentioning. According to Mr. Welch, of the sixty-five minor Companies only twenty-three are the subjects of any printed account. These latter include the Armourers and Braziers, Barber-surgeons, Blacksmiths, Brewers, Butchers, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Coopers, Curriers, Cutlers, Dyers, Founders, Framework Knitters, Horners, Leathersellers, Loriners, Musicians, Needlemakers, Painter Stainers, Paviers, Pinmakers, Pinner, Plumbers, Poulterers, Saddlers, Shipwrights, Stationers, Tylers and Bricklayers, Watermen, and Wheelwrights.





Sir Henry Spelman and the History of Sacrilege.

IT seems well to take every kind of opportunity which offers to call attention to a book almost forgotten, and through this in some degree to a subject which, though of great importance, is far too much neglected.

Sir Henry Spelman, barrister-at-law and antiquary, was born 1562 and died 1641. He purchased, early in the seventeenth century, the lease of Blackborough and Wormegay Abbeys, in Norfolk. The validity of the lease was, however, contested, the matter thrown into Chancery, and after very much litigation, and many conflicting decisions from successive Chancellors, the case finally went against Sir Henry, who, he himself says, was "happy in this, that he is out of the briars, but especially in this, that hereby he first discovered the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places."

This led him to investigate the subject of the tenure of abbey lands; and he began his work in the following manner. Taking a pair of compasses, he drew on a county map a circle of twelve miles' radius, placing the centre in an estate of his acquaintance not very far from Bury St. Edmunds. Within this circle of twenty-four miles across, he found the sites of twenty-five abbeys; and taking, within the circle also, the same number of landed estates which had never been church property, he proceeded to compare the history of their tenures. He took of course for his starting-point the date of the Dissolution of the abbeys, that is the year 1539; the date of his investigation is not exactly known, but it was about 1615; the time therefore may be called seventy-five years, or three-quarters of a century. He found that in this three-quarters of a century no change whatever had taken place in the families which held the secular properties; but the ecclesiastical properties had, as he calls it, with only two

exceptions, "flung out their owners, with their names and families," at least three times, some four or five times, some as often as six times, "not only by failure of issue, or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes."

On this strange discovery he undertook a broad and comprehensive inquiry into sacrilege and its consequences from the beginning of history to his own day, which occupied him for nearly twenty years. But it will not suit the pages of *THE BOOKWORM* to do more than state as a fact the results at which he arrived; which were to demonstrate that sacrilege has always, or in the very vast majority of cases, received its punishment either, as said above, "by failure of issue, or by grievous action and misfortune;" and further to add that all who, since his time, have followed so far in his steps as to make any serious inquiry into the matter, have perceived the constant operation of the same law, and are satisfied of the truth of his position.

The book was never published in the author's lifetime: it is probable that he never considered it to be sufficiently complete, and indeed that the infirmities of the great age at which he died hindered him from making it so. Sir John Spelman, his eldest son, did not survive him above two years, and his literary executor, as we now say, was at last Jeremy Stephens, a prebendary of Lincoln, who, refusing the Solemn League and Covenant, was imprisoned in 1644 as a Malignant by the Parliament. Thus first Stephens was prevented from publishing the work, and after the Restoration he was prohibited from doing so by authority, lest it should "give offence to the nobility and gentry;" later on also Bishop Gibson, who published some others of Sir Henry's writings, refrained from including this for similar reasons. At last, in 1689, an editor appeared (his name is unknown) who was superior to such ideas; and the work was at last published under the following title, lengthy, but according to the taste of the day:—

"THE History and Fate OF SACRILEGE, Discover'd by EXAMPLES, OF SCRIPTURE, OF HEATHENS, AND OF CHRISTIANS; From the Beginning of the WORLD, continually to this Day. By Sir HENRY SPELMAN, Kt. Wrote in the YEAR 1632. A Treatise omitted in the late Edition of his *Posthumous Works*, and now Published for the *Terror of Evil Doers*. LONDON, Printed for *John Hartley*, over-against *Gray's Inn*, in *Holborn*, 1698."

However, the work seems to have been but little noticed, and, terrifying but few "Evil Doers," to have been speedily forgotten; nor was it again reprinted till the late Mr. Neale and his friend Mr.

Haskoll undertook the task about 1840. Their preparations and collections for the work occupied them for some years ; for a portion of it they had the advantage of consulting the author's original MS. ; and their edition appeared in 1846, with a most valuable "Preface" and "Introductory Essay," and a large section of "Additional Particulars." In 1853 another edition was issued with a second and equally valuable preface, a better arrangement of matter, and still further additions ; and finally, in 1888, a third edition of the work appeared under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Eales.

Dr. Eales' edition contains some, though not very many, additional notes, which in their way are very valuable : but it is greatly to be regretted that his text is taken, not from Mr. Neale's edition of 1853, but from that of 1846. I have been told that this was unavoidable, by reason that the copyright of the later edition still existed, while that of the former had expired : in that case, however, it would seem (if leave to reprint could not have been obtained) that the matter should have been mentioned and apologized for, and attention drawn to Mr. Neale's later edition ; whereas, so far as I can see, no mention is made of it from end to end of Dr. Eales' edition, and readers are thus not only deprived of Mr. Neale's latest researches, but not even informed of their existence. Another defect in the book is that the editor has confined his additions to fresh cases, without making any attempt to trace up to date the history of those already given. It is natural to shrink from doing this ; it is the same feeling which I suppose Bishop Gibson had three centuries ago : but to shrink is to shrink from a duty if the work is to be edited at all. It is a truism that most men are far more affected by an argument whose truth instances immediately under their eyes evince, than by one which, however strongly in other respects, is not so backed : and all facilities must be given to readers to perceive what has been already stated, that the law of the punishment of Sacrilege continues even now to operate, that it is no fiction, no fancy or idle dream, but that it is and will continue to be an actually living and existing and abiding sanction.

C. F. S. WARREN.



A Portrait.

Down in dark cellars of dusty gloom
Is the bibliomaniac's home ;
Where second-hand books fill the musty room,
We find him in search of a tome.

Some missing volume a set to complete,
Which he hopes he may find to-day ;
With furtive glances and restless feet
He is wearing the hours away.

Each stall he knows, and he takes strange pride
In his curious, useless lore ;
He is old and gray, he is withered and dried,
And his years are thrice a score.

But under his eyebrows, shaggy and long,
Is the true bibliomaniac's eye ;
He can see in the dark a gamey old song,
Or a folio rare descry.

And when at last rolls round the doom
That tears from him his hoards,
He's finally shelved in the maniac's tomb
And he lies there "bound in boards."

H. K. GILBERT.





A Trip to Scarborough.

SCARBOROUGH is noted in literary history for its association with the versatile author of "The Relapse." The architect-dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh, in a letter addressed to the Duke of Newcastle in 1723, said that he "had been drinking waters at Scarborough three or four days," and was about "to return thither with Lord Carlisle, for a week's swigging more." It was perhaps, therefore, in the fitness of things, that Sheridan's adaptation of "The Relapse" should bear the title of "A Trip to Scarborough." The march of time has so ordered things that this adaptation has become far better known than Vanbrugh's original, and it will no doubt continue in vogue, notwithstanding the Bowdlerized farce which Mr. Robert Buchanan, in characteristic fashion, brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre, under the name of "Miss Tomboy."

It may seem strange, then, to commence an article in *THE BOOKWORM* by an allusion to "The Relapse," inasmuch as Vanburgh's best known character, Lord Foppington, who is one of the finest comic creations in English literature, was a man of fashion, and the very reverse of a bibliophile. The Right Hon. Lord Foppington in many ways resembled the Right Hon. Lord Chesterfield, and for different reasons, neither the noble lord who was full of strange oaths, and partial to his mirror, nor the noble lord who defended the freedom of the drama, and wrote long letters to his son, had much in common with the modern bookworm. Chesterfield, unlike the Pompadour, despised the bookbinders, not because they were "the most dilatory of the human species," but on account of his contempt for such trivial matters as the exteriors of his volumes. Foppington went farther and fared worse in despising the interiors into the bargain.

"To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own." Unfortunately for this reasoning, even men of quality and breeding are not all Foppingtons, and are compelled to aid the natural sprouts of their own brains by the forced products of those of other men.

Such persons, who indulge in the luxury of a trip to Scarborough, in the expectation of increasing their libraries by volumes "rich and rare," and "warranted early editions," will find that their journey has been a case of "Love's Labour Lost," for although Scarborough is a delightful watering-place, and an "excellent substitute" for Brighton in August, it is *not* a bookish resort. The most ardent admirers of the ancient Yorkshire town cannot help admitting that, as a field for book-hunting, Scarborough is not to be compared with London, Edinburgh, or even Oxford.

New book shops are more numerous than the shops of the second-hand trade. These latter, like plums in certain college puddings, are few and far between, and are, for the most part, of mushroom growth. Stalls there are, though perhaps the word is too aristocratic, so let it be mentioned that itinerant barrows loaded with books may occasionally be seen in the streets of Scarborough. On these barrows and at the second-hand shops, works of any real literary merit are sadly to seek.

"On rich men's shelves they take their ease,
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs."

At any rate, they are not to be found in the shops of the watering-place in question. In their stead we have works on theology and devotion, which are as numerable as the debts of a modern Lord Foppington. The quantity of "old school-books useless long ago," makes one think of Oxford, of Cambridge, and of Booksellers' Row.

The "fourpenny box" is a national, and not a metropolitan institution, and has become established even on the Yorkshire coast. Like "the endless romances our grandfathers wrote in their teens," heavy monthly reviews such as *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Contemporary* jostle side by side with effete works on medicine, and edifying works on Roman history in the *omnium gatherum* of the fourpenny box. *The Nineteenth Century* for a fourpenny-bit!

"O Vanity of Vanities,
How wayward the decrees of Fate are!
How very weak, the very wise:
How very small, the very great are!"

One can tumble these fourpenny treasures about, for a long time, and can search in and out and roundabout without discovering any treasures of the past, or relics from the libraries of Men of Letters. "One burden answers ever and aye," as in Villon's Ballade. We look for early editions of Thackeray, or perchance Disraeli, and our gaze is greeted by ragged copies of the prohibited Tauchnitz series. Soiled packs of playing cards are also amongst the strange bedfellows, labelled "All at fourpence," but, like baronets' titles, these are "*uncommonly* dear at the price."

Recent peerages and directories are very common all over the country, but volume i. of "Debrett" for 1826 is somewhat of a curiosity. This book, which was retailed at sixpence, is a thin and small 8vo, and has as its frontispiece a full length portrait of the "distinguished personage" whom Byron impolitely described as "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George." It bears little likeness to the modern "Englishman's Bible," which is resplendent in red and gold, and resembles the discontented sugar-broker in being "extremely bulky."

Local topography is rather a special feature with Scarborough booksellers, and numerous cookery books, interesting to the epicure, the invalid, and the dyspeptic, are for sale. These are of a far older date than Hobbs or Gunter, or even Monsieur Francatelli, who delighted and disgusted the unfortunate Hippias Feverel, and are not "up to date," like the Gaiety burlesque pieces. The religious books are largely-bought up by the clergy, who are often on the look-out for old sermons for modern use, and who also are good customers for French novels. Cheap novels are largely patronized by visitors, and a local bookseller, who conducts an auction in the town every night in the season, does a good trade in modern works of fiction, which have not proved great successes in the ordinary run of business.

Here may sometimes be seen a bookish barber, who ekes out the earnings of hairdressing by disposing of sundry second-hand books, for in these days it is not only drapers who poach on the booksellers' preserves. It has been most unfairly urged that barbers have been neglected by literature, in spite of Partridge, Strap, and Co., and the barber of Scarborough heaps coals of fire upon the heads of men of letters by disposing of the forced products of their brains.

F. G. GREEN.

The Power of Books.

IN an article on the "Educating power of books," a writer in the *Spectator* asks : Do they strengthen men's insight into life and their power of acting wisely in life, or do they spread a bewildering haze over life, and attenuate men's power of acting wisely in it? If they do the former, they educate ; if they do the latter, they paralyze. After all, millions of men have become true men without the aid of books ; and millions will become true men, for years, and perhaps centuries to come, without the aid of books. But books alone will never educate men whom they do not teach how to live. It is life that educates. And it is only those books which help us to live truly which educates in the same sense. There are too many books which teach us to live falsely, to live in a half-and-half fashion, which teach us to question without helping us to answer our questions, to wish without obtaining, to hunger for that which is not bread, and thirst for that which satisfieth not. Such books do not educate, they deteriorate the mind ; and of such books there are probably many more than of those which raise it.

The Terrific Register.

THE "Terrific Register, or Record of Crimes, Judgments, Providences, and Calamities," is one of the few books suitably named. It is written with the endeavour to point out the dangers of deviation from virtue ; to show that "the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart" is not easily removed by any kind of delight or luxury ; and to emphasize the particular need that there is for children and young persons to be properly guided, and restrained from evil habits. This book contains remarkable anecdotes about the Inquisition, the Plague, and Fire of London, and on a variety of subjects, mostly very dreadful. It contains numerous wood engravings, and two curious frontispieces, and was published in 1825 in two octavo volumes.



How to Treat Books.

MANY will feel disposed to exclaim : What can be said on this subject which has not already been expressed? Everybody knows how to handle a book ; there can be little to learn on that topic. One takes up a new book, cuts the leaves, reads it with more or less care, and then lays it aside. But this semi-indifference, this lack of proper reverence, is something dreadful in the eyes of your bibliophile.

To handle a book properly is quite an art in itself, which comes naturally to the true believer, and which every one can acquire who really wishes so to do. Of course only those works are here referred to whose titles, covers and contents warrant their being called books and thus demand treatment as such.

Some productions styled books, according to the views of the bibliophile, do not at all deserve the name. Such, for instance, are new volumes in paper covers, which, however excellent the quality of their contents, behave so disreputably that you cannot feel any respect for them. These are created simply to help one to while away a leisure hour in an armchair to the accompaniment of a cigar, and one seems hardly justified in calling the reader a vandal if he makes pencil notes in the margin. In truth, it sometimes happens that such marginal interpolations are so witty as to give value which it wholly lacked to the context.

The common run of railway novels can hardly expect to meet with better treatment. People who are very simple-hearted and those who are miserly are the kind who save this style of publication, which the owners relegate to a dirty and disorderly row on their bookshelf. It need hardly be remarked that such people are not bibliophiles in the true sense of the word. The genuine book-lover

may certainly read one of these sensational novels once in a while, but then he generally leaves it behind him in the car, or if by any chance he should carry it home he tucks it away in one of the darkest corners of his bookcase, from whence it is never again brought to light.

But the higher type of book should be treated with the most punctilious respect. In the first place it should never be handled except with perfectly clean and dry hands. If this precaution is overlooked the most deplorable results may happen in the case of a beautifully bound book. Then comes up the matter of cutting and separating the leaves. Most people regard this as a simple task and as one which can be done to perfection without any prior experience, just as they think how easily they could edit a paper or run a theatre if they had to do it. To cut the leaves of a book seems a trifling matter, especially the handling of the paper-knife. To be sure, it presents a very innocent appearance, but what slaughter has often been wrought by this apparently harmless instrument!

The task of severing the edges of a true book should be entered upon with fear and trembling. Even the very cleverest cutter pauses a moment ere he begins the work. He must first ascertain how the paper is folded, then its quality and condition. The novice inserts the knife into each opening formed by the folds of the paper, but the expert first observes how the book is laid and then proceeds to cut several pages at a time. He will judiciously use the knife according to the quality of the paper. If it is thin, he must exercise the greatest care. When he has to open the top of the leaf, he must be sure and divide each leaf quite close to the back. Careless people constantly forget this important precept, and the result is that the portion of the leaves next the back become torn and present a ragged appearance.

A book which is properly cut is very pleasing to the eyes, not to mention the fact that it then enters upon its career of usefulness by being made accessible to readers. But there are a great many rules to be observed subsequent to reaching this stage. First, as to how books should not be treated when arrived at the condition just named. Above all things, only a very pariah among books should be used during mealtime. It is usually the young of both sexes who size upon that opportunity for reading, and of course they must not be deprived of their pleasure. It cannot be denied that there is often a strong temptation to read at the table, and many have frequently done so in the past and very likely will do so again.

However, this should not become a practice, not only because it

is said to be bad for digestion, but what is even worse, it may prove to be very bad for the book. You may exercise the greatest care, and still an accident may happen. You may spill something or there may be a drop of unnoticed grease on the tablecloth which stains the cover of the book, or perhaps a leaf or two may become soiled by contact with food or wine in suchwise that all the labour and worry of the book-lover cannot efface it.

A true book-lover will surely be worried when he discovers that through his own foolishness he has spoiled a choice production of the printer's and bookbinder's art. It is often dangerous, too, to put a book on the table even when there are no eatables on it. There may happen to be a vase of flowers which gets upset and pours its moist contents over the cover, or the tablecloth may be dusty and thus soil the book. A very careful bibliophile covers his book with paper while he is reading it, but one hates to thus enshroud an attractive exterior.

Others crowd their books into reading desks, thereby loosening the binding, or permit dust to accumulate between the leaves by exposing the book for a long time with open pages.

But one of the worst pieces of negligence is the placing an open book on the table face downwards—a deed of which none but the profanest of the profane would be guilty. The book-lover, the Simon Pure bibliophile, neither mars the leaves by dog's ears nor by marginal notes; he inserts a book mark to indicate the place where he stopped reading and makes his notes on a piece of paper near at hand. He is heedful of the place where he puts his book down, is careful not to burst it open, and when he is through with it he puts it away in a place where it cannot be knocked about or thrown down. This is the only proper way to use books, and those who really love them are incapable of treating them in a different manner.



An Exhaustive Title.

THE following is a by no means extreme specimen of the long-winded title-pages of the early seventeenth century. It is practically a "contents" list and title combined. "A Treatise of the Lawes of the Forest wherein is declared not only those lawes, as they are now in force, but also the original and beginning of forests, and what a forest is in his owne proper nature, and wherein the same doth differ from a chase, a parke, or a warren, with all such things as are incident or belonging thereunto, with their severall proper tearmes of art—also a treatise of the pourallee declaring what Pourallee is, how the same first begun, what a pourallee man may do, how he may hunt and use his own pourallee, how farre he may pursue and follow after his chase, together with the limits and bounds as well of the forest, as the pourallee. Collected, as well out of the common lawes and statutes of this land, as also out of sundrie learned annccient authors, and out of the astises of Pickering and Lancaster, by John Manwood, whereunto are added the statutes of the forest, a treatise of the severall offices of the Verderors, Regardors, and Foresters, and the Courts of Attachments, Swanimote, and Justice Seat of the Forest, and certaine principall cases, judgements, and entries, etc." It was published in 1615 by the Society of Stationers; but the first edition, with a slightly different title, was issued in 1592, and a second in 1598. Each was in quarto size, and in black-letter type.

Books in Uruguay.

URUGUAY is not a reading nation. The printing done at home is very small, and the importations of books and periodicals are stated by our Consul-General to represent the principal proportion of the consumption. But though the language is Spanish, no printed books whatever were imported from Spain in 1888, and in other years the value of this trade has not exceeded eight cents per head of the population. French books, both literary and scientific, are the favourites. The English books imported are supposed to be for the use of the comparatively small number of English-speaking residents.



Bookmen among the Nonjurors.

THE most ferocious politician or newspaper controversialist is often, in private life, the most amiable of individuals. Several of the Nonjuring clergymen may be included in this category, although, like most other bookmen, they had few real sympathies with every-day life. They did not at all understand the necessities of expediency. But we are just now more concerned with them as bookworms than as ecclesiastics. Henry Dodwell is perhaps the most interesting figure among the Nonjurors. Like nearly all the others, he was in character irreproachable. His defects were rather of the head than of the heart. Like most book-ridden recluses, he was little suited to deal with the exigencies of real life. How he lived in his books appears from his habit of making his journeys on foot, that travel might not interrupt his converse with them. For this purpose he converted himself into a walking library. Clad in a coat well furnished with convenient pockets, and stocked with volumes of a suitable size, he used to plod along the roads, drawing out now a portion of the Hebrew Bible, now a Greek Testament or a prayer-book, which after a while he would exchange for a treatise of St. Augustine or some other father of the Church, or for the "De Imitatione," which was one of his especial favourites. A life of such unintermitted study, unbalanced by experience of the world and its affairs, not unnaturally exposed him to the domination of narrow or impracticable ideas. Episcopacy became a sort of monomania with him. No salvation except through bishops became the keynote of his theology. To the scandalizing of his associates this maggot in his brain attained such portentous dimensions that he wrote a book to prove the derivation of the soul's immortality, in the case of all the heirs of eternal life, from the hands of the epis-

copal order. Of this extravagant work, which it certainly requires a desperate effort to get through, we give the full title as a curiosity :—

“An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures and the first Fathers that the soul is a principle naturally mortal, but immortalized actually by the pleasure of God to punishment ; or to reward, by its union with the Divine baptismal Spirit. Wherein is proved that none have the power of giving this immortalizing Spirit, since the Apostles, but only Bishops.”

It is recorded of Nathaniel Spinckes, another Nonjuror who was also a bookworm, that for thirty-nine years his good temper never once failed. Devoted to his books, over which he would pore from fourteen to sixteen hours daily, his simplicity of life was such that to escape the temptation to indulge himself with a fire during the winter, he cased in with bookshelves the chimney-piece of his study. The public were indebted to him for two very popular books : one, a compilation of prayers entitled “The True Church of England Man’s Companion for the Closet ;” the other, an original and larger work, “The Sick Man Visited,” which treats of every topic connected with the pastor’s ministrations in the chamber of sickness. This is thrown into the form of dialogue, the names of the various interlocutors being all of classical type, in accordance with the taste of the age. The sick man himself figures under the peculiarly uncouth name of Anchithanes, rather a pompous disguise for “one near unto death.”

His seven volumes of theology are entirely controversial, the Quakers being the foe in the larger part of them. As to their general style and temper, perhaps the less said the better. Such titles as “The snake in the grass,” “Satan disrobed from his disguise of light,” “The wolf stripped of his shepherd’s clothing,” savour more of the keen, satirical polemic, than the edifying divine. They are all hopelessly dead now.

A writer in *The Quarterly Review* has pointed out that Leslie’s versatility as a controversialist is best shown in his periodical, *The Rehearsal*, which for more than four years he maintained single-handed, issuing it in a small sheet at first weekly, and afterwards twice a week, till, when the 408th number was reached, a threat of prosecution brought it to an end. The title, he says, was taken from “that most humorous and ingenious of our plays ;” and its purpose was “to unravel the more pernicious papers and pamphlets of this age,” or as he put it in his racier phrase, “to roast the Whigs.” In this curious medley, argument, sarcasm, irony, buffoonery, were

poured forth with unstinted profuseness, in the dramatic form of dialogue, not without effect it would seem in stimulating disaffection towards the Revolution-settlement. At any rate Leslie began to feel the country too hot for him, and took refuge for a time in the Pretender's little court at Bar-le-duc, where he was permitted to officiate as an Anglican chaplain, and was the usual medium of communication between the Nonjurors and the exiled Stuarts. He died in Ireland in 1722.

Charles Leslie, whose name is still remembered and whose book is still read, was among the ablest of the party; but he was scarcely a bookworm of the type of Dodwell and Spinckes. Dr. Johnson described him as "a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against."

A Dictionary in 225 Volumes.

A WORK of great historical interest and peculiar value will shortly be deposited in the British Museum. It will come through the Asiatic Society of Bengal, which has succeeded in procuring it under somewhat singular circumstances. Through the agency of a native emissary, and after many years' correspondence, the society has secured from Thibet a copy of the "Jangym," a monster encyclopædia of Thibetan Buddhism. It comprises 225 volumes, each of which 2 ft. long by 6 in. thick. Three thousand rupees formed the price for the work, which was formerly in the possession of a Buddhist monastery in Thibet. The amount has in great part been provided by the Government of India out of the usual grant to the Oriental Translation Fund. There are, it is supposed, only two other copies of the work outside Thibet, one of which is in the Secretary of State's Library at the India Office, and the other in the possession of the Russian Government.

The Boke of Saint Alban's.

THE writer of an article on books on Angling in the September number of *THE BOOKWORM* (p. 313) has fallen into a strange error in reference to this very interesting volume, saying that "the reputation of this work arises from its being an exceedingly early Caxtonian production." Now even if it had really been "a Caxtonian production" at all, it could not possibly be called an "exceedingly early" one, inasmuch as it was not printed until 1486, when Caxton was very much nearer to the end than to the beginning of his career; but the fact is, as every bibliographer knows, that Caxton had nothing whatever to do with it, the book having been printed by the anonymous "Schoolmaster of St. Alban's," and deriving the designation by which it is most commonly known from the fact of its having been printed there.—F. N.

A Pretty Bookcase.

READERS of *THE BOOKWORM* of a mechanical turn may be glad to know that a pretty bookcase and one that can be made with very little expense is as follows: Take two pine boards 42 inches long and 8 broad, two boards 36 inches long and three others 35. Screw or nail the two 36 inch boards to the top and bottom of the 42 inch boards. Place the other boards on wooden cleats fastened to the inside of the frame on each side at a suitable distance apart to accommodate your books. Use plained wood and stain it cherry, maple, or oak. Fasten a brass rod to the top, from which suspend curtains of China silk or soft material.

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Our Note-book.

THE recent and somewhat surprising statement that Tsar Alexander III. is one of the greatest European collectors of old books and artistic objects, suggests quite a series of papers on Regal bibliophiles. A number of ancient kings were book-collectors—purloiners more often than purchasers, it is to be feared. It is said that Aristotle left his books to Theophrastus, who was his successor in the Lyceum. Theophrastus “bequeathed them to Neleus,” who carried them to Scepsis. The heirs of Neleus were men of no learning, and kept them locked up. When they heard that the King of Pergamus was collecting books for his library, they hid them in a hole underground, where they were much damaged by the damp and worms. A long time afterwards—so the historian relates—they were sold to Apellico, a rich citizen of Athens, who was a lover of books, but no philosopher. Apellico caused them to be transcribed, and the deficiencies supplied. After his death, B.C. 86, Sylla took the city of Athens, and removed his library to Rome, where Tyrannio the grammarian had the use of Aristotle’s works. Athenæus reports, however, that all Aristotle’s books were bought of Neleus by Ptolemy Philadelphus, a remark which he apparently contradicts in stating, in another place, that the library was bought by Apellico. But by assuming that Ptolemy bought only copies, the two statements hold good. The extensive and magnificent library of Ptolemy Philadelphus in Egypt was founded in or before the year 284; before his death it is said to have contained 100,000 volumes, and to have been enlarged by his suc-

cessors to nearly 700,000 volumes. The library founded at Pergamus by Attalus and Eumenes contained, according to Plutarch, 200,000 volumes.

* * * *

An American gentleman from Philadelphia has been book-hunting in this country, and the *New York Independent* has been printing a paragraphs about it, which reflect more credit upon the bibliophile's descriptive powers than upon his bibliographical acumen. He writes thus: "Entering a door in Holywell Street one day this spring I awoke a sleepy old man in attendance, and asked permission to look around. As I glanced rapidly along the shelf marked 'Poetry,' I was struck by the sight of the very books I had long been looking for. I took them down, and a glance told me that they had been treated with considerate care by their former owner. Softly blowing away the dust, I opened the first volume of the 'Final Memories of Charles Lamb,' by Talfourd, London, 1848, and was almost paralyzed with delight to see on the title-pages of each of the two volumes the autograph 'W. Wordsworth.' I tried to conceal my delight, laying the book aside carelessly, afraid even to ask the price. My hand trembled, and I think I must have said a prayer before I dared to open the 'Letters' (Talfourd, 1837), which was directly in front of me. The title-page bore nothing but what I expected to find, but on the inside cover of the first volume, in a small distinct hand, was the inscription 'To my friend J. P. Collier from H. C. Robinson.' By this time I was prepared to find anything in the remaining volume, 'The Tales from Shakespeare,' so that after a glance at the signature of John Payne Collier, I looked no further, but gathered the lot up under my arm, paid the price asked, £2 in all, and fairly dashed out into the Strand." We suspect the book-collector in question to be a gentleman of a highly nervous temperament, and we utterly fail to see that the books were either cheap, or worth making any noise about. As a matter of fact he paid what we should regard as, if anything, an excessive sum for the "prize."

* * * *

The industry of our esteemed contributor, Mr. W. A. Clouston, is truly marvellous. Besides doing much and varied journalistic work, he finds time to edit or annotate books of an exceedingly recondite character. His latest contribution to literature deals with the "Magical Elements in Chaucer's 'Squire's Tales,' with

Analogues," and has recently been issued to the members of the Chaucer Society. It is in reality the supplementary part of Dr. Furnivall's edition of John Lane's "Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale," published in 1887, then for the first time printed from the two MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, dated respectively 1616 and 1630. This "Continuation," like nearly all others of the same type, was an utter and complete failure, but it has a certain amount of literary interest. As all the reading world knows, the story of the young squire {breaks off abruptly, not, however, without hints as to certain chivalric adventures which were to follow. Had Chaucer himself completed it, the story would doubtless have been ranked among the most perfect of the poet's creation: the fragment, as it stands, was the prime favourite of both Spenser and Milton. But, "alas! for the fond aspirations of poetasters, who mistake the clitter-clatter and dull, tame limping of their spavined jade for the flight of Pegasus," it is to be feared that John Lane's continuation has never been and never will be the favourite of anybody. As Mr. Clouston points out, honest John Lane perpetrated his terribly long-winded sequel "with the best intentions," which is certainly saying very little in favour of the attempt in which "the imaginative faculty is conspicuous by its absence, the language is heavy and cumbrous, and the rhythm and rhyme are often simply atrocious." John Lane was the friend of Milton's father, whilst Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, describes him in his "Theatrum Poetarum" (1675) as "a fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman, who was living within my remembrance, and whose several poems, had they not had the ill fate to remain unpublisht—when much better meriting than many that are in print—might possibly have gain'd him a name not much inferior, if not equal, to Drayton, and others of the next rank to Spenser." Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Clouston's exhaustive series of chapters which deal to a great extent with Magic Horses, Chariots, &c., Magic Mirrors and Images, Magic Rings and Gems, the Language of Animals and Magic Swords and Spears. In the section devoted to "Analogues of the Squire's Tale," Mr. Clouston is very entertaining, and gives proof in nearly every line of an extensive reading well systematized, and the value of his information is not at all lessened by the fact that he occasionally wanders from the "half-told tale of Cambuscan bold."

* * * *

Last month we made reference to Mr. Elliot Stock's admirable

facsimile reproduction of the "Christmas Carol." Although of scarcely so general an interest, Mr. George Weddell's "Arcana Fairfaxiana; or, Ye Apothecarie: his booke," will receive a hearty welcome from the medical profession in all its branches, and from literary antiquaries generally. It is, in fact, a lithographed facsimile of apothecaries' lore and household receipts, in handwritings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, used and partly written by the Fairfax family. The introduction will contain a history of the book from *temp.* Elizabeth to George III., and some interesting information has been gained showing how it passed out of the hands of the Fairfaxes into the possession of a distinguished family in the county of Durham. Altogether, it will be one of great antiquarian and literary interest.

* * * *

It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Quaritch's proposals for a Dictionary of English Book-collectors, from the earliest recorded examples to the present time, have been received on all hands with enthusiasm. The proposed work is to be based upon the scheme of Guigard's "Armorial du Bibliophile." For the benefit of those who have not seen the prospectus, we may mention that the leading points will be :—The chief dates and facts of the man's life ; some specification of the more important and remarkable works which he collected ; and a brief account of the fate of his library, tracing the devolution of some of its items through later hands. Illustrations will be given of such tokens of ownership as escutcheons, mottoes, book-plates, or modes of binding peculiar to certain libraries. The work will be arranged in alphabetical order, under the names of collectors ; and it is proposed to print off each article on a separate leaf as soon as it is ready, leaving the collection into volumes to come later.

W. R.





A Gorgeous Oriental Manuscript—Asiatic Source of a Passage in the “Dictes” printed by Caxton.

MAGNIFICENT as are some of the European manuscripts—the joint productions of the scribe and the illuminator—preserved in great libraries and museums, they are surpassed by several highly-prized specimens of the skill of Indo-Persian calligraphers and painters, of which the most extraordinary is probably a gorgeously illustrated and illuminated copy of the “Beháristán” (Abode of Spring), by the Persian poet Jámí, of the fifteenth century, which was formerly in the possession of Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., is now in the Bodleian Library, and is thus described by that eminent Oriental scholar :

“This most rare and beautiful manuscript, of 134 pages,¹ written in the finest Nastaalik character² by the famous scribe, Muhammed Husein, who, in consequence of his inimitable penmanship, obtained the title of Zerim Kalm, or ‘Pen of Gold,’ was transcribed at Lahór for the emperor of Hindústán, and finished about 1575 of the Christian era.

“No less than sixteen painters of the greatest eminence contributed to the embellishment of this beautiful volume. Five were

¹ For pages read *folia*, or leaves. The “Beháristán” could not be comprised within 134 ordinary sized pages of medium-sized writing, even were there no illustrations to take up much of the space.—C.

² The Neshta'lík is one of seven different modes of writing the Persian language. It is a compound of the Nesky and the Ta'lík—a mixture of an Arabic character and the Persian cursive writing, in which books are usually transcribed. The Nesky is the style of writing in which the Kur'án is copied, and is much employed by Persian and Turkish poets. The Ta'lík, or “suspended,” is a running hand and most common.—C.

employed upon the illuminations and marginal arabesques ; on the hunting scenes and animals, three ; on coloured paintings which illustrate the work, five ; and in painting the faces in the vignettes and margins, three.

"The leaves of this book are of a soft, silken, Kashmírian paper, and of such modest shades of green, blue, brown, and fawn colours, as never to offend the eye with their glare, although richly powdered with gold. The margins, which are broad, display a great variety of chaste and beautiful delineations in liquid gold : no two pages being alike. Some are divided into compartments, others in running patterns, in all of which the illuminations show the most correct and, at the same time, fanciful taste. Many are delineations of field sports, which, although simple outlines of gold, are calculated to afford high gratification to the lover of natural history, from the uncommon accuracy with which the forms of the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, lion, tiger, leopard, panther, lynx, and other Asiatic animals are portrayed.

"It has been admitted by competent judges, both in India and in Persia, that, whether in point of beautiful penmanship, pictorial illustration, splendid embellishment, or perfect finish, this manuscript exceeds all competition ; and considering the munificent patronage existing under the princes of the house of Tímúr [*i.e.*, Tamerlane = Tímúrleng] in India, for all works of art, at the period when this wonderful result of combined talents was produced, a report that several thousand pounds were expended on it may not appear so extravagant.

"There is a certain luxury about the finished excellence of this manuscript that can scarcely be described. In many parts of Persia clouds seldom shade the rays of the eternally bright sun, and the eyes consequently suffer from reading in the glare from white paper. To obviate this inconvenience, there is not a leaf in the entire volume but what is of a soft, delicate colour, most grateful to the sight, whilst it renders the writing of beautiful black ink more clearly legible. In the same spirit, the singular and beautiful arabesques on the margins of every page, although delineated in gold, yet are so chastely executed to prevent their brightness from obtruding on the eyes, that it is even necessary to place them in particular lights, to admit of all their beauties being revealed. By his autograph on the fly-leaf, it appears that Sháh Jehán, emperor of Hindústán, placed this gem in his library in the year 1020 of the Hijra, A.D. 1611."

The "Beháristán," the work on a single copy of which so much

skill, labour, and money were expended, as above set forth, is an imitation of the "Gulistán" of Sa'dí, the celebrated Persian poet, and treats of ethics and education. It is written in both prose and verse, and abounds in moral anecdotes and aphorisms, and a whole section is devoted to amusing stories. The author, Núr-ed-Dín Abd-er-Rahman—*i.e.*, Light of Religion, Servant of the Merciful [God]—was born, about A.D. 1414, at a small town called Jám, situated at no great distance from Herát, the capital of Khurasán, and he adopted Jámí as his *takhallus*, or poetical name, from his native place. He was the last of the great Persian writers, for soon after his death literature began to decline rapidly in Fárs.

It will perhaps interest "Bookworms" to learn that there is in the "Beháristán" a close parallel to a passage in "The Dictes, or Sayingis, of Philosophres : translated out of Frenshe by Antone, Erle Ryvers, &c. Emprynted by William Caxton, at Westmistre, 1447." The passage, as follows, may be found on the page preceding the eleventh leaf from the end of the fine facsimile issued by Mr. Elliot Stock in 1877 :

"And ther cam byfore a kyng iij. wysemen. The one was a Greke ; the other a Jewe ; and the therde a Sarasyn. Of whom the sayd Kyng desirid that ych of them wold utter some good and notable sentence. Than the Greke sayd, 'I may wele correcte and amende my thoughts, but not my wordes.' Then the Jewe sayd, 'I have mervayll of them that saye thinges prejudiciall, where silence were more prouffitable.' And the Sarasyn said, 'I am mayster over my wordes or it be pronounced, but whan it is spoken I am servaunt thereto.' And it was asked one of them, who might be called a kyng. And he answered, 'He that is not subject to his owne wyll.'"

This is the corresponding passage in the Second Garden (or section) of Jámí's "Beháristán" :

"There is an admonition comprehended in four precepts, spoken by four kings, of which you would say that *it was like one arrow shot from four bows*.

"Khosroe¹ said : 'I never repented of having been silent, but many a thing have I spoken for shame of which I have slept in dust and blood.'

Sit in silence, for so sitting, with self-possession,

Is better than that speaking which brings confusion.

¹ Núshírván, surnamed The Just, King of Persia, in whose reign Muhammad the Prophet of Islám was born, and by whose instigation the famous book of apologies and tales known generally in Europe as the Fables of Pilpay, was brought to Persia, whence it spread over Europe.

No one ever needed to regret the mischief of a secret when under seal :

'Tis when a secret has been divulged that it causes regret.

"Kaiser" said : 'My power over that which is unspoken is greater than my power over that which is spoken'—that is, 'What I have not said I can yet say ; but what I have said I cannot recall.'

Tell not lightly among friends and companions,

That which the divulging might be hurtful :

That which thou hast kept concealed thou canst speak ;

But that which thou hast spoken thou canst not recall.

"The Khákhán of Chin" spoke his word to this effect : 'There are more who have felt the evil consequences of speaking than those who have repented of being silent.'

The seal-bound secret, of which thy soul has become possessed,

Make not haste to engrave on the tablet of revelation :

I fear lest the fine incurred by its revelation

Will be more serious than the regret caused by keeping it concealed.

"The King of Hind" opened his mouth with this apothegm : 'Whatever word hath made its escape from my mouth I am precluded from again laying the hand of acquisition upon ; but whatever I have not spoken of that I am master, to speak it, if I please, and, if I please, to be silent.'

With regard to a secret divulged and one kept concealed,

There is in use an excellent proverb—

That the one is an arrow still in our possession,

And the other is an arrow sent from the bow."

The late Mr. W. Blades, in his preface to Mr. Elliot Stock's facsimile reprint of Caxton's *editio princeps* of Lord Rivers' translation of the "Dictes," remarks that their "authorship is veiled in obscurity." The work, he goes on to say, was originally composed in Latin, about the year 1350, and soon attracted the notice of the celebrated Provost of Paris, Guillaume de Tignonville, who in the year 1410 translated it into French, from which version Earl Rivers made his English translation. It would prove an interesting task to trace the several "sayings of philosophers" to their probable sources ; since we know very well that mediæval European writers having got

¹ The Kaiser (or Cæsar) of Rûm was a sort of indefinite term for "the King of the West," meaning generally Greece and Asia Minor.

² Emperor of China.

³ King of India.

hold of a pithy aphorism somehow, or anyhow, were wont to ascribe it to some celebrated Greek or Roman sage, while it was derived, directly or indirectly, from an Eastern source. One thing is certain, however, with regard to the "iij. wysemen" of the "Dictes," namely, that the passage could not have been derived from the "Beháristán" of the Persian poet Jámi, since that distinguished man was not born till over sixty years after the Latin "Dictes" was composed. But we may find the probable source in a passage which occurs in the Arabic translation (from the Pahlaví) of the celebrated Fables of Bidpai—commonly called Pilpay—made by Abdullah ibn Al-Mukaffá, about A.D. 750, and in the preface by Ash-Sháh Faresí (*i.e.* the Persian), as follows :

"The four kings of China, India, Persia, and Greece, being together, agreed each to deliver a saying which might be recorded to their honour in after ages. The king of China said : 'I have more power over what I have not spoken than I have to recall what has once passed my lips.' The king of India said : 'I have been often struck with the risk of speaking ; for if a man is heard in his own praise it is an unprofitable boasting, and what he says to his own discredit is injurious in its consequences.' The king of Persia said : 'I am the slave of what I have spoken, but the master of what I conceal.' The king of Greece said : 'I have never regretted the silence which I have imposed upon myself, though I have often repented of the words I have uttered ; for silence is attended with advantage to a sovereign, whereas loquacity is often followed by incurable evils.'"

I do not recollect whether John of Capua's Latin version of Bidpai's Fables has this passage, and have no means at present of consulting that work, but it seems almost certain that the original compiler of the "Dictes" had before him, or in his memory, some Latin, Greek, or Hebrew rendering of Ash-Sháh the Persian's preface to the Fables. Poets and philosophers in all ages and of all countries have strongly inculcated the advantages of taciturnity ; Sa'dí has a whole chapter on the subject in his 'Gulistán,' and on the inconvenience of revealing secrets. The Chinese have the saw : "He who never reveals a secret keeps it best" ; and there is another Oriental maxim to the like purpose : "Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend ;—be discreet." A Persian poet, not named by Sir Gore Ouseley, who translates the verses, says : "O my heart, if thou desirest ease in this life, keep thy secrets undisclosed, like the modest rose-bud. Take warning from

that lovely flower, which, by expanding its hitherto hidden beauties when in full bloom, gives its leaves and its happiness to the winds "

To recur, once more, and in conclusion, to the "Beháristán" of Jámí (a complete English translation of which has within the last two years or so been privately printed for the Káma Shashtra Society of Benáres and London), I may be allowed to remark that while the work is, on the whole, instinct with the purest morality, there are occasional parts of it which can hardly be considered as fit for "Sunday-school" lessons; but this is not due to any absolute depravity on the part of the author, who was a really pious man: simply to the difference in the modes of thought between Europeans and Asiatics—what we *think* they *tell*. Even that most eminently pious man Sa'dí wrote a "Book of Impurities," and so it is called. But the improprieties in Jámí's "Beháristán" are extremely rare; on the other hand, he has preserved for us and for "generations yet unborn" not a few old-world jests of the first water in the Sixth Garden (or section) of that most instructive and entertaining work, which bears this verbose and florid heading: "On the Blowing of the Gales of Facetiæ, and the Pleasant-scented winds of Amusing Stories, which cause the birds of the lips to laugh and the blossoms of the heart to expand," of which section I take leave to offer two examples: A man with a long nose asked a woman in marriage, and said, in his own praise, "I am no way given to sloth or long sleeping, and I am very patient in bearing vexations." "Yes, truly," said she; "hadst thou not been patient to bear, thou hadst never carried that nose of thine forty years." An Arab lost his camel, and swore that when he found it he would sell it for a dirham [about sixpence]. When he did find it he repented of his oath; so he hung round its neck a cat, and cried, "I will sell this camel for a dirham, and the cat for a hundred dínars [about fifty pounds of our money]; but I will not sell one without the other." A man who came by, hearing this, said, "What a desirable bargain that camel would be if it had not such a collar round its neck!"

W. A. CLOUSTON.



Medical Novelists and Doctors in Fiction.

IN compiling a bibliographical list of medical novelists and doctors in fiction, the *British Medical Journal* says :—The principal English medical writers of fiction are Tobias Smollett, M.D. (the hero of his “Roderick Random” is a medical man, as are several of the main characters ; there is also an interesting account given of the examination for surgeon’s mate at the Surgeons’ Hall) ; Oliver Goldsmith, who did not introduce any medical characters into either his novels, plays, or poems ; Charles Lever, who introduces types of Irish medical men into many of his novels : for example, “Knight of Gwynne,” “Charles O’Malley,” &c. Albert Smith, although not qualified, had a medical training. In “Adventures of Mr. Ledbury” he introduces several medical students, both French and English. He also contributed a series of amusing papers to *Punch* on the “physiology” of the medical student. A recent novel, “Charlie Kingston’s Aunt,” is written by Sir Henry Thompson. The names of the novels having medical men for their principal characters is legion. Among the more important are : “Diary of a late Physician,” by Samuel Warren ; “Lord Oakburn’s Daughters,” by Mrs. Henry Wood ; “Verner’s Pride,” by the same authoress ; “Paul Faber, Surgeon,” by George Macdonald ; “Middlemarch,” by George Eliot ; “Two Years Ago,” by Charles Kingsley ; “The Daisy Chain,” by Miss Yonge. The father of Pendennis (Thackeray) was a medical man. Many characters of Dickens also ; for example, Mr. Chillip in “David Copperfield,” Alan Woodcourt in “Bleak House,” Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen in “Pickwick,” the Doctor in “Old Curiosity Shop,” &c.

The Swan Theatre in 1596.



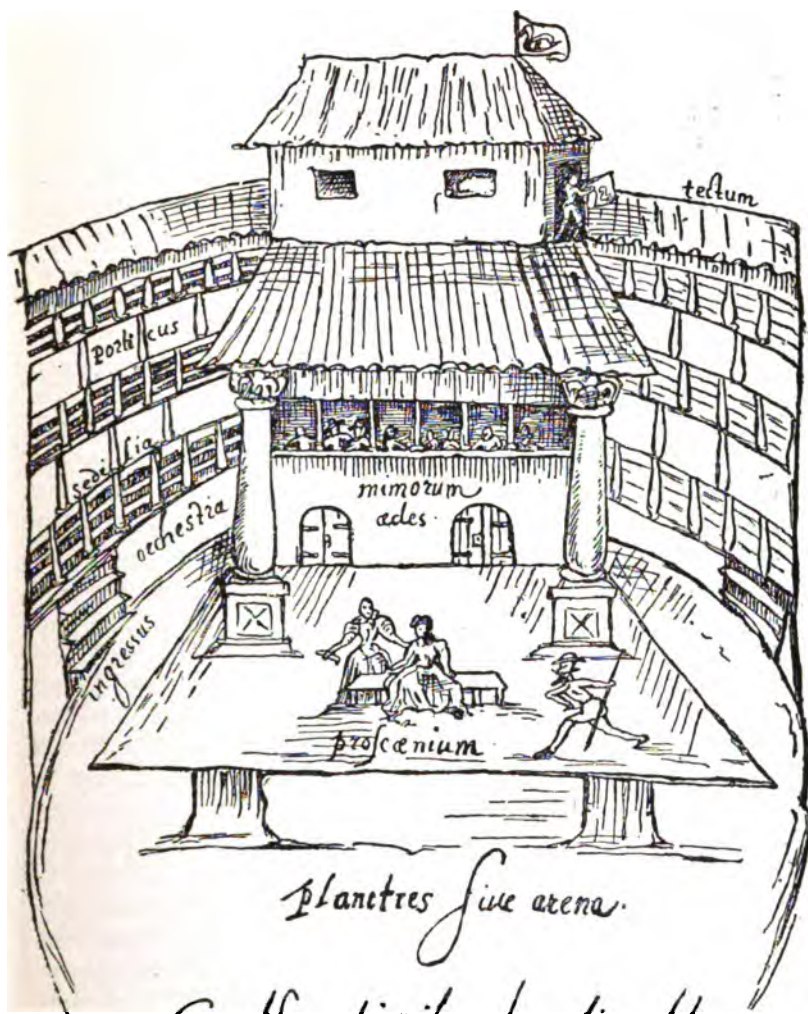
HERE has recently been discovered in the University Library at Utrecht a sketch of the old Swan Theatre, Bankside, by Johannes de Witt, who visited London in 1596, and made notes and sketches during his stay here.

The Swan at that time was one of the so-called public houses (in contradistinction to the private houses); that is to say, it was not roofed in. Consequently performances only took place in daylight, and when the weather was fair. Each theatre was at that period known by its distinctive mark displayed on a flag, and a trumpeter played a fanfare to announce that the performances were about to commence.

The Swan continued to be used as a theatre until about 1613, after which it was only occasionally occupied by gladiators and fencers, and soon after 1620 it was disused, and fell into decay.

The facsimile here given of De Witt's sketch has been lent by Mr. Walter Hamilton, who has lately presented an *Opusculum* to the Sette of Odd Volumes, entitled "The Drama in England during the last Three Centuries," in which it first appeared.

These rare and dainty little tomes are in such demand amongst collectors that it seems almost ungracious to criticise them too closely. But even "Odd Volumes" are not infallible, and they would do wisely to remember that no artist could successfully depict the Battle of Waterloo on a square inch of canvas, any more than their "Parodist" (for that is the style and title of Mr. Walter Hamilton) could trace the history of the last three hundred years of the Drama in a tiny pamphlet of seventy pages. In truth the title should have pointed out that the *opusculum* related more particularly to the "Theatre in London," for the author has devoted most of his limited space to a description of the first London houses, their scenery, costumes and accessories, with notes as to the prices, hours of performance, play bills, fires in theatres, and some remarks on the most famous theatrical riots, notably the O. P. Riot. In fact, scarcely a word is said about the literature of the Drama. It is a curious specimen of what a man who is thoroughly imbued with his subject may do in the way of condensation, suggesting far more than he can say, and rejecting stores of interesting and valuable information, which he has at his fingers' ends, from sheer want of space. Few will read this little sketch without regret that it is so brief, and, necessarily, so incomplete.



*Ex observationibus Londinensibus
Johannis De Witt*

INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE, BANKSIDE, 1596.

An Old Sporting Work.

MR. CHARLES LOWE, of Birmingham, describes an exceedingly interesting work "*Venationes Ferrarum*," by Joan Stradanus. It contains 102 marvellous and scarce plates engraved by Theodor Galle. These engravings illustrate strange and varied hunting scenes, &c., in which the prolific fancy of this artist has revelled, and his pencil produced in profusion a wonderful array. Wild animals are depicted in every position, hunted on foot and on horseback, embracing elephants, fights in the arena between elephants, lions, bulls, and dogs, &c., gladiatorial combats with wild beasts, very quaint peculiar hunting tableaux, entrapping lions, elephants, tigers, and other animals in nets, and by other various and imaginary devices. Combating bears in armour, destroying pythons, dragons, and serpents, with peculiar and various offensive weapons, strange fishing and fowling scenes. The collection is a very remarkable one. Through the whole of these plates, the peculiar exaggeration surrounding the various studies, the great genius of the artist is to be observed in the anatomy of the many figures of men and animals, the attitude and arrangement of each figure and its surroundings, while for quaintness of design and the play of a wild fancy it is unique. These plates, it may be added, are proof copies on India paper, with two engraved titles. Joan Stradanus, or Strada, a Flemish painter, was born at Bruges in 1536, and was famous in several branches of his art, principally in hunting scenes, and the depicting of animals in the chase. He died at Florence, 1604, and his book appeared about 1670.





Spinoza's Library.

SO many books are nowadays inherited, presented, or borrowed, that a man's library is no certain criterion of his tastes and studies. In former times things were different, and the catalogue of Spinoza's books, recently discovered and printed by the Hague archivist, Servas van Rooijen, throws light on the great philosopher's character and culture. Wardrobe and library, both almost equally modest, were inventoried and sold on November 4, 1677, nine months after his death. They realized four hundred florins, or £40—say £80 in present value. There were 55 folios, 39 octavos, and 41 duodecimos, 135 volumes in all. Spinoza had lexicons, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, as also Calepin's then useful and popular polyglot vocabulary in nine languages, whence the French have learned to style any ordinary memorandum book a *calepin*. Bibles, rabbinical works, and medical and mathematical treatises are comparatively numerous. His interest in astronomy, so natural in an optician, is testified by the works of Kepler, of Huygens, and of Lansbergh, a zealous advocate of Copernicanism. The other scientific works, which include the Danish anatomist Steno's explanation of fossils, and presentiment of geological stratification, bespeak an anxiety to keep abreast with modern research. The classics comprise the Iliad, Cæsar, Tacitus, Livy, Sallust, Cicero's Letters, Martial, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Plautus, the Alexander of Curtius and Arrianus, Seneca, Pliny's Letters, Aristotle's Rhetoric, Lucian's Dialogues, Petronius Arbiter, and Epictetus, which last we may be sure was a favourite book. Spinoza also possessed Josephus and an epitome of St. Augustine.

Modern authors are comparatively rare. We notice Machiavelli (complete), Calvin's "Institutes," Descartes, Quevedo, the Spanish

satirist, Cervantes' short tales (not Don Quixote), Petrarch's "*Vita Solitaria*" (not his poems), a theological and a political treatise by Grotius, Vossius, and the "Port Royal Logic." Two Dutch divines, Blijenbergh and Mansvelt, assailants of "*Tractatus Theologico-politicus*," figured on Spinoza's shelves. English he evidently did not understand, but there are a few books in Latin by Englishmen, viz., Holywood's "*Sphæra*." Holywood, or Johannes à Sacro Bosco, a Yorkshireman, was professor of mathematics and astronomy at Paris in the fourteenth century. Sir Thomas More's "*Utopia*," Hobbes's "*Elementa Philosophica*," Boyle's "*Paradoxa Hydrostatica*," also his treatise on the elasticity and gravity of the air, James Gregory's "*Optica*"—Gregory was the first of a class of illustrious mathematicians—and "*Sermones Fideles*," which, though catalogued under "*Verulam*," was probably a book of sermons by James Bacon, a clergyman of the time. Possibly Spinoza had purchased it in the belief that it was Francis Bacon's.

Spanish was evidently the foreign language most familiar to Spinoza, whose parents were Portuguese Jews. He possessed the plays of Montalvan, and the poems of Gongora, whose affected style, imitated by a school of his countrymen, gave the French the word *gongorisme*, just as Lyly's "*Euphues*" gave us the term "euphuism." He had also a Spanish translation of Abrabanel's "*Dialogi d' Amore*," poems by a Jewish doctor at Genoa, which were not erotic but theosophic. It is not unlikely, however, that most of these Spanish, as also the rabbinical works, came to Spinoza from his father. There is only one book of travels, Madame Dannoy's "*Voyage d'Espagne*," and the only work on contemporary history is a Dutch translation of an English life of Charles the Second, printed at Amsterdam in 1660. Was Spinoza interested in the Restoration?

The omissions are "significant of much." That the schoolmen are conspicuous by their absence is intelligible, and Shakespeare had not then been translated into any Continental language, but it is surprising to find no Dante, Petrarch, or Tasso, no Luther, no Rabelais or Erasmus, both such popular writers; no Montaigne, no Pascal. Spinoza, though a great thinker, was not a many-sided man. He had apparently little appreciation of poetry and the drama, took no interest in geography or modern history, and did not care for biography, or how could he have missed Plutarch? Music and painting, to judge by the rest of the inventory, were likewise outside his sphere.

J. G. ALGER.



Thackeray Letters and MSS.

WEDNESDAY, November 26, was an exciting day at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby's, when an important collection of manuscripts and autograph letters by Thackeray came under the hammer. The MSS., autograph letters, and drawings by Thackeray belonged to the late Mr. J. F. Boyes, a school-fellow of the great novelist's at the Charterhouse, with whom he corresponded throughout life in terms of the most intimate friendship. One of the most interesting of the letters is dated Onslow Square, October 1, 1861 (on *Cornhill Magazine* paper), and is as follows:—

"I don't know how long your packet has been lying here. I thought it contained old books purchased by me, and only opened it yesterday, when I recognized the little old 'Lives' which I remember reading when we were boys in Charterhouse Square. Now we are half a century old, and the kind hand which wrote the name in the books, in that fine, well-remembered writing, is laid under the grass which will cover us old gentlemen too ere long, after our little life's journey is over. And the carriage is going down the hill, isn't it? Mine is, after having had some pleasant travelling, after being well-nigh upset, after being patched up again, after having been robbed by foot-pads, &c., &c. The terminus can't be far off—a few years more or less. I wouldn't care to travel over the ground again; though I have had some pleasant days and dear companions. I have just come back from Scotland, where I have been burying my good old step-father (Major Carmichael Smyth), who had but a few hours' illness, and was quite well and cheerful the night before he was sent for. So they pass away. And now comes the turn of our generation, and Amen, &c."

The MSS. included "Horæ Carthusianæ," and original unpublished manuscript in verse, 7 pp. 4to, written by Thackeray when monitor at the Charterhouse, at seventeen years of age. It consists of a poem

of one hundred lines, dated Charterhouse, Thursday, December 4, 1828, and presents a picture of the procedure of the school from early morning to bed-time, and fully authenticates the reputation attaching to the head-master (Dr. Russell, see "Moments with Thackeray") for severity. The interest of the MS. is increased by a series of foot-notes explaining passages in the text, indicated by asterisks, and showing the customs of the school, and original manuscript Latin verses (sixteen lines) with his signature, W. M. Thackeray, 1 p. 4to, with a large caricature pen-and-ink drawing on the reverse, of an invalid attended by a doctor and nurse. The verses show him in an amorous mood, and as the writing appears to be contemporary with letters written from the Charterhouse about 1826, it is highly probable that the "Clara" referred to was Joseph Carne's sister, the supposed "Star of Harrow" of his "Holyday Song," which is also offered for sale, and which was written when at the Charterhouse at fifteen years of age. It is a good specimen of Thackeray's youthful bantering muse.

Various among his schoolfellows are mentioned by name, as Joseph Carne, Edward Langdale Smith, Hudson, Oare, Hastings, and George Shakespear.

Thackeray's Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon, old leather binding, was likewise sold. It contains his name, in a boyish hand; the fly-leaves (seven pages) are covered with sketches, portraits, and scraps of verse; and thirty of the pages bear slight but humorous sketches on the margins, by Thackeray, being portraits of schoolfellows and others (including a head of Napoleon I., and one believed to be a portrait of Dr. Russell, head-master of the Charterhouse in Thackeray's school days), caricatures, &c., &c. His Froissart's "Chronicles" bears on the fly-leaves seven clever pencil sketches, one (full-page) being a joust between an English knight and a French knight, the remainder being knights in armour, horses caparisoned for the tournament, &c.

There was also an album containing twenty-two very clever original pen-and-ink and pencil sketches, by W. M. Thackeray, made by him while at the Charterhouse, and principally of a humorous character, some bearing inscriptions in his autograph, and including the following subjects:—Hector and Andromache (burlesque); Gombats between Brigands, Turks and Soldiers; Country Fair; The Minstrel Boy; Maltese Carriage; Death of Marmion (burlesque); Prize for English Verse at the Charterhouse (satirical); Brutus (burlesque), &c., &c. The sketches were given to J. F. Boyes while at the Charterhouse.



The "Penny Magazine" and the "New Monthly."

LITERARY quarrels, if undignified, possess advantages in throwing many side-lights upon the history of the minor points of literature. The following two letters are illustrations; they are also examples of the free-and-easy style current among the fraternity half a century and more ago:—

CHARLES KNIGHT TO HENRY COLBURN.

22, Ludgate Street, December 4, 1833.

SIR,—In an article entitled "Notes on Periodicals," which appears in the "New Monthly Magazine" for December, published by you, there are some erroneous statements with regard to the "Penny Magazine," which it is my duty to notice. The writer of that article says:—

"By the by, what a glorious humbug the said Magazine is upon the reading portion of the operatives! They think, poor devils, that the matter doled out to them weekly, through the medium of the "Penny Magazine," has been really got up "Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." The Society know just as much about it as the Mandarins of the Celestial Empire."

In answer to this assertion, I have to transmit to you an extract from the Report of the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, dated June, 1833, which Report has been published on the wrappers of most of the works of the Society:—

"The extended circulation of these two periodical works (the "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopædia") has made the Committee especially anxious to secure their being efficiently superintended. Responsible Editors have been provided for them, who collect

articles from contributors, and revise them for publication. Proof sheets of the articles inserted by the Editors are submitted to certain members of the Committee in rotation, who suggest additions or corrections in the articles, and sometimes recommend the omission of them. If differences of opinion arise between the Editors and individual members of the Committee, the decision is referred to a Sub-Committee. These arrangements afford an adequate check against the introduction of frivolous, incorrect, or improper matter."

The following statement also occurs in the same paragraph of "Notes on Periodicals":—

"The Magazine is published under the fiction of its being the property of the Society, whereas, in truth, it is the property of Charles Knight and Co. The consequence of which has been that this weekly sheet, called the Society's Magazine, brings in Knight some thousands per annum, although, if it had been publicly known to be what it truly is, nothing more than a bookseller's speculation, it would have been at the bottom of the Lethean lake by this time."

The Report that I have already quoted contains the following passage:—

"The publisher to whom these works are committed incurs the whole expense of them, including authorship and embellishments, and makes to the Society, in the shape of rent, a payment determined by the sale beyond a given number. The agreement with the publisher is the same as that made by any other proprietor of copyright, who reserves to himself a payment for the use of his copyright, and in no way involves the Society in any commercial speculation."

The official contradiction which I am thus enabled to give to two of the statements of your anonymous writer, will be sufficient, I think, to make you doubtful of his authority in future. On my own responsibility, I have to object to his misrepresentations in two other particulars. He says:—

1. "We bought for one penny the whole essence of Cyrus Redding's book on Wines, which we found concentrated by the digestive pen of Mr. Craik in the pages of Charles Knight's magazine."

2. "It is, in fact, a very feeble compilation of poor Craik's abridgments of all sorts of matter; an *olla podrida* which he dishes up at some small pay *per diem*. We pity him much; but more do we lament the fate of the unhappy authors, whose lucubrations it is his business to melt down into a retail shape, and whose expectations of a reasonable reward for their labours he continues to baffle by his abominable epitomization. We know of no difference in this

respect between the "Penny Magazine" and the Thief. The motto of the latter, 'Ex rapto vivens' (living by plunder), is equally applicable to the former."

The "whole essence of Cyrus Redding's book on Wines" is, I presume, intended to describe an abstract, in two columns, of *one chapter* (the Vintage) of Mr. Redding's book. The abstract was inserted, partly to gratify the readers of the "Penny Magazine," and partly to direct their attention to Mr. Redding's meritorious work. I know that Mr. Redding does not consider himself amongst the authors "whose expectations of a reasonable reward for their labours" are baffled by this abominable epitomization. The "unhappy authors" thus described to be plundered by the "Penny Magazine" are not very numerous.* I have carefully examined the 108 numbers of this work from its commencement, and I find that all the new books reviewed, analysed, or epitomized in it, amount only to thirty-six; of which reviews, analyses, or epitomes, thirty-one appeared in 1832, and five in 1833. I presume that the author of "Notes on Periodicals" is not amongst the authors of any of these books; as the genius of his publisher, had he been so, might have taught him that a notice in the most extensively circulated work of the day, not to be purchased at any price, is worth many hundreds of the most subtle paragraphs which even that publisher could produce in his "high and palmy state."

I have one word to add. The mode in which your writer has mixed up the name of an author of integrity, talents, and learning, in his attack on the "Penny Magazine," furnishes a proof, that an avowed or generally recognized *Editor* is at least necessary to pre-

* It may be proper, for the satisfaction of the public, to give a list of all the books that have ever been reviewed or epitomized in the "Penny Magazine":—

Foreign Works—Hobart Town Almanac; American Almanac, 1832; Dumont's Mirabeau; Bryant's Poems; Van Dieman's Land Almanac; Canton Almanac.

Works of the Society—Criminal Trials, Gallery of Portraits. Pompeii; Companion to Almanac; British Museum.

Re-Publications—Cheap Statutes at Large; Smith's Wealth of Nations, by M'Culloch; White's Selborne.

New Works—Information by Emigration Commissioners; Lander's Journal; B. Hall's Fragments of Voyages; Home Colonies, by R. Hill; M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce; Babbage's Machinery; Jesse's Gleanings; Ouseley's United States; Calabria, by a General Officer; Mundy's Sketches; Village Poor-House; Thackrah's Health and Longevity; Gilly's Felix Neff; Wilderspin's Early Discipline; Brewster's Natural Magic; British India; Slaney's Birds; Doyle on Emigration; Lardner's Steam Engine; Stuart's America: Loudon's Domestic Architecture; Redding on Wines.

serve the most respectable work from degenerating into a vehicle for insults which a gentleman would shrink from offering or sanctioning.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES KNIGHT.

HENRY COLBURN TO CHARLES KNIGHT.

13, Marlborough Street, December 5, 1833.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 4th instant, respecting the paper entitled "Notes on Periodicals" in the last number of the "New Monthly Magazine," I have only to state that I conceive the "Penny Magazine" to be as much open to CRITICISM as any other publication of the day.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY COLBURN.

The Biggest of Bibles.

WHEN Henry G. Stevens sits down to read his Bible, a person watching him might think he had a pile of thin cedar boards in his lap, says the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*, and as he turns leaf after leaf they crackle and fall with a thud. Another remarkable thing about Mr. Stevens reading his Bible is that he needs no light to search the Scriptures with, and it is not necessary for him to look at the book. He has the biggest, heaviest, and queerest Bible in Connecticut. He is a deaf and blind soldier of the late war. His wonderful Bible was presented to him by the American Bible Society, and it cost 28 dollars to produce the book for him. It is in eight volumes, with embossed print, and he reads it by touch, feeling the letters; yet he is apt and quick at that kind of perusal. The whole eight volumes are quite a lift for a man of ordinary strength. Each volume is 15½ inches long, 12 inches wide, and about 6 inches thick. Pile the volumes one on another, and the aggregate thickness of the stack is 3 feet and 8 inches. Altogether there are 1,849 leaves in the Bible, on each one of which is a full page of raised letters.



The Censorship in Turkey.

A Constantinople correspondent writes: A Bulgarian boy returning to Robert College has been kept four days in prison, and is now only released on bail, for having in his possession "Freeman's Outlines of European History." No other offence is even alleged. The book is a text-book at Robert College, and the boy is to be tried for having it in his possession. The censorship of the Press becomes more ludicrous daily. The lessons published by the Sunday School Union recently dealt with the parable of the Prodigal Son. This particular lesson, which was, of course, not prepared for Turkey, was not allowed to pass because it spoke of the "elder brother." The phrase was supposed to refer to the deposed elder brother who is now confined as insane. A year ago there occurred an incident connected with the same department which I have seen published, but of which the correct version is as follows. The rules of a Greek Benefit Society were published in Galata, and I have a copy of them now before me. On the title-page is an extract in Greek from the Epistle to the Galatians: "While there is time let us do good unto all men, and especially to the household of faith." Beneath this extract appear the words "Paulos pros Galát." A genius discovered that this was the name and residence of the printer, which was not registered, and a person who had actually taken part in the printing was imprisoned for several days because he would not disclose where Paul was. In vain he asserted that Paul was dead. The person in authority refused to be persuaded. Where did he live? Galat was of course Galata; where was Paul's printing house in Galata? The printer protested that Paul died some eighteen hundred years ago; but his

protests were in vain. An official of the censorship was not going to be put off with any excuse of that kind. Finally, after a number of well-known persons had certified that Paul, the writer of the words quoted, was not actually living in Galata, the printer was released. The most harmless books are stopped at the Custom House, and I could not name a text-book of geography that would pass. The belief has in fact grown up, rightly or wrongly, that numbers of officials are making a library out of confiscated books.

The Depredations of the Book Pirates.

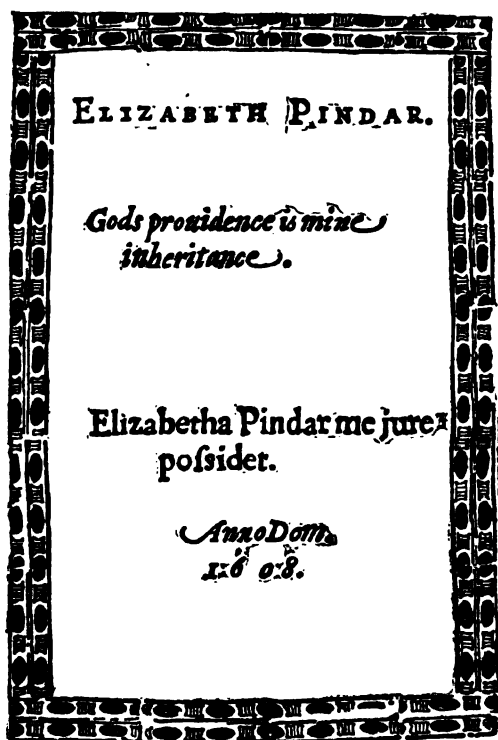
A CURIOUS little official return issued recently will (says a London Correspondent) have a melancholy interest for the English writer who suffers from the depredations of book pirates. It is a statement of the amounts received under the Copyright Act during the years 1879-86 inclusive, in respect of duty on reprints of copyright works introduced into the colonies in which the Act is in force. These amounts find their way eventually into the pockets of the authors and publishers whose pirated works are impounded, and almost needless to state they do not get fat on them. During the whole period covered by the return only £910 8s. 4d. was collected from nearly a score of colonies on the list, and this sum had to be divided between scores of claimants. Among the largest recipients of these doles are Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who, in the last two years of the period under review, netted as much as £140 9s. 3d., and in a previous two years were paid £50 2s. 1d. Of authors, Sir George Trevelyan appears to be most favoured. In 1883-4 he was paid £12 12s. 7d., and in 1885-6 he was credited with £20 8s. 10d. Lord Beaconsfield figures in the list for 1879-80 for the munificent sum of 2s. 2d., and Lord Lytton for 5s. 3d.—a rather unkind return to two writers who so closely identified themselves with the interests of the colonies.



Some Book Plates.

BOOK plates most probably had their origin in Germany several of the earliest plates being designed by the great Albert Dürer himself. The most notable of these is the *ex-libris* of his friend Bilibaldus Pirckheimer, the Nuremberg jurist, of whom he also engraved a portrait on copper in the year 1524. This book plate is not signed, but the best authorities agree in considering Dürer to have been its designer, although it is not generally thought that the wood block was cut by him. The first English book plates are considerably later than this—the earliest known being that of Sir Nicholas Bacon. This beautiful *ex-libris*, a representation of which is given here, bears the arms of Bacon quartering Quaplade, with a crescent for a difference, and was engraved in 1574 to be placed in the books presented by Sir Nicholas to the University of Cambridge. Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was the father of Lord Bacon, was the second son of Robert Bacon, of Drinkston. He was born in 1510 at Chiselhurst, in Kent, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. He was knighted in the first year of Elizabeth, and made Lord Keeper. He died in 1579, and it has been said of him that he was “a father of his country and of Sir Francis Bacon.” Until recently the next book plate in chronological sequence was believed to be that of William Willmer, of Sywell, Northamptonshire, 1613; but a short time ago a very interesting one bearing the name of Elizabeth Pindar, with the date 1608, was discovered in the Library of the British Museum in a volume of title-pages of books collected by that remorseless biblioclast John Bagford. English book plates form a very fascinating study, for we find among them many which belonged both to men of rank and of intellectual eminence, and designed and engraved by artists of considerable ability. Among

the more interesting are three of the well-known Samuel Pepys—one bearing his arms quartering Talbot of Cottenham; another with his portrait by Robert White (who died in 1704), having the motto "*Mens cujusque is est Quisque*," from the "*Somnium Scipionis*," of Cicero; and the third with his initials with two anchors crossed, indicating his office, having the same motto as the last. This may

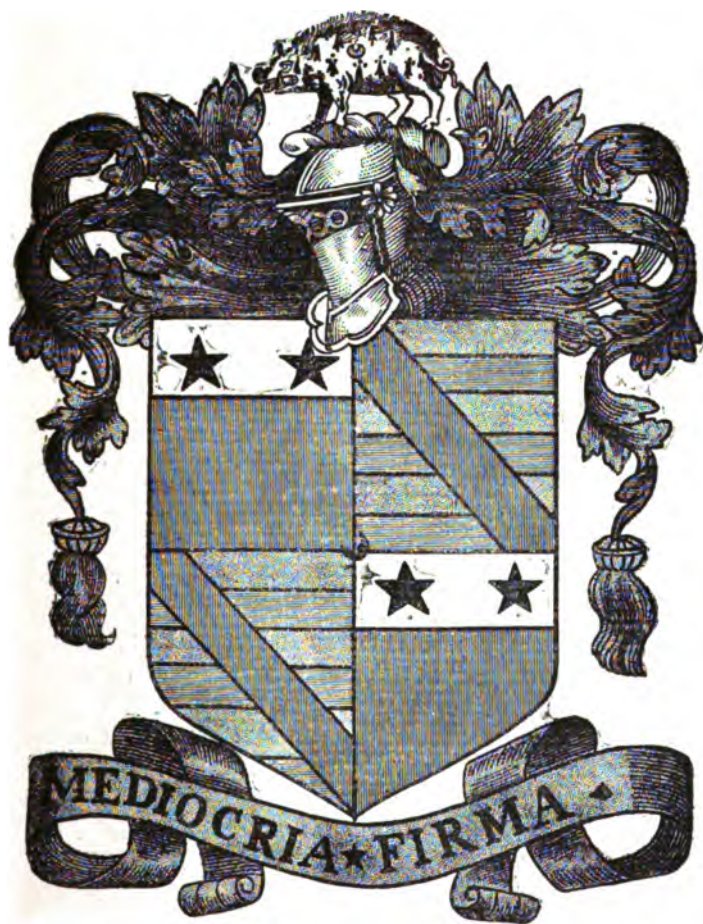


BOOKPLATE OF ELIZABETH PINDAR.

be the plate noticed in Pepys' Diary, July 21, 1668: "Went to my plate-maker's and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates for my books at the King's four Yards."

Of especial interest to Americans is the ex-libris of the courtly Quaker, William Penn. His arms are ar. on a fesse sa. three plates. Crest a demi lion ramp. ar. gorged with a collar sa., charged with

three plates. Motto: Dum clavum teneam. Under the coat on a label we read: William Penn, Esqr., Proprietor of Pensylvania,



*N. Bacon eques auratus & magni
figilli Angliae Custos librum hunc bi-
bliothecae Cantabrig. dicitur.*

1574.

BOOK PLATE OF SIR NICHOLAS BACON.

Thomas Penn, his son, styles himself of Stoke Pogeis in the Count of Bucks, first proprietor of Pensylvania (*sic*).

Among other notable ex-libris are those of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, with seventeen quarterings; Matthew Prior; Laurence Sterne, whose book plate was probably designed by himself and executed about 1761, when he bought "seven hundred books dog cheap and many good;" David Garrick, whose name appears in the centre of an ornamental device, surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare; Horace Walpole, who possessed three different book plates: one, executed for him by Thomas Bewick, having a view of the house at Strawberry Hill; John Wilkes, who had the same number as Walpole; and Robert Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," whose fancy coat of arms with the motto "Friends in need and a fig for the heralds," was engraved by W. Jackson in 1815, and is very rare.—*American Bookmaker*.

A Simier Binding.

A UNIQUE set of Chateaubriand, the edition of Ladvocat, publisher to the Duc de Chartres, 1826, which is catalogued by Brunet as having been sold at the sale of the Hôtel Bouillion in 1833, at 400 francs a volume, has found its way to this country in the hands of Mr. Bonaventure. The edition is printed on vellum with frontispiece, head- and tail-pieces and initial letters from wood blocks, and forms 26 octavo volumes. The binding is in the best style of Simier, the binder to King Louis Philippe, and is in fine preservation. It is in dark blue morocco with an outer border of gold tooling, and a gothic design in blind tooling in the panel. The back has compartments in gold tooling, and the doublet is a panel of crimson watered silk inside a border of blue morocco, tooled in gold. The silken panel itself has a gold border, a *petits fers*, and the fly leaf is also of crimson silk, similarly ornamented.



A Bookworm.

TIME-EATEN, like his books, and worn
With teen and strong endeavour,
Pure heart, flame burning ever,
Whence lofty thought and verse were born,
With lamp-lit toil he met the morn.

And wealth bequeathed by ages old,
Stood round him piled, enshelved,
Wherein he nightly delved
Nor paused when grey was smitten gold,
Nor shuddered though the morn blew cold.

The Past was survivor to him ;
His genius robed in learning,
His wages fame for earning.
Fame seen afar, with eyeballs dim,
Fame cheaply bought by life or limb.

Yet men who dig for gold despise
Those lean hands godless delving,
That patience slow uphelving
Mysterious glories for their eyes,
Who sneering deems his prize no prize.

They, perched on money-bags, supreme,
Behold him but with scorning,
Grip gold all night ; the morning
Breaks with a chill sarcastic gleam,
The pelf and profits of their dream.

A BOOKWORM.

Sleek fed they travel towards their end,
Their joys gold-built, their troubles
The wreck of gilded bubbles.
In sight of that towards which we tend
They crawl to wealth, for heirs to spend.

But he, sad-eyed and ashy-cheeked,
When slips the pen from grasping,
Sees, as he struggles, gasping,
With fame the far horizon streaked
Behind Death's raven gory-beaked.

Last, when, his final task complete,
He sat, sat as he perished,
Amid the love he cherished,
They say who pierced his lone retreat
That angel pinions swept their feet.

A beauteous fabric perfect wrought,
His days were spent in framing,
Lives, blooms to utter shaming
The fools who spurned his toil and thought
Fame, like their Consols, might be bought.

Sad reverent steps and hearts are ours,
When to his tablet bringing
Grief, awe, and love upspringing,
And little care we, scattering flowers,
Where riches' gilded obelisk towers.

J. J. BRITTON ("A Sheaf of Ballads.")





The "Annexed" Prayer Book.



FACSIMILE of the original manuscript of the Book of Common Prayer is about to be published. The Queen has accepted the dedication of this interesting publication. It is a copy of the well-known "Annexed Book" preserved in the House of Lord's Library. It is being reproduced by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, from photographs taken within that building, and will be published conjointly by her Majesty's printers and the Cambridge University Press early next year. This MS. Prayer Book has a curious history. It was annexed to the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and deposited in an ancient tower near the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. Some time after the year 1819 it appears to have been detached from the Act by a clergyman, who, for greater convenience of collation or perusal, cut the strings which bound the two together. In 1840 or 1841 it was reported that the book was not to be found. In 1867, the late Dean Stanley's inquiries led to the discovery that the book had remained in the Jewel Tower until 1864, when, during the removal of the Acts, it was, with other volumes of MSS., minutes, &c., handed over to the Chief Clerk, who locked it up in a closet in his room in the Palace of Westminster. Since that time it has been most jealously guarded. The difficulty of reproducing the work without taking it to pieces has been removed by the modern resources of photography, but her Majesty's printers have had to undertake to photograph the volume within the precincts of the House of Lords, and under all the restrictions necessarily imposed by the Committee of the Black Rod. By means of an elaborate system of reflecting, a sufficiency of light was obtained at one of the windows of the basement overlooking the River Thames.

Horace Greeley and Poe's Autograph.

HORACE GREELEY, who is always merciless on the autograph hunters, gives, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," the correspondence that passed between himself and one of those "mosquitoes of literature," who applied to him for an autograph of Mr. Poe. He says: "A gushing youth once wrote to me to this effect:—

"DEAR SIR,—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly."

"I promptly responded as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for \$50, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly \$50.75 (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully."

"That autography, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

"How to Treat Books."

AMERICAN papers do not, it appears, draw the line always at the mere appropriation of literary matter. The article with the above title, published on pp. 25-27 of *THE BOOKWORM*, is a mere paraphrase of the chapter entitled "The Treatment of Books" in Mr. W. Davenport Adams's "Rambles in Bookland." The "revised" form of the paper in question came to us through the *American Stationer*, so that in all probability it has made an extensive tour around the United States in a more or less "amended" form. Mr. Davenport Adams's delightful essays are so perfect in themselves it is surprising that any one should be guilty of the deliberate impertinence of paraphrasing them. Mr. Adams will, we are sure, exonerate us from any blame in the matter.

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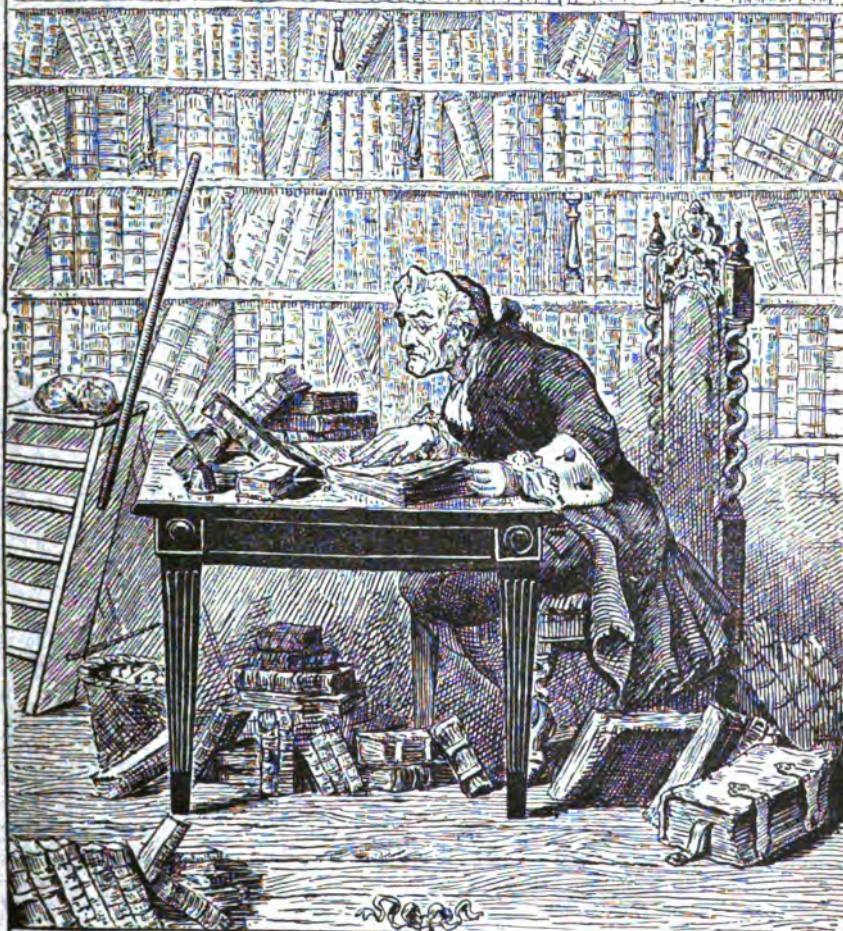
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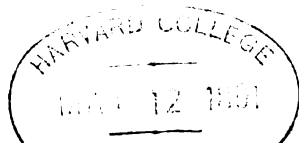
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Our Note-Book



M. EDOUARD ROUVEYRE, who is himself an author of considerable merit, besides being a publisher, has started a series of books which promises to be very popular. He calls it the "Bibliothèque des Connaissances utiles aux Amis des Livres," and makes an excellent start with "Les Ex-Libris, et les Marques de Possession du Livre," by M. Henri Bouchot, of the National Library at Paris. M. Bouchot's little treatise is tentative rather than exhaustive, as indeed may be gathered from the

fact that it is comprised in just 104 octavo pages of large type. It deals with the subject in three sections: the Physiognomy of a Book-

plate, the Classification of a Collection, and the Choice of a Design. And on each of these heads M. Bouchot writes pleasantly, with every phase of the subject at his fingers' ends, but he also writes under the conviction that "*la passion nouvelle pour les ex-libris est déplorable.*" And when it comes to ripping up the covers of rare books and defacing valuable and rare manuscripts, the zeal of the collector is undoubtedly reprehensible and detestable. The passion then reaches the stage of lunacy evidenced in another direction by



the notorious John Bagford, whose chief aim in life was the accumulation of title-pages. M. Bouchot scorns the utility of the book-plate: he glories in the fact that the greatest of French and Italian book-lovers never used a book-plate, and he contends that the proper course to be taken is to follow their plan of stamping arms and mottoes in gold on our bindings. The British Museum follows this practice, which has a great many advantages, but which is, also, open to several objections. Into these, however, we cannot now enter.

We should mention, nevertheless, that M. Bouchot, in spite of his animosity to the subject, has produced a delightful little book, which is fully illustrated, which only costs six francs, and of which only 750 copies are printed. In connection with this subject we are happy to be able to present our readers with two interesting examples of English book-plates. The first is designed by Mr. Walter Crane for Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the editor of the *Illustrated London News* which has improved so much since Mr. Shorter's succession in the management. The second example is that of Mr. George Bown Millett, M.R.C.S., designed by himself. The arms are those of Millett in the first and third quarters, and Towers in the second and fourth. The reedy-looking plant is intended for millet in flower and grain.

* * * *

Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum," which has just been added to Messrs. Ward and Lock's Minerva Library, comes quite in the category of famous books. It has been out of print for some time, and a new edition could be no longer withheld. The care and catholicity displayed by Mr. Locker in selection was one of the principal elements in the immediate success of the book; and for various reasons it may be assumed that this revised and enlarged edition, in the preparation of which Mr. Locker has been assisted by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, will have a much greater sale. It is the most varied and interesting collection of charming verse ever gathered together. "These pieces," observes Pliny to Tuscus, "commonly go under the title of poetical amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature." Mr. Locker's somewhat lengthy preface is full of interest, and he explains clearly the grounds upon which he has based his compilation. The poem, he says, may be tinctured with a well-bred philosophy, it may be whimsically sad, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, and it may be satirically facetious; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be pagan in its philosophy, or trifling in its tone, but it must never be flat, or ponderous, or commonplace. Taking his stand, therefore, on so well-defined a basis, the compiler has produced an entertaining book, which we can thoroughly commend to our readers.

* * * *

An interesting seizure by the New York Post Office Customs officials is reported in the *The Publishers' Weekly*. It was an old

quarto, printed in Italian, and entitled "Le Tragedie, di Giovanni Delfino, Senatore Veneziano, poi Patriarca d' Agueja, E Cardinale di Santa Chiesa Cioe in Padova, C I C I C C C X X X I I I." The tragedies included were "La Cleopatra," "La Lucregia," "Il Creso," and "Il Medoro." The main portion of the old book had been cut away to provide a hiding-place for an Italian head-dress valued at one shilling or eighteenpence, on which the duty might perhaps have been sixpence. The old volume was evidently beautifully printed; it contained an admirable steel engraving, presumably a portrait of the author, and was probably worth before mutilation from £20 to £25.





Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens."

E*X Africa sem per aliquid novi* is a phrase which may be applied with signal appropriateness to a volume which is on the point of being published by the Trustees of the British Museum. The contents of this volume, though old enough in one sense, are absolutely new to the modern world, since they consist of the text of one of the lost works of classical antiquity. The hope, which scholars long entertained, that the monasteries of the East might yet give us back the lost decades of Livy, or some of the missing plays of Æschylus, has gradually faded away as these libraries, one after another, have been examined by European travellers ; but as this hope fades another has arisen, and the lovers of classical literature look now, not to Mount Athos or to Constantinople, but to the buried cities and tombs of Egypt. The discovery of manuscripts of classical Greek authors written upon papyrus began less than fifty years ago, and the results obtained since that time have been satisfactory in themselves and still more in the promise which they gave for the future. The great Athenian orator Hyperides, who half a century ago was known only in name, is now represented by some four or five more or less complete orations ; fragments of Euripides and of the lyric poet Alcman, have been added to what we already possess of these authors ; and very early copies have been obtained of portions of Homer, Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes, Isocrates, and others of the great writers of Greece.

The present discovery may, however, fairly claim to rank above all of these in importance. It is the reappearance of a work, well

known in name, from which more quotations are found in the writers of the early centuries of the Christian era than from any other of the many lost writings of its author, Aristotle. It is known that Plutarch drew from it as an authority for his biographies, and that the grammarians and lexicographers derived from it most of their accounts of the official terms and titles used at Athens; and great was the excitement a few years ago among those interested in Greek history when two scraps of papyrus in the Berlin Museum were found to contain a few sentences from this work, which is Aristotle's treatise on the Constitutional History of Athens. Now the whole work, or rather the greater part of it, has been discovered on a papyrus manuscript in the British Museum, and scholars and historians will have new material submitted to their judgment and critical ability.

The treatise on the Constitution of Athens, it may be as well to remember, was only one out of 158 such descriptions which were drawn up by Aristotle, or under his directions, containing accounts of the institutions of that number of different States—most of them Greek, but not all, for we know that the Brahmins of India and the Carthaginians were included in the list. The whole was no doubt intended as a preparation for, and also as an illustration of, the philosophical theories propounded in the "Politics"; and it is a striking example of the thorough and painstaking method of Aristotle. No doubt in the case of many of these 158 States all that was known of their constitution could be summarized in a few paragraphs; and it is natural to assume that the history of Athens was on a fuller scale than was possible in most of the other sections of the work. Even this, however, is far from being diffuse, and the treatise, in the shape in which it has been edited for publication, occupies only 63 chapters of about the size to which we are accustomed in the editions of Thucydides or of Plutarch. Of these, 41 contain a chronological sketch of the development of the Athenian Constitution, while the remainder are occupied with an account of the official duties of the various magistrates and public bodies existing in the author's own time. The latter section (the end of which is seriously mutilated) is the least interesting, both from its own nature and from the fact that it was freely used by the lexicographers of later days, so that much of its contents is known already; but the earlier portion of the work throws some interesting light on certain dark places of Athenian history, and forms a most valuable authority for the period with which it deals.

It would be too much, however, to expect that any newly-discovered treatise on the history of Athens should radically alter the main

outlines of the familiar history. Where Herodotus and Thucydides have gone before, the writers of a later date can do little more than supply additional details and fill up missing links. Marathon and Salamis are facts which cannot be altered; and the history of the Athenian Empire, of its rise, its decay, and its fall, stands where it did when Thucydides and Xenophon laid down their pens. Indeed, the work of Aristotle adds very little to the picturesque side of the history of Greece. His business was with political institutions, not with wars or with anecdotes of statesmen. The Persian and Peloponnesian wars are only mentioned for the effect which these great disturbances had on the Athenian Constitution; and of the intellectual splendour of Athens we hear, as will readily be believed by those who are acquainted with Aristotle, simply nothing. Some verses of the poet-statesman Solon, and a characteristic story of the part played by Themistocles in the overthrow of the Areopagus (a part unnoticed by any other ancient author except an obscure scholiast, whose statement has naturally been ignored by modern writers)—these are almost the only incidents which relieve the business-like record of how Constitution replaced Constitution and magistrate succeeded to magistrate. But the more prosaic and pedestrian historian will welcome the evidence of so competent and impartial a witness as Aristotle, and the narratives of at any rate the earlier portion of the career of Athens will have to be considerably rewritten in respect of many of their details.

The beginning of the work is, unfortunately, lost, and apparently was never included in the manuscript from which the present text is derived; and the editors report the early columns of the manuscript in its present condition to be seriously mutilated and difficult of decipherment. The story opens shortly after the conspiracy of Cylon (which is here assigned to about the year 632 B.C.), with a mention of the purification of the city after the sacrilege wrought on that occasion by the treacherous slaughter of the captive insurgents. The author next describes briefly the state of the Constitution of that date (which throws some incidental light on the obscure period of the Kings), and the lamentable social and economical condition of Attica; and he then passes on to speak of the reforms of Draco. Here comes the first marked divergence from the received tradition. We have been accustomed to look on Draco as merely a criminal legislator, the first law-giver, indeed, of Athens, but of no special political importance. It appears, however, from Aristotle that he was far more than this, and that some of the reforms of Solon were anticipated by his predecessors. But the measures of Draco did

not go far enough, and they failed especially in this point, that they did not touch the economical distress, in which the root of the evil lay. Hence they had little effect in allaying discontent, and in a quarter of a century Solon was called on to undertake a far more drastic measure of reform. This is an interesting section of Aristotle's treatise, not so much for the additional details which it supplies concerning the Solonian Constitution as from the rather extensive quotations which are made from the poetry in which Solon defended and explained his political position. Some of these quotations are already known to us from other sources, and some are new; but all help to give a striking individuality to the great law-giver and illustrate his upright and statesmanlike character. At the same time Aristotle brings out more clearly than the previously-known histories the fact that Solon's reforms were never really accepted as a working Constitution at Athens. They were the basis of subsequent developments and they established the main principle of the democracy, so that he was rightly regarded in later ages as the founder of popular government; but at the time, as perhaps was to be expected from changes so sweeping, they led to bitter party struggles, varied by attempts to establish a despotism, until the success of Pisistratus suspended all democratic developments for half a century. Of this period Aristotle has little that is new to tell us, though he confirms the favourable judgment of the other authorities on the government of Pisistratus. With the expulsion of the sons of the tyrant a new era of constitutional progress opens, and the details of political change are followed by Aristotle with some minuteness. It is impossible to indicate here all the points in which he enlarges or corrects the received tradition; and it must suffice to say that his brief narrative does much to give precision to our knowledge of the half-century which begins with the reforms of Clisthenes and ends with the ascendancy of Pericles. Many new constitutional details are given, and dates are assigned to events of which we have hitherto merely known the bare occurrence. The most strikingly novel fact is the participation of Themistocles (from purely selfish motives) in the overthrow of the supremacy of the Areopagus.

It appears that the final attack on the ancient council was designed and led by Ephialtes, and that it was delivered in the year 462 B.C. In this enterprise Ephialtes had a strange ally from among the members of the Areopagus itself, in no less a person than Themistocles. This somewhat tortuous politician was at the time under apprehension of a charge of Medism, which was being investigated by the Areopagus; and his share in the attack which was now

being made on that body, consisted principally in hastening the course of events. Having first warned Ephialtes that the Areopagus was about to arrest him, Themistocles proceeded to the Areopagus and there denounced Ephialtes as being engaged in a conspiracy against the State, and offered to conduct a party to the house where the conspirators were assembled. On arriving at the house of Ephialtes he managed that he should be seen talking with the members of the council who accompanied him. Ephialtes, thinking no doubt that the warning of Themistocles was being fulfilled, escaped and took refuge at the altar; but, realizing that his only chance of safety lay in taking the bull by the horns, he hurried to the Council of Five Hundred, and made a violent attack on the Areopagus, presumably proposing to strip it at once of its peculiar powers. In this he was seconded by the versatile Themistocles, who no doubt was able to furnish some plausible explanation of his conduct. The matter was carried from the council to the Ecclesia, and the attack was there completely successful. The Areopagus was deprived of all the rights which made it the general guardian of the State, and its functions were distributed between the Five Hundred, the Ecclesia, and the law courts.

With the rise of Pericles the interest of the work declines. Aristotle, while respecting his character and abilities, saw too clearly that it was Pericles who introduced the methods of popular government which were afterwards abused by the demagogues, to hold the high opinion of him which is expressed by Thucydides. He considers the decline of Athens to have begun in his time, and to have become rapid as soon as his guiding hand was removed. Mob orators, who won the ear of the public by promising anything which seemed likely to catch the popular taste, hurried Athens down the hill which ended in the disaster of Ægospotami. In all this there was little for a constitutional historian to study, though much from which a practical politician might take warning. Two episodes of constitutional interest, however, remained, the short-lived oligarchy of the Four Hundred in 411 B.C., and the rule of the Thirty after the surrender of Athens to Lysander. These are described in some detail; and with the restoration of the democracy in 403 B.C. Aristotle closes his history of the constitutional development of Athens.

Much of this, no doubt, is interesting only to the professed student of Greek history; but Greek history has a lasting attraction for the modern world, and there is much here also that is of permanent political and human interest. Draco attempting to correct an

economical evil by a political reform ; Solon standing between the greed of the capitalist, the pride of the aristocrat, and the cravings of the mob for a general partition of their neighbours' property, and refusing to gratify the desires of any of these three sections, or yet to use his supreme position for his personal aggrandizement ; Themistocles playing his double game between the Areopagus and its adversaries ; Cleon and his successors bidding against one another for popular support, and playing fast and loose with the interests of the country—these are pictures which have a lasting interest of their own, and which are brought out for us more vividly than ever before by this newly-discovered work of Aristotle. In conclusion it should be mentioned that the text is accompanied by an introduction and rather copious notes, and that a companion volume will follow shortly containing a photographic facsimile of the original manuscript. It is earnestly to be wished, in the interests of all lovers of classical literature, that this may only be the forerunner of many other discoveries of the lost works of the great Greek authors, and that we may yet see again some of the dramas of Æschylus or Sophocles, of Aristophanes or Menander, which have been lost to the world now for over a thousand years.—*The Times*.





Dryden's First Book.

A COPY of the excessively rare first edition of "A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, written by Mr. Dryden. London, Printed for William Wilson; and are to be sold in Well-yard, near Little St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1659," has just become the property of Messrs. Pickering and Chatto. It is a genuine and unwashed copy of this most important piece—Dryden's actual first publication in book form. The rarity of this poem is too well known to need many remarks, and we think it sufficient to say it escaped the vigilant researches of Mr. Malone, that it is not mentioned by Lowndes, and that we know of no other copy being ever offered for sale. The rarity can be accounted for by the fact that a few months after its publication the Restoration took place, and the author addressed a congratulatory Poem to the King; an incident which Sir Walter Scott refers to in these words:—"It is singular the poet who solemnized by elegy the death of the Protector should have hailed the restoration of the Stuart line." This elegy was never acknowledged by the author in the collection of his work, though not forgotten by his enemies, and many years after its first appearance it was reprinted by one of his mean and malignant antagonists, with the hope of making him (Dryden) appear as an apostate, under the title of "An Elegy on the Usurper, Oliver Cromwell, by the author of 'Absalom and Achitophel.'" The poem consists of thirty-seven stanzas, written in the measure and somewhat in the manner of Gondibert. The flow of his versification improved, and his command of poetical language extended, but no marks were yet discovered of the luxuriance of early genius, or the

overflow of a mind full of poetry ; nor are there any traces in his language from which we may collect that his curiosity had been directed to the study of great poets who flourished in the preceding age. His poetry was in the general style of the time in which he lived ; it did not partake of any individual character, nor was it controlled by any presiding genius. It shows rather a vigorous understanding and quick discernment than a rich imagination, or a fancy lavish of its youthful store. How little does it resemble the early poems of Milton, which were published but a few years previous to this time !

Webster's "Dictionary."

THE new edition of Webster's International Dictionary, which is being re-issued in monthly parts, comprises and supersedes the issues of 1847, 1864, and 1880. The last revision is by far the most complete that the work has undergone during the sixty-two years that it has been before the public. Every page has been treated as if the book was now published for the first time. Preparations for the revision were commenced more than ten years ago ; about one hundred paid editorial assistants have been engaged upon it, besides a number of scholars who have freely contributed in various ways to its completeness and value. The definitions in scientific, artistic, and legal, technical, and all special subjects, have been supplied by specialists of eminence ; and numerous additional explanatory woodcuts have been made especially for this edition. A sum of more than £60,000 has been expended upon the work. In addition to the dictionary of words, with their pronunciation, etymology, and various meanings, illustrated by quotations and numerous woodcuts, there are several valuable appendices, comprising a Gazetteer of the world ; Vocabularies of Scripture, Greek, Latin, and English Proper Names ; a Dictionary of the noted Names of Fiction ; a Brief History of the English Language ; a Dictionary of Quotations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c. ; a Biographical Dictionary with 10,000 names, &c.



The Chained Library at Grantham.

THE old town of Grantham possesses an interesting little library of this kind. It occupies a chamber over the south porch of the venerable church of S. Wulfran, and access to it is obtained by a winding newel stair, very steep and narrow. The room itself is small, with a yawning Gothic fireplace in one corner, and on the north side a projecting hagioscope, enabling the student to see all going on in the church below. The books, not much above 300 in number, are mostly folios in oaken boards, some covered with stamped calf bearing the Tudor rose and crown; and they are placed on the shelves with their backs to the wall, the titles being written across the fore-edges. Most, if not all, have originally been chained to their places, and about one hundred are still so secured, the most modern of these which I noticed being a volume of Henry More, the Platonist, printed as late as 1684. More was a native of Grantham, and all the volumes of his works in the library have his autograph, "Ex dono." The older books were given by the Rev. Fras. Trigge, Rector of Welbourne, Lincs., about 1598. The bulk of these are old Theology—not an inviting department of literature; some of them, however, possess features of interest. Such are the "Lent Sermons" of Leonardus de Utino, Paris, Scring, 1478, with finely-painted capitals; the "Scotus" of 1497; the "Gregorian Decretals" of 1514; the "Nicholaus de Lyra" of 1508; and last, but not least, the "Antwerp Polyglot" of Arias Montanus, printed at the Plantin press under the auspices of Philip II., a rare and splendid work in eight folio volumes. It was given to the

Grantham Library by that famous old divine and casuist, Bishop Sanderson ; but, alas ! damp and rough usage have reduced it to a deplorable state of dilapidation. I ought to add that there is another library in Grantham Church, the gift of the very Rev. John Newcome, sometime Dean of Rochester. It consists of about 700 volumes, but possesses no great attractions for the bibliophile, so far as I could ascertain by cursory examination. Students of Dickens may be interested to know that in the Grantham parish register I found the name of "Gabriel Grubb" (E), the churlish hero of a Christmas tale in "Pickwick," amongst the entries of the sixteenth century. Was Dickens ever in Grantham ? and if so, did he ever examine the parish registers ? The identity of the names appears too striking to be accidental.

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.

Bibliographical Definitions.

IN the second volume of the *BOOKWORM* (p. 18), we quoted a number of bibliographical definitions formulated by the Abbé Rive. The following examples are offered as a supplement to the lexicon of the book-lover by Mr. George H. Ellwanger, in his interesting book "The Story of My House," recently published in the United States :—

Bibliodæmon : a book-fiend or demon.

Bibliophage
Bibliocataphage } a book eater or devourer.

Biblioleter,
Bibliopollyon, } a book-destroyer, ravager, or waster.
Bibliophthor,

Biblioloigos : a book pest or plague.

Bibliolestes,
Biblioklept, } a book-plunderer or robber.

Biblicharybdis : a charybdis of books.

Biblioriptos : one who throws books around.



A Volume of Apothecaries' Lore.

FEW quasi-scientific books are more entertaining reading than old herbals and housewifery publications of ages long ago. Full as such books are of the mysticism and ignorance of times up to a period which even men still living remember, there are nevertheless many links in the great chain which binds the enlightenment of to-day with the superstition of yesterday. Here and there we hit upon one of those touches of nature which prove that we are akin with past ages, and that we are not far removed from the beliefs of other days. A careful perusal of "*Arcana Fairfaxiana*," an interesting facsimile reproduction ably edited by Mr. George Weddell (Newcastle: Mawson, Swan, and Morgan), will cement these conclusions in a striking manner. The original of this reprint is nearly three centuries old, and was used and partly written by the Fairfax family. Like so many other good things, the volume had been for years lying in a box of lumber, neglected and uncared-for, seemingly waiting for an appreciative owner to "turn up." A clearing out at 135, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, a house occupied for nearly a century by a firm of chemists, resulted in the volume being discovered by the editor, Mr. Weddell, to whose Introduction and exhaustive analysis of the book too much praise cannot be given. Although the exact age of the manuscript is open to question, it may be assumed, for all practical purposes, that many of the recipes date well back into the sixteenth century. Here is Queen Mary's "Electuary for the Passion of the Hart:—Take damask roses half blowne out, cut off ye white's, and beate your roses very fine, and strain out ye iuice as

much as you can, you may putt to it if you will a little rose water, to make it ye more moist. Then take of ye finest sugar that you can gett, and make a sirop of it very thick. Then take rubies and beat them very fine, and likewise amber and pearle, a little amber greece, and mingle all these together with some of the sirop till it be somewhat thick, then take it morn and even upon a knives pointe, a little quantity, you may take it els at any other tyme when you think good : This medicine is very excellent and so approued."

The juice of roses was regarded three centuries ago as a panacea for other ills besides heart-ache. A recipe "for the swyming in ye head," given by Julius, the physician to the Emperor Charles, to

[“Steepe one-dram-and-a-half of Ruber one whole night in six ounces of whay, wringe yt out the next morninge and drincke that whay at six of the clock that same morninge, fastings tyll X^o and at a XI dyne wth som p[ar]t of a henn stewed, but drinck a draught of the water wherin the henn ys stodd, before y^e putt any bread or freut into the broth.”]

Queen Mary, contained, *inter alia*, “two ounces of the iuice of the budds of redd roses,” which item was perhaps not quite so important as that of another of “a rather extraordinary character.” That there should be several references to the King’s Evil is only natural ; but we do not remember to have read of the following method of “How to know ye Kings Evil :—Take a ground worme alive and lay him upon ye swelling or sore and cover him with a leafe. Yf it be ye disease ye worme will change and turn into earth. Yf it be not he will remain whole and sound.”

There is a certain amount of what may be termed contiguity in the recipes for redness of or bloodshot eyes and for the bleeding of the nose. For the latter, the curious reader is requested to “take a

toade and drie it in marche, put ye same into some silk or sattene bagg and hange it about ye neck of ye party next ye skinne and by Gods grace it will stanch presently."

Some of the recipes are gruesome beyond expression. Here is a "Magneticall Cure of a Wound:—Take of the mossd of the skull of a strangled man 2 ounces, of the mumia of mans blood one ounce and a halfe, of earth wormes washed in water, or wine, and dried, one ounce and a halfe, of Hemitis 2 ounces, of the fatte of a Boare, bore pigge and bors of each 2 drms, of oyle of Turpentine two drams, pound them and keepe them in a longe narrow pott,

How to dy a french grene

first maik it a good blewe, then washe it up in faire water, then taik allome accordinge to the first proportion, and boyle it thre houres, alwaies when you use any allome, then taik it up, then taik faire water and grene grasse, and boyle them an houre togather, then taik out your grene

["HOW TO DY A FRENCH GRENE.

First maik it a good blewe, then wash it up in faire water, then taik allome accordinge to the p[ro]portion, and boyle it thre houres alwaies when you use any allome; then taik it up, then taik faire water and grene grasse and boyle them an houre togeth^r, then taik out your grene," &c.]

make this when the gums is in libra, dippe into the oyntment the yron, or wood, or some sallow sticke made wet with blood in opening the wound. Let the patient wash his wound in the morninge with cleare water, and bynde it with a clean cloth alwaies wying away the matter."

It would be impossible to give, in the short space at our disposal, anything like an idea of the various ailments and their cures contained in this remarkable and diverting book. Sometimes it is "to comfort a colde brayne," and at others it is "for appetite;" now it is

either "to draw forth broken bones," "pain in spitting," or for "belching of winde," that a cure in all the magnificence of Lintinity is recommended, whilst the "comfort [of] the hart" is not neglected any more than is the "trembling" or the "heate" of that important organism. Our last extract is a "charm" rather than a "cure," and

*For the swyming in y head: given by m^r Urs Salus
(y Emperor Charles phisition) to Quene Mary:*

*Take two ounces of the iuice of the buds of redd roses or one ounce of
very good oile of roses, one ounce of kowslip oile, and two spoonefulls
of woman's milk of a manchild, and three nutmegs finely beaten &
sereed and as much mace made in powder as the nutmegs is, and a little
red rose water, and as much wine (imiger; mingle all these together
and warme it (uppon a Chafindish, and anointe the nape of the
neck and the temples, and the crowne of the head, and under y eares
you must rub it vearly well in, and keepe the head whole while it is
a domge and after: mmm-*

is warranted "To Stanch the Bleeding at the Nose." The cause of the bleeding does not appear to be material: the charm is written in "latin":—

*"Sanguis manet in te,
Sicut Christus ferat in se,
Sanguis manet in tua vena,
Sicut Christus in sua pena;
Sanguis manet in te fixus,
Sicut Christus in Crussifixus."*

These verses are to be said "over three times, naming the parties nam, and then say the Lord's Prayer."

Through Mr. Weddell's courtesy, we are enabled to give three characteristic facsimiles from this interesting and unique book. The first (see page 112) is termed by the editor as the Shakespearian

Hand, because it occurs in the Stratford and many other records of the time of Shakespeare and his father. Good examples of it, Mr. Weddell points out, in that earlier form may be found in the "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and in "Shakespearian Facsimiles" by the same author. In the seventh edition of the former work (ii. 236) is an excellent specimen showing how John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was replaced as an Alderman of his Guild because he "Dothe not come to the Halles when they be warned, nor hath not done of longe tyme." The "Glossyng" hand, of which we give a specimen on p. 113, is regarded by Mr. Weddell as having been written in or about the year 1600, the nearest approach to it being in the British Museum Add. MS. 30, 305, fol. 17, which was written in the year just mentioned by "Ra Fure." Our third specimen is named the "Italian" hand, which was not common in England until about 1615, "when the London writing masters Richard Gething, John Ayres, and others taught it to their pupils. Abroad, however, in Italy and in France, it was quite common as early as 1550. It was also taught in England by Teshe, of York, and others of Temp. Eliz., who called it the 'Italique hannde,' but it was regarded as distinctly foreign, and was only used in continental languages."

W. ROBERTS.

A Barbarous Book Tax.

IN at least one respect the Custom House regulations of Canada are (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) more barbarous than those of the United States. In the latter, books and apparatus required by universities are admitted free. The authorities of McGill University, Montreal, complain that when a donation of 225 volumes, worth £230, arrived from Mr. Peter Redpath (the rich Canadian sugar refiner, who now owns the late Emperor Napoleon's place at Chislehurst) duty was charged on almost the whole collection. This university, by the way, is being assisted by the Greenwich astronomers to determine the exact longitude of Montreal, which (with the exception of Harvard College, near Boston, will at the end of this experiment be the only place in America that knows where it is! The Imperial Government has voted £350 for this purpose, and the Dominion authorities have been requested to follow suit.

Companions.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions : men, women and books.—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

WE have companions, comrade mine ;
 Jolly good fellows, tried and true,
 Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,
 And pledging each other, as I do you.
 Never a man in all the land
 But has, in his hour of need, a friend,
 Who stretches to him a helping hand,
 And stands by him to the bitter end.
 If not before, there is comfort then,
 In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,
 Is the love of woman, the life of life,
 Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,
 Or melts in the tender kiss of wife ;
 A heart contented to feel, not know,
 That finds in the other its sole delight ;
 White hands that are loth to let us go,
 The tenderness that is more than might !
 On earth below, in heaven above,
 Is there anything better than woman's love ?

I do not say so, companion mine,
 For what, without it, would I be here ?
 It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,
 And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear !
 But books, old friends that are always new,
 Of all good things that we know are best ;
 They never forsake us, as others do,
 And never disturb our inward rest.
 Here is truth in a world of lies,
 And all that in man is great and wise !

Better than men and women, friend,
 That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
 Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
 For they depart, but the books remain,
 Through these they speak to us what was best
 In the loving heart and the noble mind ;
 All their royal souls possessed
 Belongs for ever to all mankind !
 When others fail him, the wise man looks
 To the sure companionship of books.

R. H. STODDARD.



The "Pupilla Oculi."

AMONG the few—too few—rare or scarce books in my small library, the most valuable and most valued is a copy of the "Pupilla Oculi."

This work is an early Latin treatise on the Administration of the Seven Sacraments, the Ten Precepts of the Decalogue, and the other offices which a priest ought to know and understand. The author was John Burgh, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Rector of Collingham [Yorkshire],¹ and, as he calls himself, "Professor of the Sacred Page." The exact meaning of this last title I am uncertain of. It probably means that he lectured at Cambridge on the Scriptures. He held his Chancellorship (Le Neve, iii., 599) from 1384 to 1386, during which time he wrote this work in 1385, extracting it chiefly from an earlier work called the "Oculus Sacerdotis," and therefore giving it the name of the "Pupil of the Eye." This earlier work, I am sorry to say, I do not know. Doubtless, too, the Chancellor had in his mind the Scriptural use of the phrase which he chose as a title, and specially, perhaps, the verse Prov. vii. 2, "Keep My law as the apple of thine eye." The Vulgate translation here; and in all places where our version has the word "apple," is invariably "pupilla."

The work is mentioned by Maskell in the "Monumenta Ritualia," iii., lxxix. "The 'Pupilla Oculi,' once a very famous book, is now exceedingly rare and but little known; nor do I believe it has been printed since the Reformation." He adds that there was an earlier "Pupilla" quoted in a sentence of excommunication by a Provincial

¹ A John Burgh was Prebendary of York in 1455 (Le Neve, iii. 191), but the date is almost or quite too late for it to be the same.

Council at York, 1311 (Wilkins' "Concilia," ii., 414). This may possibly have been the "Oculus Sacerdotis" mentioned above.

Of the present "Pupilla," some editions whose existence is known to me—I pronounce not that the list is complete—are: (1) Paris, 1500, "for the London Booksellers, with the Sign of the Trinity on the Title-page" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1760, pp. 6, 7); (2) Paris, Wolfgang Hopylius, 1510, small folio; (3) Paris, Regnault, 1514, quarto; (4) Argentini, 1514, quarto; (5) Paris, 1518; (6) Rouen, per Ric. Mace. Mr. Maskell possessed copies of 2 and 3, of which the former is also referred to in a letter from John Anstis to John Lewis, dated October 28, 1737, in Nichols' "Literary Illustrations," iv. 151. My copy is of 4. The titles vary. That of 2, quoted by Mr. Maskell, is as follows:—

"Pupilla Oculi, omnibus presbyteris præcipue Anglicanis summe necessaria; per sapientissimum divini cultus moderatorem, Johannem de Burgo, quondam almæ Universitatis Cantabrigiensis cancellarium, et sacræ paginæ professorem, necuon Ecclesiæ de Colingam rectorem compilata anno a Natali Dominico, Mccclxxxv. In qua tractatur de septem Sacramentorum administratione, de decem præceptis Decalogi, et de reliquis ecclesiasticorum officiis, quæ oportet sacerdotem rite institutum non ignorare; jam primum accuratissime castigata, atque tersissime in lucem edita. Impensis honestissimi ac fidelissimi mercatoris Wilhelmi Bretton."

The title of my copy is thus:—

"Pupilla Oculi. De Septem Sacramentorum Administratione: de decem præceptis decalogi, ceterisque ecclesiasticorum (quæ rite institutum sacerdotem haudquaquam ignorare decet) officiis; Joannis de Burgo almæ quondam Cantabrigiensis Universitatis Cancellarii: presbyteris omnibus sacræque militiæ studiosis majorem in modum necessaria. Adjectis tabula Capitulorum atque indice Alpha betario omnium hoc in opusculo contentorum absolutissime concinnatis."

On this follows a dedication "ad clerum" in seven elegiac couplets by Augustinus Aggeus, who seems to have edited the book, and a letter, reprinted from 2, from the same to William Bretton, the merchant who had borne the expenses of that edition. Then comes a sub-title, as follows, "Incipit tractatus Pupilla Oculi ideo dictus quod ex Oculo Sacerdotis alio libro sic dicto magna ex partè excerptus est per sapientissimum divini cultus moderatorem Joannem de Burgo quondam Universitatis Cantabrigiensis Cancellarium et

sacræ paginæ professorem. Anno a Natali Dominico Mille. ccclxxxv," and the work itself, which occupies 170 folios, that is to say, 340 pages. This is succeeded by a "Tabula librorum et capitulorum," and an alphabetical "Index Libri," taking up 15 pages, and the final colophon is as follows: "Pupillæ Oculi opusculum hoc egregium a Joanne de Burgo viro quondam reipublicæ ecclesiasticæ in primis studioso mira dexteritate presbyteris omnibus justo præsertim animarum zelo tentis eruditioni perpetuoque subsidio scitissime conquisitum opera literarioque prælo Joannis Knoblauchii impensis vero Pauli Goetz civis et Bibliopolæ Argentini extremam manum sensit. Nonis Septembribus, Mdxiii."

To assist an English reader to form a rough idea of the contents of the book the following short summary is given:—

Part i. Of Sacraments in General: two chapters.

Part ii. Of Baptism: eight chapters.

Part iii. Of Confirmation: two chapters.

Part iv. Of the Holy Eucharist: eleven chapters.

Part v. Of Penance: twenty-seven chapters.

Part vi. Of Extreme Unction: two chapters.

Part vii. Of Holy Orders: ten chapters.

Part viii. Of Matrimony: eighteen chapters.

Part ix. Of the Consecration of Churches, &c.: eight chapters.

Part x. Of the Creed, Commandments, &c.: five chapters.

My copy is a very handsome book, as clean and fresh as if it had only been printed yesterday, and beautifully bound in purple morocco, with gilt and gauffred edges, the size of the covers $8\frac{7}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the leaves, of course, being slightly less. My father bought it many years ago from Mozley Stark, then of Hull; but I know not its former history from the time that it left the monastic shelves of St. Mary at Zwifalten [Wurtemberg], to which an inscription on the title—"Monasterij B.V.M. in Zwifalten,"—assures me that it once belonged. The blanks left, according to a common habit of early printing, for initial letters, have been filled in by one of the old Fathers with red ink, the capitals beginning each paragraph dashed through also in red to catch the eye, and here and there some specially interesting passage marked in the margin with a red wavy line. The leaves have been in several places bored by the eponymous hero of the present periodical; but it must have been before the book was bound, for I have been through it without finding him.

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

"Lyra Elegantiarum."

THIS is a book that all should buy,
And buying read ; would you know why ?
List, and I'll tell you truly :
It is the love-task of a poet,
And that each page doth plainly show it
You will acknowledge duly.

A weaver of "patrician rhymes"—
And yet how tender they at times !—
To him how much we all owe :
His Muse—a blue-eyed English girl,
Beloved alike by earl and churl,
By Momus and Apollo.

Who has not trod *St. James's Street* :
Or *Rotten Row* ? or—to complete
The list—proud *Piccadilly* ?
Who has not envied *Gertrude's Glove* ?
Or *Geraldine* not learnt to love ?
Or *old Brown's* . . . daughter *Lillie* ?

Who has not heard *the Jester's Moral*,
In which there is a lesson for all ?
Or known a *Little Dinky* !
Who has not some coy *Neighbour Rose* ?
Who's ne'er invited ?—who ne'er goes
To Rome ?—*La madre*, think ye ?

But I digress : this is a book
Inside whose pages all should look
For lyric grace and sweetness :
Selected by the genial bard
Whom all so lovingly regard . . .
And yet it lacks completeness.

The poems he himself hath writ,
Brimful of humour, pathos, wit,
And satire of "the right tap,"
In vain you'll turn the leaves to find . . .
Despite his reasons 'tis unkind . . .
Sure, he deserves a light tap.

Yet has he proved his poet-worth
In the collection here put forth,
This "Critic, friend and singer" :
O'er it enamoured and enthralled,
And though to sternest duties called,
You'll linger and . . . you'll linger.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.



How Eastern Books Begin and End.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S sentiment, that "of all things which men do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call Books," seems to have been fully entertained by the European monkish authors in mediæval times, who usually prefixed the sign of the cross to their writings, which was followed by a pious invocation to the Deity for guidance. For example, in the old French romance of "Melusine," composed by John of Arras in the fourteenth century, the author, according to the early English translation, thus commences :

"In the begynnynge of all werkes/ men oughten first of alle to calle the name of the creatowr of all Creatures, whiche is very & trew maister of alle thinges made & to be made, that oughten somewhat to entende to perfection of wele. Therfore att the begynnynge of this present hystorye/ though that I ne be not worthy for to requyre hym/ beseche ryght deuoutly his right highe & worthy mageste/ that this present history he wyl helpe me to bring vnto a good end/ & to fuldoo it att hys glorie & praysyng."

This custom of invoking the name of the Deity extended to all important documents, and a relic of it survived till within the last thirty years, in the printed forms of marine insurance policies, which began with "In the Name of God. Amen."

It is probable that the idea of such invocations was derived from the East. Muhammedans invariably prefix to their books, letters, &c., the formula, "In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate." In like manner, Hindús invoke the elephant-headed Ganessa, who is regarded as the god of wisdom and prudence, the remover of obstacles, and the patron of letters; not only at the

beginning of every work, but of each chapter or section. Thus in the great Indian story-book, "*Kathá Sarit Ságará*" (Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative), of the twelfth century, we find such invocations as these :

"May that victor of obstacles, who, after sweeping away the stars with his trunk in the delirious joy of the evening dance, seems to create others with the spray issuing from his hissing mouth, protect you !"

"May the god with the face of an elephant, who appears, with his head bowed down and then raised, to be threatening the hosts of obstacles, protect you !"

The prefatory parts of many Oriental—more especially Persian—books are somewhat elaborate. An author commences with a very long exordium in praise of the Creator, then follows another, laudatory of the Prophet, "the first of created beings" ; next he gives the reason why his work was undertaken, which is generally that he was so commanded by his royal patron, whose might and power, whose glory and dignity, he celebrates usually at great length. The work concludes with the words, *tummet tummam al-Kittab*, "the book is completely finished," the author adding his own name and benedictions on the Prophet and his patron, together with the year, often stating the very day and month, when it was finished. In the case of copies of a book made by professional scribes, the copyist sometimes gives his own name and the date when he completed his task, designing himself as "the humblest of scribes," and desiring the reader to pray for him and for the souls of his father and mother. When the author's name does not appear (which is of no uncommon occurrence) the transcriber's name has been mistaken for that of the author, and the date for that of the original composition. Our early printers doubtless borrowed the idea of their colophons from this practice of Oriental copyists inserting their names, &c., at the end of any book they had transcribed.

Another peculiarity of Eastern books is the author's declaring, either in the preface or the conclusion, the manifold benefits which should accrue to the reader. In the "*Karna Parva*," which is the eighth book of the grand old Indian epic (or rather, series of epics) the "*Mahábhárata*," we are told that "he who reads, hears, or recites this Purana will be happy and capable of attaining to every region of bliss : they that do so will rejoice, obtaining wealth and fame." In the preface to the Tamil version of the charming story of Nala and Damayanti (an episode in the "*Mahábhárata*," and also the subject of more than one noble Hindú poem) it is said : "Whoever

reads or relates this true narrative shall enjoy all manner of felicity and planetary bliss," even those who make copies of it shall be free from the machinations of demons. So, too, in the apocryphal gospel of "The Passing of Mary" the author does not scruple to say: "Let every Christian know that if he keep this writing by him, even in his house, whether he be cleric or lay, or a woman, the devil will not hurt him; his son will not be lunatic, or demoniac, or deaf, or blind; no one shall die suddenly in his house; in whatever tribulation he cries to her [*i.e.*, the Virgin] he will be heard; and in the day of his death he will have her with her holy virgins for his help." No wonder if scribes were much in demand for copies of works professing to confer such inestimable blessings on their possessors! But even in the East the occupation of the scribe is now virtually gone;—letterpress and lithographic printing has at length superseded the tedious process of multiplying copies of books by means of the pen, though, of course, the scribe's services are still required in order to produce lithographed books, but then only for a single transcript of a work to be printed by lithography, which, however, is little used since the arts of die-cutting and casting of moveable types of all Asiatic alphabets have attained such a degree of perfection.

Arabian, Persian, and Turkish MS. books are often left unbound, being kept in the separate *kurrdsas* (or loose sheets) as written by the scribes, in a case, or properly speaking, two cases, one of which encloses the other. (A *kurrdsa* generally consists of ten leaves, or twenty pages.) This is doubtless one cause of so many Oriental MSS. preserved in the great European libraries being imperfect, not only at the beginning and the end—which is also the case of not a few precious old printed European books—but in other places. A public reciter would borrow one or more *kurrdsas* of a book, containing a tale with which he intended entertaining his coffee-shop patrons, and forget to return them, or they might get otherwise lost, which is, perhaps, alone sufficient to account for differences in the several known MS. texts of the "Arabian Nights": when a transcriber found gaps in his copy, he would fill them in with tales taken from other collections.

While treating of Eastern books, it may not prove uninteresting to reproduce Colonel Wilkes' description of the *kudettums*, or manuscripts peculiar to Kanara, in Southern India:

"*Cudduttum*, *curruttum*, or *currut*, is a long slip of cotton cloth, from eight inches to a foot wide and from twelve to eighteen feet long, skilfully covered on each side with a compost of paste and

powdered charcoal. When perfectly dry it is neatly folded up, without cutting, in leaves of equal dimensions; to the end folds are fixed ornamental plates of wood, painted and varnished, resembling the sides of a book, and the whole is put into a case of silk or cotton, or tied with tape or ribbon. Those in use with the lower classes are destitute of these ornaments, and are tied up by a common string. The book, of course, opens at either side, and if unfolded and drawn out is still a long slip of the original length of the cloth. The writing is similar to that on a slate, and may be in like manner rubbed out and renewed. It is performed by a pencil of the *balapum*, or *lapis ollaris*, and this mode of writing was not only in ancient use for records and public documents, but is still universally employed in Mysore by merchants and shopkeepers. I have seen even a bond, regularly witnessed, entered on the *cuddittum* of a merchant, produced and received as evidence.—This is the word *kirret*, rendered (of course, conjecturally) *palm-leaves* in Mr. Crisp's translation of Tippoo's regulations. The sultan prohibited its use [*i.e.*, of the *kudettum*] in recording the public accounts; but, although liable to be expunged, and affording facility to fraudulent entries, it is a much more durable material and record than the best writing on the best paper, or any other substance in India, copper and stone alone excepted. It is probable that this is the linen or cotton cloth described by Arrian from Nearchus, on which the Indians wrote."

Palm-leaf MSS. differ from all other forms of books, written or printed. They are composed of slips of the palm-leaf, scraped very thin and cut all of equal length and breadth, commonly about ten or twelve inches long by one and a fourth inch broad. The writing is done, on both sides, with a sharp stylus, and charcoal is then rubbed over it to render it easily legible. There are usually about eight lines on each side, and the writing—Sanskrit, Kanarese, Tamil, &c.—is, like our own, from left to right. A round hole, about an inch from each end is cut in the leaves, in order to keep them together by means of two pins fixed in a plate of wood somewhat larger than the leaves, the pins being made to pass through the holes, beginning with the last leaf and so on till the first leaf of the MS. is at the top, on which is placed another plate of wood, also pierced with two holes for the reception of the pins, and the whole is secured by two cords. Such a "book" is like a pack of playing cards. Each leaf is taken off the pins consecutively as the work is being read. Palm-leaf MSS. are very brittle, and must be handled with great care. When the leaves have become displaced it is no easy task to put them in their proper order, the catchwords being

often the only indication afforded as to what leaf should follow, and of course the same catchwords will occur at the bottom of many leaves.

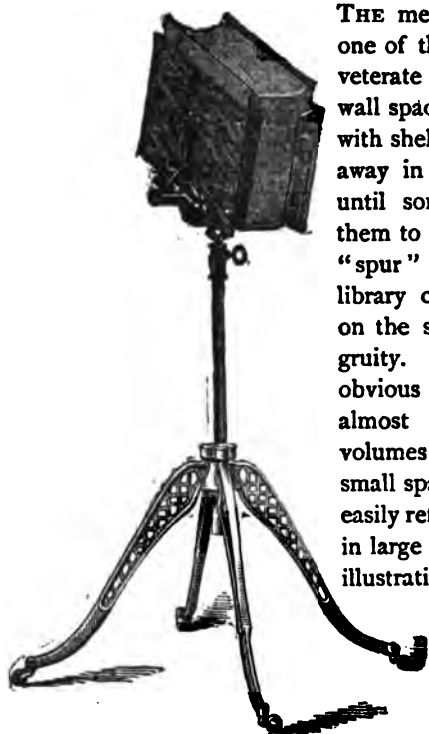
W. A. CLOUSTON.

The History of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

THE greatest work taken in hand by Messrs. A. and C. Black has undoubtedly been the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which, along with some friends who joined in the venture, they had in 1827 purchased the copyright from the trustees of Constable and Co., bringing out the seventh edition of that work under the capable editorship of Mr. Macvey Napier, then also the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. The publication of the seventh edition of the work, of which Messrs. Black became in time sole proprietors, extended over a period of twelve years (1830-1842), and involved an expenditure of £108,766, the editor's fee being £6,500. The book came out in half-volumes, and achieved much greater success than was anticipated, a total sale of 4,500 copies being the result. Such a number, it may be said, was looked upon fifty years since as a big circulation. Other two editions of the book have been issued. The eighth was pretty much a piece of literary patchwork. But the ninth edition, begun with the late Professor Spencer Baynes as editor, who had Mr. Robertson Smith first as colleague and then as successor, is looked upon since its completion as the greatest work of the kind ever published. When Mr. Robert Cadell, the publisher (and at his death proprietor) of the Waverley Novels and other works of Sir Walter Scott, retired from business, the copyrights of these popular publications were offered for sale, and in April, 1851, were purchased from Caddell's trustees on behalf of Messrs. Black for a sum, it is said, of £27,000, including the stock.



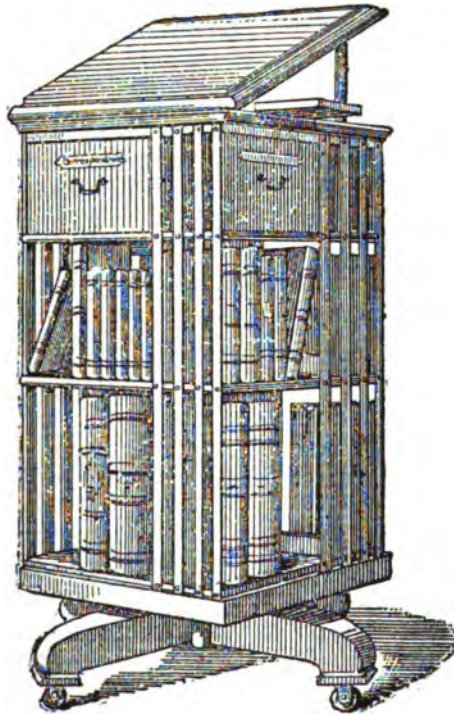
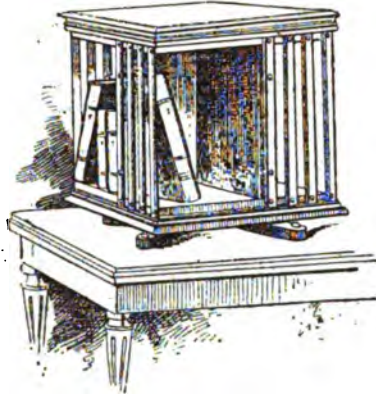
Some Book Cases.



THE methodical storage of books is one of the greatest troubles of the inveterate bookhunter. The amplest of wall space gradually becomes covered with shelves, and late arrivals are piled away in odd corners and cupboards until something turns up to enable them to be set out in decent order. A "spur" or two in a small private library cannot be commended either on the score of convenience or congruity. Revolving book-cases meet an obvious and long-felt want, for an almost incredibly large number of volumes may be stored away in a very small space, and be, at the same time, easily referred to. They are now made in large variety and size, and for our illustrations of these examples we are indebted to the kindness of the well-known patentee, M. E. Terquem, 19, Rue Scribe, Paris. The smallest size holds only one tier of books,

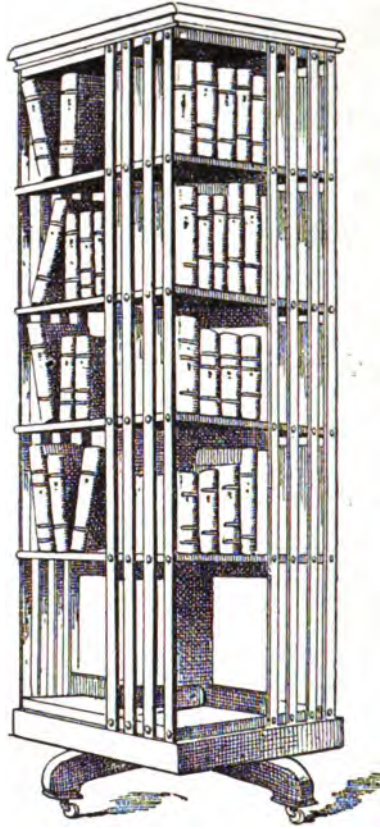
and is made with the idea of being placed on a table. Patterns of cases on the same principle are made to hold seven tiers of books, and exceed six feet in height. Some of the patterns are made as cabinets, whilst the top can be utilized as a writing-desk. These articles are so obviously useful that it is almost needless to speak at

length as to their utility, handsome appearance, and convenience. Another capital article is the Dictionary stand, for an engraving of



which we are also indebted to M. Terquem. For such books as Webster's Dictionary and the London Directory it is extremely use-

ful, and we should in future see battered examples of these books in far fewer numbers than before the Dictionary stand was placed on the market.



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No. 42.

May,
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Our Note-Book.

THE appearance of the new edition, in two portly volumes, of M. Joannis Guigard's "Nouvel Armorial du Bibliophile," will cause many an English book-lover to despair of ever seeing such a masterly piece of work carried into effect in this country. There is no lack of material, no paucity of literary talent, and no absence of technical skill on the part of engravers or printers. And yet few publishers would risk their money in a venture of this class—it is perhaps still more sad to have to admit that, in all probability, the English book-buying public would not purchase it if published. M. Guigard's work is a model of painstaking industry, conciseness, and learning. It is divided into four sections, which deal respectively with Royal houses (French and foreign), "femmes bibliophiles," ecclesiastical collectors, and, lastly, what we may term ordinary mortals—M. Guigard calls them *amateurs particuliers*. The first group is distinguished by the royal or imperial crown; the lady book-lovers by "deux écussons accolés, ou par un écu en losange;" the third by the religious attributes; and the fourth division is best and easiest described as being totally dissimilar to the other three sections. The entries in all divisions are alphabetically arranged, so that every possible facility is afforded for the easy identification of any particular armorial bearings. In addition, the author gives a brief prefatory treatise which will be found extremely helpful to those unacquainted with the science of heraldry, and an equally useful vocabulary of heraldic terms. The illustrations, of which there are probably over 2,000, are beautifully engraved on wood. The first edition of M. Guigard's book appeared in 1873, and was at that time regarded as being so near complete

and final as such works can be ; but nearly twenty years of continued research and inquiry have enabled the author to increase it to about double the size. Although the entries are by no means confined to French collectors, it must be admitted that M. Guigard is as strong in dealing with their bibliographical armorial bearings as he is weak when straying beyond the boundary indicated by that term. But no single individual could compile a satisfactory work of this class if he attempted to cope with bibliophiles of more than one country. As M. Guigard begins with the period at which printing was introduced and brings the subject down to the present day, it will be inferred that, during that space of time, every country will have given birth to hosts of book collectors who possessed armorial bearings. If bibliographers elsewhere would do for their own countries what M. Guigard has accomplished for France, there would be much to be thankful for and to be proud of. Many obscure points would be cleared up, and many doubts for ever set at rest. Referring to the book in question, M. Guigard says : "*La tâche était pénible et longue, soit pour recueillir ces symboles, soit pour les déchiffrer et les identifier,*" and we can well understand it ; but then what Milton describes as "labour and intent study," will, in the present case, "leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let die." We may mention that the "*Nouvel Armorial du Bibliophile*" is published by M. Emile Rondeau, 35, Passage des Panoramas, Paris, and that the London agent is Mr. David Nutt, 270, Strand.

* * * *

Although the "Catalogue of Books Printed at, or Relating to, the University, Town or County of Cambridge," issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes, does not pretend to be anything more than a bookseller's list, it is nevertheless a step in the right direction, and will rank quite as high as Mr. Quaritch's valuable catalogues. This well-known firm of Cambridge booksellers and publishers have been for many years making a collection of the books printed in, or relating to, the city. The Catalogue is divided into two sections, the first of which consists entirely of books printed at Cambridge to the year 1700, and the second is comprised of books connected with the city or county in other ways to the same date, including, for example, books printed in London by John Legate and by Roger Daniel, both formerly University printers, plays performed in honour of distinguished visitors, Acts of Parliament relating to the town and University and county, and works by distinguished men living at Cambridge. Such a collection has never before been brought together, and

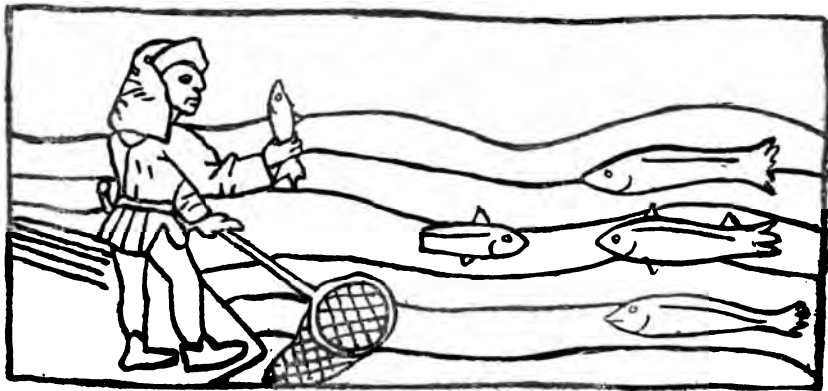
Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes are offering the entire lot of 347 books for the sum of £250—only the price of scores of single books of moderate rarity. The Catalogues are offered for sale at one shilling each, and we strongly recommend every bibliographer to obtain a copy, for the notes are full of information and of general interest.

* * * *

During the past few months there has been quite an epidemic of literature relating to Mr. George Meredith and his works. The most important of these "studies" is undoubtedly Mr. Le Gallienne's "George Meredith: Some Characteristics" (Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.), of which one edition was exhausted within a few weeks of publication, and of which a second impression is now issued. Readers of the *BOOKWORM* will naturally find Mr. John Lane's "Bibliography" the most important part of the work, and it will be very generally admitted that Mr. Lane has done his share remarkably well. It is the first attempt of the kind, and it could not be performed more thoroughly. Mr. Lane, by the way, is one of the leading lights of the *Sette of Odd Volumes*.

* * * *

Through the courtesy of Mr. Tregaskis, of the Caxton Head bookstore, High Holborn, we give herewith a pictorial curiosity. It is from a Dutch Book of Fables—"Dialogus Creaturarum"—printed by H. Echert van Hombergh at Delft in 1488. The book itself is of course in black-letter type, and contains 121 coloured woodcuts, many being exceedingly curious as may be gathered from the specimen here presented, and one example occupies the whole of a page. The leaves measure $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the letter-press is arranged in double columns.





A Bookseller's Advertisement.

THE following extremely interesting trade advertisement is taken from "A Sermon Against Self-Love," preached before the House of Commons on June 5, 1689, by Tenison, and printed for Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the same year. The notice is valuable from many points of view, and amusing from the manner in which an "undertaker" makes public his inability to bring the book out to time.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas a Book, Intituled, *FASCICULUS RERUM EXPETENDARUM ET FUGIENDARUM*, with a large Additional APPENDIX, was promised by *Richard Chiswell* the Undertaker to be finished in Michaelmas Term last; This is to give Notice, That by reason of the Sickness of the Printer, and some necessary Avocations of the Publisher, it has been retarded: But, for the Satisfaction of Subscribers, the Book will be forty or fifty Sheets more than was promised in the Proposals, which will cost the Undertaker 100*l.* extraordinary, yet, in Consideration thereof, he will not expect one penny above the first Subscription price; only craves their patience till the Book can be done, which is now going on with all possible speed, and so soon as finished Notice shall be given in the *Gazette*. In the mean time there being some few of the Impression not yet subscribed for, such Gentlemen as please to take the Benefit thereof may be admitted Subscribers, and may have *Printed Proposals* for sending for, at the Rose and Crown in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard, or at most Booksellers Shops in City or Country.



Two Books printed at Paris, 1503.

DR. H. OSKAR SOMMER will be known for all time by his scholarly edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte Darthur"; but his work, accomplished and prospective, does not at all end here. When his edition of "The Kalender of Shepherdes" (to which reference is made in our last volume, p. 262) appears, it will be seen that English bibliographers are indebted to him for opening and clearing up many other points of great interest. This is especially the case in connection with two books printed in the English language at Paris in 1503.

The second but more important of these is an English translation of "Le Compost et Kalendrier des bergiers," which appeared without either printer's or publisher's name in 1503. Only two copies of this are known to exist. One, now in the Duke of Devonshire's library at Chatsworth, formerly belonged to the Duke of Roxburghe, at the dispersal of whose library in 1810 it fetched £180; it is a very fine copy, being quite complete. An imperfect copy is in the library of Earl Spencer; and a fragment of two leaves is in the Douce Fragments, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. On *a*, recto, the complete volume has the following title in ornamental letters evidently forming one wood-block:—

"THE KALENDAYR OF SHYPPARS."

Below this, in smaller type, follows a table of contents occupying twenty-five lines:—"Fyrst ys the prolog of the actwr qwych ys redressyt the sayd book be wryt." Besides a woodcut on *a*, verso, representing an author dedicating his work to some patron, there are a great many other illustrations to which we shall refer presently. The Prologue commences, "Oon shyppart kepāt hys sheyp in the

feyldys qwych was not clerk¹ et had no wnderstandyng of wrytys." The volume is arranged from *a* to *m* in eights. It finishes on *m* verso with the following colophon:—"Heyr endysh the kalendar¹ of shyppars translatyt of franch i englysh to the lowyng of almyghty god & of hys gloryows mother mary and of the holy cowrt of hywyn prentyt i parys the .xxiii. day of iuyng oon thowsand CCCCC. & .III." It is presumed from a comparison with the first English book printed at Paris that this work was issued by Anthoine Verard, but the type in which it was printed has not been traced in any other book either of this or any other craftsman.

Whilst engaged upon his facsimile reprint of the "Kalender," &c., Dr. Sommer has collated another book printed in English at Paris about two months previous to the "Kalender." It is "The traytte of god lyuyng and good Deyng," and is a translation of "*Le Liure intitule lart [L'Art] de bien viure: et de bien mourir,*" and was issued, or rather is dated, May 30, 1503. This book, which is exceedingly interesting from a typographical point of view, concludes thus:—"Et thys suffycys of the ioys of paradys & consequently of al the traytte the qwych as beyn translatyt in parys the .xiii. of May of franch in englysh oon thowsand .v. hondreth et .iii. years prayant the reyddars that yt playsyt them that they vold mend the fawltys of the trāsylator & to pray for the saowllys of the actor trāsylator that he wold fynaly bryng them in the gloyr et ioy aboue sayd and al other good crystyn men. Amen."

As Dr. Sommer has been good enough to point out to the present writer, it is obvious, from a comparison of the lines with the text of the "Kalender," that both texts have the same linguistic peculiarities. In addition to this each volume contains identical woodcuts, the same ornament wood initials, and the small type used inside some of the woodcuts is the same, and the text of the Lord's Prayer is in every detail alike. "*L'Art de bien viure et de bien mourir,*" from which, as has been stated, this book was translated, was published in 1492 by Anthoine Verard, and this also contained the illustrations to which we have referred. These again appeared in the editions which R. Pynson printed (in 1506), and Wynkyn de Worde (in 1508), and in all other editions which appeared in England up to the close of the sixteenth century. The copy of Wynkyn de Worde's edition in the library of Magdalen College, Oxford, is believed to be unique. The Preface to the 1506 impression contains the following interesting piece of information:—"Here before tyme thys boke was prynted In parys In to corrupte englysshe and nat by no englysse man where-

¹ In both these works and others the letters *l* and *r* are used instead of *k*.



he kalendary of the sheppars

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ai

fore these bokes that were brought Into Englande no man coude vnderstande." The translation of "*L'Art de bien viure*," &c., published in Paris is arranged from signatures *a* to *x*, *y*, *z*, &c., in sixes; *aa* to *gg* in sixes, *hh* and *ii* in eights. On *ii* verso is Verard's device, and on *ii* recto is a woodcut representing a King and a Queen, with folded hands as in prayer, looking over a battlement at St. George charging the Dragon; in the corner is a figure leading a lamb and pointing to the English royal arms as they were from Henry V. to Elizabeth, *i.e.*, three leopards and three fleur de lys quarters. Of the first edition printed at Paris only two copies are known, a perfect one being in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and an incomplete one in the British Museum. There is a third copy extant, but where it is at present is not known.

When it is remembered how intimate were the relations between the courts of Scotland and France in the middle ages, and indeed up to the commencement of the seventeenth century, it is not surprising to find a Scotsman at work in Paris. The surprise is that a man whose ignorance of English was about on a level with his knowledge of French should have been selected for the task of translating "*L'Art de bien vivre et de bien mourir*." The result is the most extraordinary "hash" to be found in the history of bad translations. We must confine ourselves to a couple of examples which are not at all extreme. "How weyl that leywyng et deyng to the pleasyr et wyl of our lord shold man lyue," is the translation of "Combien que viure et mourir soit au plesir et volonte de nostre seigneur si doit," &c. Whilst "yf raysson was so mych of tym ys that man ys," is the rendering of "Sa raison estoit. Autant de temps que lomme," &c. To crown all, and to make confusion more confounded, blunders of the translator are supplemented by the mistakes—through ignorance and not carelessness—of the compositor. Pynson's edition was Englished from this amusing "Anglo-Scoto-Gallic" work, as it has been often, very inappropriately, styled by bibliographers, but Wynkyn de Worde's edition was translated from the original French by Robert Copland.

W. ROBERTS.



“The English Mercurie, 1588.”

I.

VITALITY is one of the indestructible features about falsehoods and literary forgeries. A fictitious statement dressed up in interesting language and brought into play at an opportune period needs years and years of constant “killing.” This is especially the case with that venerable fraud, *The English Mercurie*, reputed to be the earliest printed newspaper. One would have thought that Mr. Thomas Watts’s “Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum,” dated November 16, 1839, would have “killed” *The English Mercurie* beyond all possibilities of further life; but regularly every few weeks this antique absurdity comes up smiling in one or other of the tit-bitty specimens of nineteenth century journalism. It will be interesting, therefore, if we give the origin and history of this reputed earliest English printed newspaper, condensing, for the purpose, Mr. Watts’s singularly clear and conclusive “Letter”:—

The claim appears to have been first set up by Mr George Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, the Scottish grammarian, published in 1794. As Ruddiman was for some time the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, his biographer takes occasion to enter into a dissertation on the origin and history of newspapers; and it is in this portion of his work that the passage on the *English Mercurie* occurs. It is as follows:—

“After inquiring, in various countries, for the origin of news-papers, I had the satisfaction to find what I sought for, in England. It may gratify our national pride to be told, that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first news-paper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada,

is also the epoch of a genuine news-paper. In the British Museum, there are several news-papers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. And the earliest news-paper is entitled *THE ENGLISH MERCURIE*, which, by *Authority*, 'was imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her Highnesses printer, 1588.'

"Burleigh's news-papers were all *Extraordinary Gazettes*, which were published from time to time, as that profound statesman wished, either to inform, or to terrify the people. The *Mercuries* were probably first printed in April, 1588, when the Armada approached the shores of England. After the Spanish ships had been dispersed, by a wonderful exertion of prudence and spirit, these *Extraordinary Gazettes* very seldom appeared. The *Mercurie*, No. 54, which is dated on Monday, November 24th, 1588, informed the public, that the solemn thanksgiving for the successes which had been obtained against the Spanish Armada, was this day strictly observed. This number contains also an article of news from Madrid, which speaks of putting the Queen to death, and of the instruments of torture that were on board the Spanish fleet. We may suppose, that such paragraphs were designed by the policy of Burleigh, who understood all the artifices of printing, to excite the terrors of the English people, to point their resentment against Spain, and to inflame their love for Elizabeth."

¹ "The first news-paper, which is preserved, is No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black, letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the *London Gazette* of the present day. In that curious paper there are news, dated from Whitehall, on the 23rd of July, 1588. Under the date of July the 26th, there is the following notice: 'Yesterday, the Scots Ambassador, being introduced by Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master; containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her Majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spirited saying of this young prince [he was twenty-two] to the Queen's minister at his court, viz. that all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards, was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, *to be the last devoured*.'—I defy the Gazetteer of the present day, to give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign minister. The aptness of King James's classical saying, carried it from the news-paper into history."

² "At the end of the *Mercurie*, No. 24, there are advertisements of books, like those of the present times:

'1st. An Admonition to the People of England, wherein are answered the slanderous untruths, reproachfully uttered by Martin Mar-prelate, and others of his *broode*, against the Bishops and chief of the Clergy."

'2nd. The copie of a letter sent to Don Bernardin Mendoza, Ambassador in France, for the King of Spain; declaring the State of England, &c. The second edition.

'3rd. An exact Journal of all Passages at the Siege of Bergan-op-zoom. By an Eye-Witness.

'4th. Father Parson's Coat well dusted; or short and pithy animadversions on that infamous Fardle of Abuse and Falsities, entitled, *Leicester's Common Wealth*.

'5th. *Elizabetha Triumphans*, an Heroic Poem, by James Aske; with a Declaration how her Excellencie was entertained at the Royal Course at Tilbury, and of the overthrow of the Spanish Fleet.

'All imprinted and to be sold by John Field and Christopher Barker.'

"Yet, we are told, that posts gave rise to weekly news-papers, *which are likewise a French invention*. The inventor was Theophrast Renaudot, a physician, who, laying his scheme before Cardinal Richlieu, obtained from him a patent for *The Paris Gazette*, which was first published in April, 1631. Thus would confident ignorance transfer this invention, which is so usefully advantageous to the governors and the governed, from the English Burleigh to the French Richlieu.¹ The dates demonstrate that the pleasures and the benefits of a news-paper were enjoyed in England more than forty years before the establishment of the *Paris Gazette*, by Renaudot, in France. And the *English Mercurie* will remain an incontestable proof of the existence of a printed news-paper in England, at an epoch when no other nation can boast a vehicle of news of a similar kind."

The statement thus made, which is copied *verbatim* from Chalmers, at once attracted considerable attention, and seems to have been received without any further examination whatever. No suspicion appears to have been awakened by the important facts, that such a publication as the *Mercury* is not mentioned in the literary productions of the time, and that a regular rise and growth of primitive political journals might be distinctly traced in the earlier years of the seventeenth century, almost entirely irreconcilable with the supposition that anything in a more perfect form had previously existed. Mr. Nichols, who, in 1794, had transferred the substance of Mr. Chalmers's statement to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, afterwards incorporated it, with an encomium on the sagacity of the discoverer, in the elaborate account of early newspapers, drawn up by himself, with the assistance of the Rev. Samuel Ayscough, and forming part of the fourth volume of his "Literary Anecdotes." Mr. D'Israeli, who, in the early editions of his "Curiosities of Literature," had given an article on the Origin of Newspapers, in which no allusion was made to the *English Mercury*, inserted an account of the alleged discovery, in subsequent editions, almost in the words of Chalmers. An independent account, not taken from the life of Ruddiman, but apparently from a fresh examination of the *Mercury* itself, appeared in the "Concise History of Ancient Institutions, Inventions, &c., abridged and translated from Professor Beckmann, with various important additions," published at London, in two vols., in 1823. From these authorities, it is no wonder the information found its way into the *Cyclopædias*, and other compilations of a similar nature. It is given at some length in the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," the "Metropolitana," the new edition of the *Britannica*, and the "British Cyclopædia," under the head "Newspapers." The "Conversations-Lexikon" of Brockhaus, and the "Neuestes Conver-

¹ "Totze's Present State of Europe, vol. i. p. 148; who quotes *Anecdotes Littéraires*, vol. ii. p. 275."

sations-Lexikon" of Wigand, mention it in the article "Zeitung"; the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture," under the head "Gazetier"; the great Russian "Entsiklopedicheskii Leksikon," under that of "Gazeta." It appears in the "Encyclopædia Americana," published at New York, and in the new edition of that work, with alterations and improvements, now publishing at Glasgow. In miscellaneous works on origins and inventions it has generally found a place. Even the circulation given to the statement by these channels is, however, inferior, in all probability, to that it has obtained by the means of newspapers and miscellaneous periodicals, such as "Hone's Year Book," the *Saturday Magazine*, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, &c. For the last thirty or forty years¹ it has formed a regular standard article of curious information, and by constant repetition, in and out of season, has been made familiar to almost every desultory reader in the kingdom.

There could hardly, in fact, be any circumstance in literary history apparently established on a firmer foundation than this. A statement originally made by a respectable authority, and repeated by so many others, was supported by a reference to a document preserved, not in a private library, or in one difficult of access, but in the most public, the most easily accessible, the most universally frequented collection in the capital. Any doubt or suspicion that might arise could be confirmed or dispelled at once by applying for the volume, which was daily within call of hundreds of literary men, both English and foreign.

This document, on which, for nearly half a century, so important a statement has rested undisturbed and unchallenged, is, however, in reality of so very questionable a character, that to see it was to suspect it, and to examine was to detect. I was induced to refer to the *English Mercurie*, by a consideration respecting it suggested in the article "Armada," in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. It is there pointed out that, as the numbers of the *Mercury* in the Museum are "marked as Nos. 50, 51, and 54, in the corner of the margin, we are to conclude that such publications had occasionally been resorted to at critical times, much anterior to the event of the Spanish Armada." It struck me that the marginal numbers referred to might possibly be merely added in manuscript, in order to facilitate reference. On the book being brought, I had not examined it two minutes, before, to my surprise, I was forced to conclude that the whole was a forgery. I handed it to Mr. Jones, my colleague in the library at the Museum, and he immediately arrived at a similar

¹ It should be remembered that this was written fifty years ago.—ED.

conclusion. At that instant, you, my dear sir, came up, and I put the volume into your hands, with an inquiry whether you thought that the printing was executed in the year 1588. After a moment's examination, you unhesitatingly declared it impossible. I pointed out the other marks of unauthenticity that I had detected, your hasty inspection supplied still others, and the unaccountably successful imposition of fifty years was shattered to fragments in five minutes. Not a single individual of many who have since examined the *English Mercury* has imagined that the date of 1588 could be at all supported.

The documents of which the credit was thus suddenly and singularly extinguished, are more in number than Mr. Chalmers's statement would lead his readers to imagine, and partly different in kind. They consist altogether of seven distinct articles, three of which are in print and four in manuscript. Each professes to be a number of the *English Mercury*; but as two of the manuscript articles are duplicates of two of the printed, there are only five distinct numbers of the newspaper. For the convenience of reference, the first seven letters of the alphabet may be used to distinguish the seven different articles, in the order in which they occur in the volume.

A. is a manuscript number of the *English Mercury*, commencing with the date, Whitehall, July 26th, 1588. In the margin is written, "No. ," but a blank is left for the figures that ought to follow. This, and the other manuscripts, are closely written in double columns, on sheets of foolscap, of which the writing in general occupies about three sides. The words "Imprinted by Christopher Barker," &c. appear at the end. This number contains the letter from Madrid, respecting the equipment of the Armada, the instruments of torture, &c., which is erroneously referred by Chalmers to the number containing an account of the solemn thanksgiving for its destruction.

B. is the printed *English Mercury* No. 50, commencing with the date, "Whitehall, July 23rd, 1588." This, and the other printed numbers, are on quarto sheets, and in the Roman letter, except the title, which is in black letter. The articles of news are each preceded with the name of the place and the date. The size of the type is what is technically called "English."

C. is the printed copy of A., which here bears the number 51. It corresponds in every respect with the manuscript A., except in the spelling. The size of the type of this is also "English."

D. is printed, and bears the number 54. It commences with the

date, "Monday, November 24th, 1588." The size of the type is "Small Pica," which is considerably smaller than the "English" used in the two others.

E. is a manuscript commencing with the date, "Whitehall, July 28th, 1588." It is this number which contains the anecdote of the reply of King James to the English ambassador, erroneously quoted by Chalmers as occurring in B., which is in print, while this is in manuscript.

F. is also a manuscript, commencing with news dated "Paris, August 3rd, N. S.," without any previous date.

G. is the manuscript of D., and coincides with it exactly in the spelling, which is not the case with A. and C. A remarkable difference occurs in the date at the commencement, which is here "Monday, November 25th, 1588," instead of November 24th, as in the printed copy. The 24th of November fell on a Sunday.

Having thus given a general statement of the outward appearance of the *English Mercury*, somewhat different from Mr. Chalmers's, it remains to be shown what are the reasons for which a conclusion somewhat different from Mr. Chalmers's has been arrived at respecting its authenticity and value. It is not the first time this gentleman's authority has been questioned; he was one of the staunchest advocates for the genuineness of the notorious Shakespere Papers.

Bookseller and Historian.

AN American bookseller has given Mr. Freeman one of the sharpest rebukes his cocksureness ever received. In 1863 the English historian published the first volume of his "History of Federal Government." But he had the ill-luck to play the part of prophet in the title, which ran thus:—"A History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States." An American bibliopole, in advertising a copy of this book as for sale, appended to the entry in his catalogue the following note:—"Owing to the fact that the disruption of the United States has been indefinitely postponed, no second volume of this interesting work has ever appeared."



Dumas' "Nouvelles Contemporaines."

A LUCKY sixpence (observes *Black and White*) secured for its fortunate owner, in Oxford Street the other day, a rare little book, not to be found in the British Museum, which very few among the most devoted of its illustrious author's admirers have seen. In 1826, when a singular-looking young man went the round of the Parisian publishers entreating them to publish three little stories under the suggested title of "Nouvelles Contemporaines," all the heads shook the same way. "Make a name: then we will publish your books," said a member of the firm of Bossange. "I *will* make a name," said Alexandre Dumas, as, for the twentieth time, he turned away with a despairing look at his little packet. It was easier to make use of an acquaintance, who happened to be the wife of a printer, and it proved not impossible, though far more difficult, to find £12 to persuade the husband to risk a larger sum of his own. But four copies of the book were sold, Dumas relates in his "Mémoires." He obtained some author's copies, however, and distributed them later on amongst Hugo, Nodier, and other immortals, enriched with his autograph. The copy before us has no autograph. Is it one of the famous four, and who bought it? Many of Dumas's first editions are scarce—very scarce. A well-known bibliographer, do what he would during the space of fifteen years, succeeded in bringing together half of them only, and he esteemed himself a fortunate man. The books—dramas, novels, travels—were literally torn to pieces by eager readers, he says, and

we can believe him. "Fils d'un soldat j'aime à choisir mes héros dans les rangs de l'armée," wrote Dumas on the title-page of his "*Nouvelles Contemporaines*," and on the next leaf we read this touching dedication to the good woman who so much inspired his literary efforts: "A ma mère Homage d'amour, de respect et de reconnaissance." These things summon up interesting recollections in those who knew Dumas, but the tale, "*Blanche de Beaulieu*," is really valuable to the critic, for Dumas re-cast it and included it eleven years later in his "*Souvenirs d'Antony*." The improvements he managed to effect are marvellous, but in this interval he had written "*Henri III.*," "*Christine*," and "*Antony*."

Holyday's "*Texnotamia*."

"**T**EXNOTAMIA, or the Marriage of Arts," is the title of a comedy written by Barten Holyday, M.A., at one time student of Christchurch, and was acted by the students of the same house before the University at Shrovetide. It was published by W. Stansby in 1618, and contains, among many quaint references, an interesting notice on Tobacco. "Phlegmatico," one of the principal characters, "enters habited in a plain russet suit, on the back whereof was expressed one filling a pipe of tobacco; his hat beset round with tobacco-pipes, with a can of drink hanging at his girdle," exclaiming, "'Fore Jove, most meteorological tobacco! pure Indian! not a jot sophisticated: a tobacco pipe is the chimney of perpetual hospitality. 'Fore Jove, most metropolitan tobacco!" And then breaks out very unphlegmatically into a jovial song in praise of the Plant. And "Musica's" (another character) "whimsical description of the first invented musical instrument, will afford a good idea of the nature of this ingenious production, which the author says 'was but a five weeks birth.'" Barten Holyday was born about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. He died in 1661, leaving "behind him," says Langbaine, "the character of a general scholar, a good preacher, a skilful philosopher, and an excellent poet."



“The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.”

CONE of the rarest of books is the first edition of “The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,” with George Cruikshank’s illustrations. Its imprint runs: “Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, and Mustapha Syried, Constantinople, 1839.” It is in small quarto shape. Having been attributed to both Dickens and Thackeray, collections of either of these authors’ works in first editions are considered incomplete without it. The history of “The Loving Ballad,” which was one of Cruikshank’s favourite productions, is related by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold in his “Life” of the famous caricaturist:—“According to Mr. Walter Hamilton, the history of ‘The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman’ is, that George Cruikshank ‘sang the Old English Ballad’ in the manner of a street-ballad singer, at a dinner of the Antiquarian Society, at which Dickens and Thackeray were present. The latter is reported to have remarked, ‘I should like to print that ballad, with illustrations,’ but Cruikshank warned him off, saying that this was exactly what he himself had resolved to do. The original ballad was much longer than that which Cruikshank illustrated, and to which Charles Dickens furnished humorous notes, and was not comic in any respect.” Mr. Sala’s version is:—“The authorship of the ballad itself, which has furnished the basis for no less than three theatrical burlesques—one by a forgotten dramatist, at the Strand, another by Robert Brough, at the Adelphi, and a third by Henry J. Byron, at the Globe—is involved in mystery. George Cruikshank’s assertion, and one to which he doggedly adhered, was that he heard the song sung one night by an itinerant minstrel outside a public-house near Battle Bridge; and that he subsequently ‘chanted and performed’ (George was as good as any play, or a story-teller in a Moorish coffee-house at ‘performing’) the ditty to Charles Dickens, who was so delighted with it that he persuaded George to publish it adorned with copper-

plates. But internal evidence would seem to be against the entire authenticity of the artist's version. That he had heard some doggerel sung outside a tavern, and relating to Lord Bateman, is likely enough. 'Vilikins and his Dinah' was a popular street *chanson*, years before it was immortalized by Robson in Jem Baggs. George Cruikshank's error, it strikes us, was more one of omission than of commission. He may have lyrically narrated the adventures of the 'Noble Lord of High Degree' to Dickens; but he assuredly warbled and 'performed' them too in the presence of Thackeray, who in all probability 'revised and settled' the words, and made them fit for publication. Nobody but Thackeray could have written those lines about 'The Young Bride's Mother, who never before was heard to speak so free,' in the 'Proud Young Porter' all Titmarshian students must recognize the embryo type of James de la Pluche. 'Lord Bateman' was Cruikshank's delight. The exquisite foolery expressed in his plates of this eccentric nobleman he would act, at any moment, in any place, to the end of his life. Mr. Percival Leigh remembers a characteristic scene at the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet Street, about 1842 or 1843. 'This,' he says, 'was in G. C.'s pre-teetotal period. After dinner came drink and smoke, of course; and G. C. was induced to sing 'Billy Taylor,' which he did with grotesque expression and action, varied to suit the words. He likewise sang 'Lord Bateman,' in his shirt sleeves, with his coat flung cloak-wise over his left arm, whilst he paced up and down, disporting himself with a walking stick, after the manner of the noble lord, as represented in his illustration to the ballad. Six-and-twenty years afterwards we find the bright-hearted old man still with spirits enough for his favourite parts."

"One day," says Mr. Frederick Locker, "he asked us to tea and to hear him sing 'Lord Bateman' in character, which he did to our infinite delight. He posed in the costume of that deeply interesting but somewhat mysterious nobleman. I am often reminded of the circumstance; for I have a copy of 'Lord Bateman' (1851), and on the false title is written—

This Evening, July 13, 1868,
I sang 'Lord Bateman'

to

My dear little friend Eleanor Locker.

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

"This in his seventy-sixth year?"



Early Newark Printers and Booksellers.

A FEW remarks by way of supplement to Mr. Potter Briscoe's interesting paper on the above subject in the April number of *THE BOOKWORM* may perhaps prove not unacceptable. Mr. Briscoe mentions a tradition that at least one Civil War tract of the seventeenth century was printed at Newark. Probably he alludes to the brochure, a copy of which now lies before me. It is a small quarto of 119 pages, and its title, highly characteristic of the period, and even longer than that of Dr. Nares's "Burleigh," which Macaulay said was as long as an ordinary preface, runs as follows :—

"England's Dust and Ashes raked up, or the King and People beguiled. Being an Historical Narration or a generall Treatise upon the present warre, whose unlawfulnessse and Authors are so plainly set out, as present his Majesties Sufferings, and the malice of his Adversaries, to a more neer and convincing discovery. Being likewise a Truculent Object, which this Generation must behold with Feare, the next with Thanks, and to the world's end with Detestation and Wonder. And lastly a true Glasse, wherein every Subject that hath a Conscience may view it, that if he find anything stand wrong in the dresse of his Allegiance to his Prince, by this he may right it—

'Nulla salus iniquo bello.'

Penned at the last Siege and Surrendry of Newark upon Trent, by Col. Thomas Dymock, his Majesties true Servant. Printed in the yeare 1648."

After the title comes an "Epistle Dedicatory" to the King ; then an address of six pages, "To the Reader" ; followed by a preface of six more. The work itself, an extraordinary farrago of sense and nonsense, consists of 103 pages. Some of the author's remarks are

quaint ; and though a fanatical cavalier, he evidently disapproved of some practices then almost considered as tests of sound loyalty—the habits of profane swearing and of hard drinking, for example. He says :—" Let us enquire of the Prophet Jeremie a reason why the Land mournes, and he refers us to the peoples swearing. If a man now-a-days remembers not to tithe his words with a *God-dam-mex*, he seems to forget himself highly and loose reputation ; . . . or if another will not drinke till his Imagination coynes miracles to make him see stars at noone and take the Moone-shine for a new River springing up in a dry ground at midnight ; a rash verdict findes him guilty streight, and we condemn him for a precise fellow, Coxcomb, and a Roundhead." Beyond the fact that Col. Dymock was at the second siege of Newark, I am acquainted with no particulars of his career. He does not appear to have belonged to the Scrivelsby family, and was probably one of the Dymocks of Penley, Flintshire.

Mr. Briscoe gives an interesting account of the old Newark printing firm of the Ridges, but merely mentions their connection with Lord Byron without giving any details. It was in November, 1806, that Byron's first verses appeared under the title of "Fugitive Pieces." The little book, a thin quarto of 66 pages, was printed by the Ridges for private circulation, and all the copies distributed were soon after called in by the author, only two escaping—one of which had been given by Byron to his friend and literary adviser, the Rev. J. T. Beecher, of Hill House, Southwell, and the other to Mr. Pigot. The former example remained in Mr. Beecher's family till about six years ago, when, as Major Beecher, now of Hill House, informs me, it was inadvertently disposed of, much to his subsequent regret. The other copy, which is imperfect, has passed into the hands of Mrs. Webb, and is at Newstead Abbey. In 1807 an enlarged edition appeared, entitled "Verses on Various Occasions," and in this same year this was followed by the well-known "Hours of Idleness." The book, which is now scarce, consists of Preface, 10 pp. ; Contents, 3 pp. ; and 187 pages of text, and collectors should be on their guard against a nearly contemporaneous facsimile reprint which might deceive the very elect. The late Mr. C. J. Ridge, with whom I was well acquainted, used to point out various minute differences by which the original could be distinguished from the counterfeit. The last tail-piece with the word "Finis" upon it should, I believe (but for this I cannot vouch), exhibit a pin-mark flaw. I have been shown a copy, said by the late Mr. Ridge to be spurious, which is bound up with the *Edinburgh Review* critique, reprinted by W. T. Sherwin, No. 24, Paternoster Row, 1820.

Several books exist which were probably printed at Newark at an earlier date than any mentioned by Mr. Briscoe, but as they are of purely local interest I refrain from burdening your pages with any account of them.

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.

Rare Books in Facsimile.

THE authorities of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are now prepared to supply photographic copies of any book or MS. in their possession. The prices demanded for reproductions from the Bodleian manuscripts are certainly very moderate:—Three shillings for a 10 by 8 negative, and fourpence for a single print taken therefrom. Platinotypes and carbon prints of the same size are charged tenpence each. One hundred collotype prints, with clean margins, can be had for twelve shillings, in addition to the price of the negative. Application to be made to the Controller of the University Press, Oxford, who is prepared to give estimates for larger sizes. The rates quoted are but little in excess of the first cost of the actual material requisite.

Fictitious Note-Books of Luther.

AN engraver named Heck and an innkeeper named Koste have been arrested in Münster, Germany, charged with being concerned in a remarkable literary fraud, consisting in the production of a fictitious note-book of Martin Luther. An apprentice of Heck's, a young man named Fluethe, aged twenty-one years, is alleged to have produced all the engravings and wood-carving required for the work, the discovery of which in the first instance caused great interest in Münster and elsewhere.

“The Pastyme of People.”

IN 1529 John Rastell published “The Pastyme of People. The Cronycles of dyuers realmyes and most specyally of the realme of Englund breuely cōpylyd & empynted in chepesyde at the sygne of the mearemayd next to pollys gate.” This extremely rare book contains eighteen curious full-page woodcuts of the kings from William the Conqueror to Richard III., besides a number of smaller woodcuts of the earlier historical figures, and genealogical diagrams. Mr. Quaritch describes this as the rarest and most curious of the English Chronicles, probably only four or five copies being now extant. The copy in the British Museum is, in the recently printed catalogue, stated to be the only perfect copy known. Consequently Lowndes’ statement that the Hunterian Library and Lord Spencer’s also contained perfect copies, is incorrect. In Lord Hardwicke’s copy, which is now in the possession of Mr. Quaritch, the twenty-fifth leaf (E1) and the thirtieth (F6) are missing, but the series of large woodcuts which constitute the chief interest of the volume, is quite complete. These woodcuts are by far the largest works of the kind which had yet been executed in England—perhaps indeed anywhere. “It contains a strange account of the murder of Edward V. and his brother. This book was printed only forty-six years after their supposed death, when there must have been many living who remembered them, and the more so as Rastell, the printer and publisher, was a man of learning and intimate with Sir T. More, whose sister he married” (MS. note by Lord Hardwicke).

Boston’s Millions of Books.

THE people of Boston have free access to about 2,000,000 books in the public libraries. There are 500,000 volumes in the City Public Library and its branches, another 50,000 in the Harvard, Athenæum, and State libraries, and fully 1,000,000 in semi-public and other libraries. It is estimated that there is an average of fifty volumes in each occupied dwelling-house in Boston.



Book Sales of Dr. Johnson's Father.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S father seems to have been "a good fellow," and so, for the matter of that, was his illustrious son, spite of his dogmatical and other objectionable ways. A correspondent of *The Analyst*, vol. i., Oct. 1, 1834, says that Michael Johnson, as is well enough known, in early life kept a bookstall in Lichfield, and attended on market days the neighbouring towns. "There was, a few years ago, a copy of one of his original sale catalogues in the possession of Thomas Fernyhough, Esq., of Peterborough," from which the correspondent gives the title and the humble bibliopole's address to his customers, which may as well, I think, be transferred to the pages of *THE BOOKWORM*, in order to rescue them from oblivion and give honest Michael Johnson's address, which is so full of *bonhomie*, a chance of perpetuity.

W. A. C.

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"TO ALL GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND OTHERS, in and near Worcester.—I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood—as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c.—with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you. You must not wonder that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is, a room is some time a-filling, and persons of address and business seldom coming fast, they are entertained till we are full. They are ever the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the Catalogue you will find Law, Mathematicks, History, and for the learned in Divinity there are Drs. South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, and Flavel, &c., the best of that kind; and to please the Ladies I have added store of fine pictures and paper-hangings; and by the way I would desire them to take notice that the pictures shall always be put up by noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by daylight. I have no more but to wish you pleased, and myself a good sale, who am,

"Your humble servant,

"M. JOHNSON."





The Caxton Press, Liverpool.

I.

IN these days of electricity and steam, it may seem somewhat out of date to wander back to the end of last century to find the kind of literature our forefathers enjoyed, and also to learn something of the men whose duty it was to produce it. Such, however, will be the chief purport of this paper. It is not intended to give here a learned disquisition on the art of printing in general, but chiefly to take a glance at the progress which it was making in one of the most important towns of the provinces. It will be well also, whilst reading these lines, to bear in mind that it treats of days prior to the advent of steam, and when all work had to be accomplished by the aid of the old-fashioned hand-press or the hand-machine. Like everything else, the old-fashioned press has had its day, and must now needs give place to something more rapid, as well as of a more ingenious and scientific make. Yet it proved itself useful, more or less, in its day, for good and evil. But a return to the old system would, in the present age, be decidedly out of place. Nevertheless, there were in the "good old days" men belonging to the honourable calling of the printer, who, in the times in which they lived, endeavoured to the best of their abilities to provide a class of literature which, whilst tending to educate those of the humbler class, should also act as a mental stimulus for the reflective and studious reader.

Such an honourable intention has been generally conceded to the brothers Chambers; who are likewise recognized in the world of letters as the pioneers of cheap literature in more recent times. And

far be it from me to detract one iota from the honour which they have unquestionably earned. The Cassells, the Knights, the Virtues, and the Kellys claim a like acknowledgment, for each have taken part, more or less, in the dissemination of cheap and wholesome literature. But the people of Liverpool claim the honour of an earlier firm of pioneers in this class of literature than any of those already named. So far they have had no place accorded to them in the annals of the Press, and are therefore comparatively unknown. Even Mr. Curwen, in his entertaining volume on the "History of Booksellers," does not mention them, although he gives very lengthy notices of some over whom they may very justly claim precedence. It is our duty, therefore, with the assistance of all the available material which we have been able to bring together, to place on record in these pages some account of the Caxton Press, Liverpool, its founders and its issues.

Its history is a remarkable one, extending over a period of a quarter of a century, and rising from a small office of humble pretensions to one of gigantic dimensions.

Its original founder was Mr. Jonas Nuttal, a man of somewhat Quaker proclivities, and who had, previous to his settling in Liverpool, been a member of the firm of Hemingway and Nuttal, printers, of Blackburn, Lancashire. On his arrival in Liverpool, Mr. Nuttal commenced business in a very humble way as a printer in Denison Street, about 1791. In 1802 he removed to Wolstenholme Square; extending his establishment back to Duke Street in 1804. Owing to the rapid increase in his business, he about this time admitted two young men into partnership with him, the firm being henceforth known as Nuttal, Fisher, and Dixon. In 1812 the cotton factory in an adjoining street having been discontinued, the building was purchased by the firm, and a very extensive publishing business was carried on under the name of "The Caxton Press." In 1820 the original founder, Mr. Nuttal, retired to an estate which he had purchased near St. Helens, called Nut Grove, and the business was henceforward carried on by Mr. Henry Fisher, of whom it will be necessary to speak in more detail.

He was a son of Thomas Fisher, timber merchant, of Preston, Lancashire, who, losing his father at an early age, was placed at the Free School of his native town, under the care of a Mr. Shepherd, where he seems to have acquired a considerable education; for at the age of thirteen we find him apprenticed to a Mrs. Sergeant, who carried on the joint business of bookbinder, printer, and stationer. Here Fisher seems to have assiduously devoted himself to gain a

thorough knowledge of his profession. It appears that this Mrs. Sergeant had allowed the apprentices to retain for themselves all they could earn above a certain stipulated amount ; but so hard did Fisher work, that she peremptorily declined to pay him the money which was honestly and fairly due to him, at the same time stipulating that he should earn a much higher sum than any of the other apprentices. Naturally enough, young Fisher declined to work on such conditions, and when Mrs. Sergeant handed him his indentures, he took them and quitted her employ, after having served four years of his apprenticeship. Singularly enough, he subsequently succeeded in articling himself for the remainder of his apprenticeship to Messrs. Hemingway and Nuttal, printers, of Blackburn, and although at this time but seventeen years old, appears to have entered into the bonds of matrimony. Soon afterwards Messrs. Hemingway and Nuttal dissolved partnership, the latter removing to Liverpool, where young Fisher elected to go with him. Here it was that he first suggested to his employer the establishment of dépôts in all the principal towns of the kingdom for more effectually extending the sale of standard works, issued in numbers, himself being appointed to the management of a station in the city of Bristol. Here he passed three years with so much benefit to his employer and credit to himself, that he was, without the slightest solicitation on his part, admitted to a share of the business, and so valuable did his services become that, independently of his share as a partner, he was allowed a salary of £900 per annum for managing the business.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-four, Henry Fisher found himself in a situation of considerable responsibility and emoluments, for which he was indebted solely to his own personal activity, integrity, and ability. It was whilst prosecuting his business in regard to the number trade that he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.S.A., an acquaintance which happily extended to many years, and which appears to have been heartily reciprocated on either side. Fisher was not slow to recognize the literary powers and abilities of Dr. Clarke, who on his part took care to suggest not only improvements in existing arrangements, but new works for subsequent issue in periodical form. There seems to be little doubt that Fisher was the moving spirit in the business throughout, and that it was entirely owing to his business capacity that enabled the concern to assume such gigantic proportions, which it undoubtedly possessed at the time when the disastrous fire—that dread fiend of modern times—put an end, at least in Liverpool, to a most successful undertaking. It was on Tuesday morning, January 29, 1821, that the works of the

Caxton Press took fire and were totally destroyed. The *Liverpool Mercury* of February 2nd, in giving an account of the conflagration, said, "At times the spectacle was terribly sublime." "The establishment thus destroyed was the most extensive periodical publication warehouse in the United Kingdom. The stock and premises were insured for £36,000, but we know not whether this sum will cover the actual loss." In closing its description of the fire, the *Mercury* made an eloquent appeal for help for those thus suddenly deprived of gaining a livelihood. "By this calamity nearly one hundred individuals are deprived of the means of gaining a livelihood by their industry, many of them having numerous families entirely dependent on their labour for support, and who, unless a humane and charitable public come forward to raise a small fund for their temporary relief, will be abandoned to all the horrors of want at this inclement season of the year." It is gratifying to know that this appeal was not in vain, and that the temporary wants of the workers were looked after.

Some curious facts as to the extensive character of the undertaking were made public in consequence of the fire. It was stated that with other articles destroyed were twelve printing presses, ten copper-plate presses, four hundred original drawings, about seven hundred reams of paper, ten thousand pages of stereotype plates, fifteen thousand pounds weight of type, two patent hydraulic presses, and above three million of folio, quarto, and octavo flumbers. Such facts are in themselves sufficient indication of the character and extent of the whole establishment. After the fire the premises were not rebuilt, Fisher removing his business altogether to London, where he continued to carry on his numerous undertakings with the same magnitude and success as he had previously done in Liverpool. With the history of the London house we have, however, nothing to do in this sketch. Our purport has been to give a brief idea of what it was when it existed in Liverpool. Of Fisher's partner, Dixon, we have been unable to speak, owing to the want of authentic data, but there can be little doubt that he was a man like-minded with Fisher, otherwise they would not have co-operated together for so many years.

J. COOPER MORLEY.



A Publisher and his Friends.

ALTHOUGH the great publishing house of Murray is not the oldest in "the trade," its history and associations are perhaps much more interesting and important than those of any other in existence. In many ways it has no rival; and during its progress under the *régime* of John Murray II., its history has scarcely any parallel in the annals of publishing, either at home or abroad.

John Murray I. was born at Edinburgh in 1745, and after receiving a good education he entered the Royal Marines under the special patronage of Sir George Yonge. After several years of inactivity he retired on half-pay at the age of twenty-three, and became a London bookseller, having purchased the business of William Sandby, whose shop was at the sign of the "Ship," No. 32, Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church. Except to bibliographers, the career of the first John Murray offers but few interesting facts. It is the son, the second John Murray, that Dr. Samuel Smiles' delightful volumes chiefly concern. It will be sufficient to mention that among other writers who came into contact with "the Anak of Publishers"—as Lord Byron called his friend—were Isaac D'Israeli and his still more famous son the late Earl of Beaconsfield, Canning, Gifford, the two Mills, Leigh Hunt, Malthus, John Wilson Croker, Thomas Campbell, James Hogg, Madame de Staël, "Monk" Lewis, Moore, Lockhart, Hallam, Milman, Washington Irving, Carlyle, Lord Mahon, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, John Sterling, and Borrow.

But the two great episodes in John Murray's business career were the founding of the *Quarterly Review* and the connection with Lord Byron. At an early period John Murray had published some good

books, and he was very generally regarded as a "rising" man. Isaac Disraeli, for example, was one of the first authors for whom he published; but much of his attention was occupied in the disposal of books in which he had only a part-proprietorship or even merely a bookselling interest. He was for a time associated in this manner with the Constables of Edinburgh, with whom he disagreed, and from whom he had severed his connection before the famous crash came. They were rash and Murray was prudent. He had undertaken the London agency of the *Edinburgh Review* which Constables published in Edinburgh, and the what were then regarded as extreme democratic reviews of this journal were more than Murray could tolerate. On ceasing to sell the *Edinburgh*, he straightway set to work to found a periodical publication which should counteract its influence. He wrote to Canning pointing out that the principles of the *Edinburgh* were radically bad, and continued, "but the publication in question is conducted with so much ability, and is sanctioned with such high and decisive authority by the party of whose opinions it is the organ, that there is little hope of producing against it any effectual opposition unless it arise from you, Sir, and your friends. Should you, Sir, think the idea worthy of encouragement, I should, with equal pride and willingness, engage my arduous exertions to promote its success; but as my object is nothing short of producing a work of the greatest talent and importance, I shall entertain it no longer if it be not so fortunate as to obtain the high patronage which I have thus taken the liberty to solicit." It did obtain this "high patronage," and something more. Canning consented to write for the *Review* himself; and an article on Spanish affairs, largely from his pen, duly appeared in No. 3. Scott was another who approved of Murray's scheme from the very first. He had quarrelled with both the editor and publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*. "Constable"—he writes in 1808—"or rather that bear, his partner, has behaved by me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a foxtail on account of his review of 'Marmion,' and thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges."

It now became necessary to look around for an editor. William Gifford, a well-known literary man, who had already been in harness as editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, was sounded upon the subject, and was found willing to take the post. Scott's letter to him was full of excellent advice, a few sentences of which may be quoted:—"The office of editor is of such importance that had you not been pleased to undertake it I fear the plan would have fallen wholly to the ground. The full power of control must, of course, be vested

in the editor for selecting, curtailing, and correcting the contributions to the Review. But this is not all; for, as he is the person immediately responsible to the bookseller that the work (amounting to a certain number of pages, more or less) shall be before the public at a certain time, it will be the editor's duty to consider in due turn the articles of which each number ought to consist, and to take means for procuring them from the persons best qualified to write upon such and such subject. If you will accept of my services, as a sort of jackal or lion's provider, I will do all in my power to assist in this troublesome department of editorial work." Gifford wanted help of this kind badly, and eagerly availed himself of Scott's services. To edit a review was not in those days so simple a matter as it has since become; and for years Gifford had great difficulties in keeping his contributors "up to time," and on many occasions the numbers were several weeks late. The first issue appeared at the end of February, 1809, and for an account of its progress, its difficulties, and its contributors, we must refer to Dr. Smiles' entertaining volumes.

The second great incident in Murray's career dates from the first meeting between him and Lord Byron, and is thus described by Dr. Smiles:—

"Mr. Murray had long desired to make Lord Byron's acquaintance, and when Mr. Dallas had arranged with him for the publication of the first two cantos of '*Childe Harold*' he had many opportunities of seeing Byron at his place of business. The first time that he saw him was when he called one day with Mr. Hobhouse in Fleet Street. He afterwards looked in from time to time, while the sheets were passing through the press, fresh from the fencing-rooms of Angelo and Jackson, and used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of '*Carte et Tierce*' with his walking-stick directed against the bookshelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem, with occasional ejaculations of admiration; on which Byron would say, 'You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?' Then he would fence and lounge with his walking-stick at some special book which he had picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray afterwards said, 'I was often very glad to get rid of him.'"

Byron and Scott met for the first time in John Murray's drawing-room at 50, Albemarle Street (whither the publisher removed in 1812) on the 7th of April, 1815. They conversed together for two hours. The present Mr. Murray—then John Murray, jun.—gives his recollections as follows: "I can recollect seeing Lord Byron in

Albemarle Street. So far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man, with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which ran over his pale, marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers, and a brooch in his shirt-front, which was embroidered. When he called he used to be dressed in a black dress-coat (as we should now call it) with grey and sometimes nankeen trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked downstairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping downstairs side by side."

The first two cantos of "Don Juan" appeared, in quarto form, in July, 1819, but not without repeated protests from Murray against certain indelicate illusions. "Pray, use your most tasteful discretion, so as to wrap up, or leave out, certain approximations to indelicacy," writes the publisher to the author. The two cantos (for which Murray gave the poet £1,575) created a great stir. The book bore no name, and being therefore not copyright, was republished in cheap editions by the pirates. Application had consequently to be made for an injunction, and for a time it was seriously questioned whether the Court of Chancery would afford protection to the book. However, the injunction was duly obtained; but Lord Byron strenuously refused to make any alterations in the poem as suggested by Mr. Murray. Byron died in 1824; his "Memoirs," which had been sold in MS. by Moore to Murray, being burnt at the family's request a few months afterwards. It was thought that portions of them were too gross for publication.

It is obviously impossible to do justice to Dr. Smiles' two portly volumes in the space of a short notice, and although we have confined ourselves to the two principal chapters in the history of a remarkable man, there are very many others in which the comparative interest is quite as great, and in which much new light is thrown on the relationship between authors and publishers. "A Publisher and his Friends" ¹ is a delightful book to read and a necessary one to keep.

¹ London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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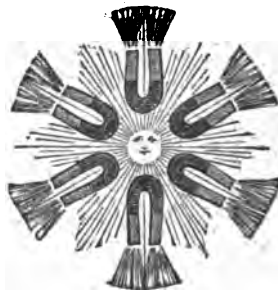
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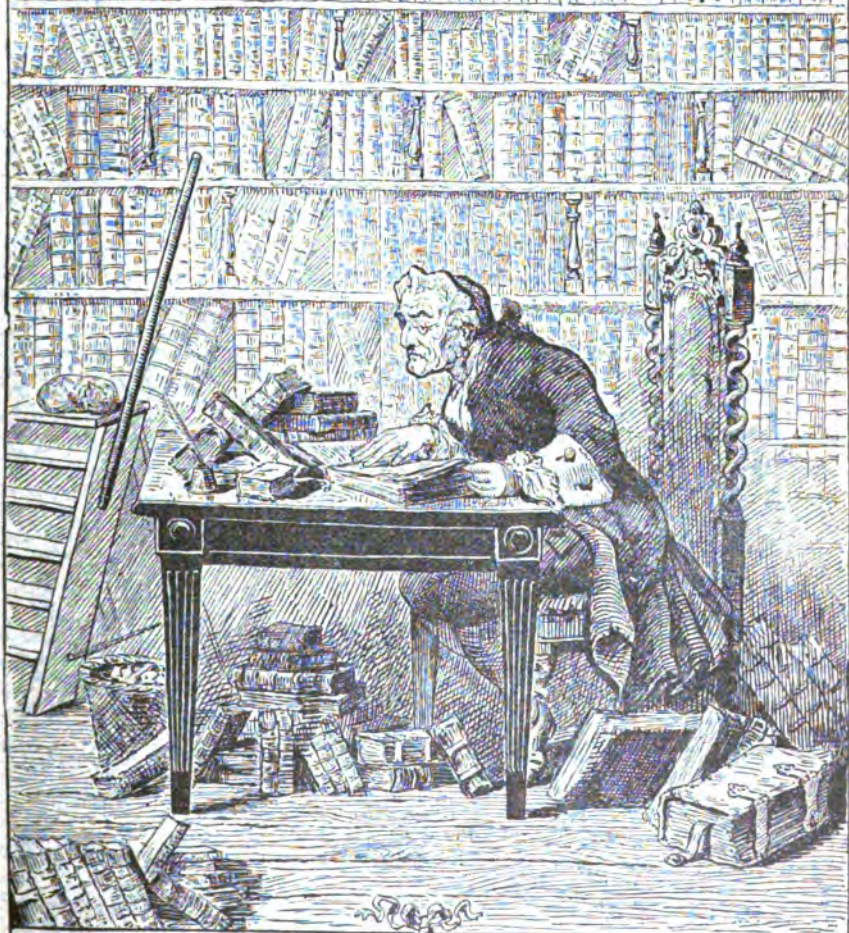
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Bookworms of To-day.

MR. HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, M.P.

"For hym was lefere haue at hese bedis hede
A twenty bokis i-clad in blak or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Then robis ryche or fedele or gay sautrie."

CHAUCER, Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

AMONG the half a score or so private collections of books in this country to which the adjective great may be honestly applied, there can be no shadow of a doubt about the wisdom of including that of Mr. H. H. Gibbs, M.P. Mr. Gibbs, like the late Mr. Huth, is a "City man" of the very best type, and the very antipodes of the unspeakable Philistine so commonly and so correctly associated with City life. We have, however, nothing whatever to do in the columns of *THE BOOKWORM* with the commercial phases of any "bookman's" life.

The chief portion of Mr. Gibbs's books are at his town house, St. Dunstan's Lodge, in Regent's Park, where, early in the present century, resided a very different personage, the Lord Steyne of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." It was here, therefore, that the orgies took place which resulted in the sensational trial of Nicholas Suisse, the confidant of Lord Hertford. The Library at St. Dunstan's is a lofty, well-lighted room of about twenty-eight feet by twenty feet. The shelves, each of which is guarded from dust by glass doors, are made of Thuya wood from Australia—a wood which, as Mr. Gibbs's cases testify, is exceedingly beautiful when polished; they were of course made specially for this room, and the furniture and other surroundings are in perfect harmony with the bookshelves. Nearly

every one of his books has been purchased by Mr. Gibbs himself, and the few which were at one time his father's or his grandfather's have a sentimental rather than a commercial or bibliographical interest. Beyond these, nearly every book on his shelves has a distinct and separate interest, nearly every one being rare, and very many extremely so. Mr. Gibbs, like not a few other genuine book-worms, has no sympathy with the new-fangled phases of book-collecting which see salvation in complete series of first Dickens's or Thackeray's "in the original parts as issued." Many of these he has, of course—not because it is "the fashion," but from the extremely prosaic fact that he purchased them at the time of their first appearance, just in the same way as he would at the present moment buy the *Quarterly*, to read.

The first book of any rarity or importance which Mr. Gibbs purchased was St. Augustine's "De Arte Predicandi," a folio volume of twenty-two leaves; it is noteworthy from the fact that in the Prologue are these words: "Quapropter cum nullo alio modo sive id expeditius fieri posse indicarem discreto viro Johanni Fust incole maguntinensi impressorie artis modis omnibus persuasi quatenus ipse dignaretur onus et laborem multiplicandi hunc libellum per viam impresionis exemplari meo pro oculis habito." This remarkable volume was purchased by Mr. Gibbs at Bright's sale in 1845.

In Bibles, Mr. Gibbs's collection includes over fifty examples, of all dates and versions, beginning with the Biblia Sacra Latina, a small folio manuscript of 269 leaves, on vellum. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is beautifully written: its capitals are illuminated in gold and colours, some containing miniatures. This precious MS. is bound in crimson velvet, with gold embroidery, having on one side a painting with a relic of St. Elizabeth, framed in a crystal star, and on the other the Blessed Virgin and child, with SS. Catherine and John the Baptist, in ivory. There is also a very fine and perfectly complete copy of the Biblia Polyglotta, which was prepared under the direction of Cardinal Ximenes, in six volumes folio, bound in vellum (Complutum 1514-17). There are copies of Bibles with which the names of Coverdale (1535), Matthew (1537), Cromwell (1539, a very large copy), Cranmer (1540), are intimately associated. Among the foreign versions we note "De Bybel" (1476), a low Dutch translation with many woodcuts.

In the same category, perhaps, we might include the fine series of Prayer Books, in English, from the time of Edward VI. (1549) to that of Queen Victoria—there being a grand total of 47 in English and 35 in other languages, including Greek, Latin, Welsh, Gaelic,

French, and Dutch. There are also nine Primers, from the time of Henry VIII. to Elizabeth; a dozen Psalters, many of which are of great rarity, and 31 editions of the New Testament.

Four books come under the term of "*Breviarum Romanum*." The first is a MS. on vellum of the fifteenth century, with the capitals illuminated in Camaïeu noire; the second is a MS. also of the fifteenth century, on fine vellum, enriched with beautiful borders and ornaments of Italian workmanship, besides three large miniatures of the full size of the page, representing the Creation, the Last Judgment, and the Ship of the Church, bearing our Crucified Lord on the mast and yard. On one of the preliminary leaves is a set of verses by Pancratius, a Carmelite, dated 1694, and beginning:—

" Fulvia nunc hæres gaudet Bologneta libello
Quo sancta est usus psallere mente Pius."

The third Brevarium is the Guinta edition, printed at Venice in 1508; whilst the fourth was printed by Plantin.

Of the thirty-eight Books of Hours, eleven are French, Flemish, or Italian manuscripts chiefly of the fifteenth century; and among the printed examples, several of which are on vellum, is one of great beauty and interest with the exquisite borders of Geoffrey Tory. Mr. Gibbs has also eleven Missals of various dates and degrees of excellence. In connection with this section we may also mention that there are six editions of Thomas à Kempis's "*De Imitatione Christi*," including a MS. of the sixteenth century, on 247 folios of paper, written by Francis Montpoudie de Weert, for the use of Nicholas Bruynix, Priest, Dean of Christianity.

Among the Incunabula, the most important is a very large copy of the "*Chronicon Nurembergense*" (1495), which is bound in brown morocco extra. But of more interest to English readers are the two Caxtons; first, the "*Translation of the Polychronicon of Ralph Higden*," printed in 1482; and second, "*The Golden Legend*," 1483, which was successively in the Townely and the Glendinning collections; there are also several Caxton facsimiles which, being printed in small editions, are much sought after by bibliophiles.

Caxton's apprentice, Wynkyn de Worde, is also represented by Hylton's "*Scala Perfectionis*" (1494), which is in its original binding, and contains the very rare third part, extant elsewhere in MS., but, it is believed, in but two other printed copies.

Making a skip of nearly a century, we note that Mr. Gibbs has not only the rare second English edition of "*The Book of Martyrs*," 1570, the first being printed 1563, but also the Latin book from

which it was translated: "Rerum in Ecclesia gestarum quæ postremis et periculis his temporibus euenerunt," &c., printed at Basil in 1559; and also the second part of this, which is excessively rare, and which was printed also at Basil, in 1563.

In the way of books of travels more or less imaginary, and works on history just as indefinite, we come across a very fine and perfect copy of Samuel Purchas's "Hackluyt Posthumus, or Pvrchas his Pilgrines Contayning a History of the World, in Sea-Voyages and Land Trauells by Englishmen and others" (1625), four volumes in folio, with, for a fifth volume, the large-paper fourth edition of "Purchas his Pilgrimage" (1626); and also Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," in three volumes folio, and dated 1599.

Of travels in quite another way are a John Geyler's "Navicula Sive Speculum Fatuorum," printed in quarto at Strasburg, in 1510; and Brandt's "Ship of Fooles" (1570), with many of the figures with which readers of THE BOOKWORM are probably familiar. History includes, among other things, a copy of Gaillot du Pre's edition of Froissart, published in 1530, in four volumes; and the "newlie recognised, augmented and continued" edition of Holinshed's "Chronicles" "to the yeare 1586."

In Shakespeariana, there are copies of each of the first four folios; and other first editions of interest to students of English literature include Milton's "Comus," "Lycidas," "Eikonoklastes," "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained;" several of Spenser's; "The Whole works of Homer, Prince of Poets In his Iliads and Odysseys," &c., printed in London about 1610, being George Chapman's translation, and of the title-page of which we give a reduced facsimile: of this industrious poet's work there is also a copy of the excessively rare translation of the "Georgicks of Hesiod," published in 1618. Interesting and rare also is the large-paper copy of the first edition of "The History of the Caliph Vathek" (1786), by W. Beckford.

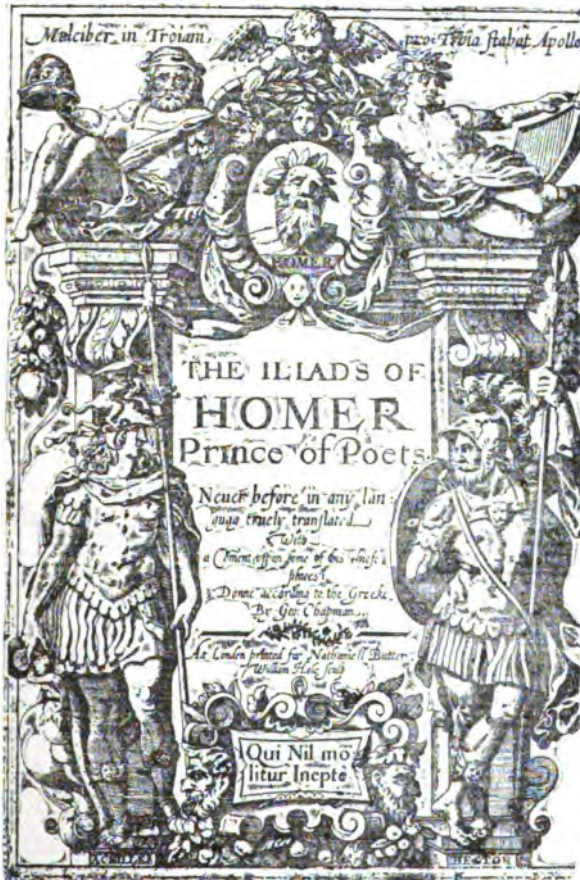
As might be supposed of one who has for nearly fifty years held a leading place in the very first rank of English book-collectors, Mr. Gibbs possesses a very large number of presentation copies. Among these we notice the Duc d'Aumale's "Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les 16^e et 17^e Siecles," four volumes octavo, with a fifth volume containing maps (Paris, 1863-86); a copy of Sir J. D. Coleridge's reprint of Louis F. Blosius's "Mirror for Monks" (1676), a large-paper copy; and also one of two examples only printed on vellum of Lord Coleridge's "Verses written During Forty Years" (Oxford, 1879), and not published; a very enviable series of the

charming books of Mr. Locker-Lampson. In examples of privately printed books issued under the direction of the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Halliwell-Phillipps, H. Huth, E. Arber, and E. W. Ashbee, Mr. Gibbs has very complete sets.

Magnificent as is this very select Library, Mr. Gibbs compares himself to Barclay's "first fole of all the hole navy," and echoes the lines—

"Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge,
For to have plenty it is a plesaunt thyng
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in honde."

W. ROBERTS.



The Term of Literary Copyright.

THE term of copyright in various countries is as follows :—

The United States, twenty-eight years, with the right of extension for fourteen more ; in all, forty-two years.

Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela, in perpetuity.

Colombia, author's life and eighty years after.

Spain, author's life and eighty years after.

Belgium, author's life and fifty years after.

Ecuador, author's life and fifty years after.

Norway, author's life and fifty years after.

Peru, author's life and fifty years after.

Russia, author's life and fifty years after.

Tunis, author's life and fifty years after.

Italy, author's life and forty years after ; the full term to be eighty years in any event.

France, author's life and thirty years after.

Germany, author's life and thirty years after.

Austria, author's life and thirty years after.

Switzerland, author's life and thirty years after.

Hayti, author's life, widow's life, children's lives, and twenty years after the close of the latest period.

Brazil, author's life and ten years after.

Sweden, author's life and ten years after.

Roumania, author's life and ten years after.

Great Britain, author's life and seven years after his decease ; to be forty-two years in any event.

Bolivia, full term author's life.

Denmark and Holland, fifty years.

Japan, author's life and five years after.

South Africa, author's life ; fifty years in any event.





Alchemy in China.

A VERY rare tract, not in the British Museum, translated from the Chinese, and published at Shanghai in 1870, has lately come into my hands. It gives the orthodox a view of the Christian religion from the outside under some startling lights. It is entitled, "Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines—a plain Statement of Facts," and is for the most part a compilation from other works written against the Jesuits in the seventeenth century. It is remarkable that the charges made in it against the "sect of the Lord of Heaven," or Christians, are precisely those which the Christians had previously made against the Manicheans.

The tract consists of 9 pp. preface and 64 pp. text. The translator has been compelled to omit, from time to time, expressions and parts of the narratives. Judging from what is left, these must have been strong. The passages we quote have another interest for us as bearing on the difficult subject of Chinese Alchemy.

"In case of funerals, the religious teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifice sealed up with a plaster. This they call 'sealing the eyes for the western journey.' . . . If any are unwilling to conform to these burial customs, the teachers regard them as rebelling against the authority of the Church, and lead a crowd of men to their dwellings to insult them in every possible way. The four ounces of silver received on entering the religion are demanded back with interest.

"The reason for extracting the eyes is this. From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead

with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose. Hence they do not take out those of their own people, but only those of the Chinese. The method by which the silver is obtained has never been discovered by any of the native Christians during the long period in which this religion has been propagated here. There is, however, a method of taking likenesses by spreading some chemicals over the surface of a mirror. The practice of this art is very lucrative, and some native Christians have by great assiduity possessed themselves of it" (p. 15).

We find on p. 53, in a Petition from Hunan for the Expulsion of the Non-Human Species, the following :—"Moreover, when one of the sect is about to die, they must needs send a number of their fellow-disciples, who go and put out the members of the family, intone prayers and plead for salvation, and while the man still breathes scoop out his eyes and cut out his heart to be used secretly in the manufacture of counterfeit foreign silver; and immediately wrapping the body in silk or cotton cloth, hurry it into the coffin."

Of course the fundamental fact on which alchemy was based is that nearly all lead is argentiferous, and this has long been known in China. The specifically Chinese element in European Alchemy is, I believe, the Elixir of Life.

ROBERT STEELE



“The English Mercurie, 1588.”

II.

THE first thing that arouses suspicion in the printed numbers, is, as has already been stated, the first thing that catches the eye—the form of the type. Instead of being that of two centuries and a half, it is that of about a century [and half] back, the “English fount” in fact bearing a strong resemblance to that in Caslon’s *Specimens of Type*, published in 1766. A single glance at the pages, however, is in this case more efficacious than volumes of description could possibly be. Their whole appearance decidedly stamps them as having issued from the press in the eighteenth, instead of the sixteenth century. There is, moreover, one peculiar characteristic about the printing, sufficient, if the shape of every letter were ancient, to betray the secret of its modern execution. The distinction between the u’s and v’s, and the i’s and j’s, utterly unknown to the printers of the sixteenth century, is here maintained throughout in all its rigour. This circumstance would alone, if others were wanting, be decisive against the supposed antiquity of the printed *English Mercuries*. In a work, entitled, “A Pack of Spanish Lies,” preserved at the Museum, which was “imprinted at London, by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, printer to the Queene’s most excellent Maiestie,” in the year 1588, the contrast, in this respect, is very great. The spelling in the same work is almost always at variance with that of the *English Mercury*. The name of the Lord Admiral’s ship, which in the “Pack of Spanish Lyes” is spelt the “Arke Royall,” is spelt in the *Mercury* the “Ark Royal.” The orthography of those times was indeed capricious and unsettled, but this diversity is somewhat striking.

There is another circumstance about the printed *Mercuries* of a most suspicious character. Each number, as has been stated, consists of four pages, and the paging runs thus :

In No. 50, page 1—4.

„ 51, „ 5—8.

„ 54, „ 1—4.

How is this to be accounted for, except as the oversight of a forger, too careless to pay attention to minor matters? It can hardly be supposed that a fresh volume should begin at No. 50, of all others, and again at No. 54.

It is, however, hardly necessary to dwell on these minor and speculative points, when so much conclusive proof remains to be brought forward. It is no less strange than true, that, bound up with these printed *Mercuries*, which have so long deceived the world, has lain all the while unexamined, in their manuscript duplicates, the most convincing, the most irrefragable evidence that the whole affair is a fraud. That the manuscripts A. and G. are the originals from which the printed copies C. and D. have been taken, is a fact that admits of no question.

In the "Advertisements of Bookes," which Chalmers has extracted, the e has been inserted between the k and the s, and in the word "ymprinted," at the bottom of the advertisements, the original initial i has been altered to y. In all the manuscripts of which there are no printed copies, the spelling is left uncorrected. It is entirely modern, therefore, in Chalmers's extract of James's reply to the queen's minister; but the circumstance seems to have escaped the observation of Chalmers, and of all who copied him. To the modern character of the writing and the spelling, a third anachronism remains to be added; the paper on which the manuscript is written bears the watermark of the royal arms, with the initials "G. R." The whole style of composition observable in the *Mercury*, is, like everything else about it, of a much later date than that to which it pretends.

One of the most searching of tests remains to be applied. It is yet to be seen how far the statements of historical events in the *English Mercury* correspond with those of historians respecting whose authority there is no room for doubt. The first article of intelligence in the *Mercury* will serve the purpose :

"Whitehall, July 23d 1588.

"Earlie this Morninge arrived a Messenger at Sir Francis Walsingham's Office with Letters of the 22d from the Lorde High Admirall on board the *Ark-Royal*, containinge the followinge materiall Advices.

"On the 20th of this Instant Capt. *Fleming*, who had beene ordered to cruize in the chops of the Channell, for Discoverie, brought Advice into *Plymouth*, that he had descried the *Spanish Armado* neare the *Lizard*, making for the Entrance of the Channell with a favourable Gale. Though this Intelligence was not received till near foure in the Afternoone, and the Winde at that time blew hard into the *Sound*, yet by the indefatigable Care and Diligence of the Lorde High Admirall, the *Ark-Royal*, with five of the largest Frigates, anchored out of the Harbour that very Evening. The next morninge, the greatest Part of her Majestie's Fleet gott out to them. They made in all about eighty Sail, divided into four Squadrons, commanded by his Lordship in Person, Sir *Francis Drake* Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admirals *Hawkins* and *Forbisher*. But about one in the Afternoone, they came in Sighte of the *Spanish Armado* two Leagues to the Westward of the *Eddistone*, sailing in the Form of a half Moon, the points whereof were seven Leagues asunder. By the best computation, that could be made on the sudden (which the Prisoners have since confirmed) they cannot be fewer than one hundred and fifty Ships of all Sorts; and severall of them called Galleons and Galleasses, are of a Size never seene before in our Seas, and appeare on the Surface of the Water like floating Castles. But the Sailors were so far from being daunted by the Number and Strengthe of the Enemie, that as soon as they were discerned from the top-mast-Head, Acclamations of Joy resounded through the whole Fleete. The Lord High Admirall observing this general Alacritie, after a Council of War had been held, directed the Signall of Battle to be hung out. We attacked the Enemy's Reare with the Advantage of the Winde: The Earle of *Cumberland* in the *Defiance* gave the first fire: my Lord Howard himselfe was next engaged for about three Hours with Don *Alphonso de Leyva*, in the *St Jaques*, which would certainly have struck, if she had not been seasonably rescued by *Ango de Moncada*. In the meane tyme, Sir *Francis Drake* and the two Rear-Admirals *Hawkins* and *Forbisher*, vigorously broad-sided the Enemies sternmost Ships commanded by Vice-Admiral *Recaide*, which were forced to retreat much shattered to the maine Body of their Fleete, where the Duke de *Medina* himselfe commanded. About Sun-set we had the pleasure of seeing the invincible *Armado* fill all their sails to get away from us. The Lord Admirall slackned his, in order to expect the Arrivall of twenty fresh Frigates, with which he intendes to pursue the Enemie, whom we hope by the Grace of God to prevent from landinge one Man on *English* Grounde. In the night the *St. Francis* Galleon, of which Don *Pedro de Valdez* was Captaine, fell in with Vice-Admirall *Drake*, who tooke her after a stout Resistance. She was disabled from keeping up with the rest of the Fleete, by an Accident which happened to her, of springing her Fore-maste. She carryes fifty Guns and five hundred men, both Souldiers and Mariners. The Captours found on board five thousand Golde Ducats, which they shared amongst them after bringing her into *Plymouth*."

The dates in this intelligence are worthy of observation; they are truly remarkable. Early in the morning of July the 23rd, arrives at Whitehall a messenger with letters of July 22nd, from the Lord High Admirall. Where then is the Lord High Admiral? Out at sea in the *Ark Royal*, so situated that he can give intelligence from Plymouth on the morning of the 22nd. For it will be noticed that the "*St. Francis* Galleon, of which Don *Pedro Valdez* was captain," is taken, according to the Admirall's account, by Sir *Francis Drake*, on the

night of the 21st, and afterwards brought into Plymouth, and the prize money shared among the men, which, considering all things, could hardly have taken place before early in the morning of the 22nd. Here then we have a piece of news conveyed from Plymouth to London, a distance of 215 miles, in four and twenty hours; a degree of rapidity in conveyance which fairly equals the rapidity in sharing the prize money, and which, before the inventions of telegraphs, steamboats, and railways, might, one would think, have excited the astonishment and admiration of any Gazeteer. Having thus examined the statement by its own light, let us see how far it corresponds with the relations of contemporary historians. Unluckily for himself, the Gazeteer has chosen for his narration a portion of time of which there are in existence more minute records than perhaps of any other equally remote;—quite minute enough, at least, to demonstrate how much at variance with truth is the statement he has attributed to the Lord High Admiral.

Who was the forger? This question must be left to time and the curious. The papers came into the Museum in 1766, the year of the decease of Dr. Birch, to whose collection they belonged, and not to that of Sir Hans Sloane, as erroneously stated by Chalmers. It cannot for a moment be supposed that Dr. Birch was accessory to the deception; his character wholly forbids it, and the circumstance that the "bane and antidote," the printed part and the manuscript, are both found to have been placed together, seems to show that he took reasonable care that others should not be deceived. The most plausible conjecture as to their origin and preservation appears to be, that the printed copies were got up for the purpose of imposition; that the attempt was detected, and that the whole of the papers were preserved as a memorial of the occurrence. Of the literary forgers of that period, there are three towards whom suspicion may be directed. If Chatterton were any one else but Chatterton, he might be dismissed as too young; but in 1766 he was fourteen, and wanted neither the will nor the wit to execute more ingenious forgeries than this. Were the papers manuscript only, suspicion might rest on him; but he had not the power at that time to effect the execution of printed fabrications. In 1766 George Steevens was thirty, and in that year he commenced his literary career as a commentator on Shakspeare. His habits and propensities were such, that his name is the first that occurs to any one making inquiry into a case of literary deception. But the handwriting of the manuscript *Mercuries* does not appear to be feigned, and it is not neat enough, though not deficient in neatness, for the hand of George Steevens. The year

1766 was that of the decease of William Rufus Chetwood, the individual to whom Mr. Rodd of Newport Street, whose knowledge of literary history and anecdote is well known, was inclined to refer the fabrication of the *Mercuries*. Chetwood was concerned in a work called "The British Theatre, containing the lives of the English Dramatic Poets, with an account of all their Plays," a great part of which is an impudent farrago of forgery and falsehood, which has unhappily succeeded in deceiving many later writers on the subject. He appears to have had quite a mania for the invention of fictitious titles and fictitious editions; and the former have a peculiar style, which Mr. Rodd thought he recognized in the advertisements of books in the *Mercury*. But the conjecture is negatived, as in the case of Steevens, by the dissimilarity of the handwriting.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library.

AMONG the most recent gifts to the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon are the skull used by John Kemble when playing Hamlet, presented by Mr. John Carter, and a photo-lithographed page from the motto album in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, from which it is found that there were actually at the Danish Court during Shakespeare's lifetime, if not in the period dealt with by the historian Saxo-Grammaticus, two gentlemen of the names of Rosenkranz and Guldenstern. The skull given by Mr. Carter is identical with the one represented in Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait of John Philip Kemble. Of more doubtful authenticity are the pieces of Shakespeare's crab-tree and Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, as they are called, which have been presented to the Memorial by Mr. Thomas Kite, of Stratford.

Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens."

WHILE admitting that the Greek manuscript recently obtained by the British Museum, and published under the editorship of Mr. Kenyon, is a splendid gift to the world of learning, a writer in *The Quarterly Review* contends that this treatise on the constitution of Athens is not what it has been represented. It is by no means a modern forgery, but it is not, in the Reviewer's opinion, a copy of a work of Aristotle. "The style," the Reviewer says, "is neither that of Aristotle as we know him, nor that of Aristotle as he seems to have been known to Cicero, whose Aristotle no doubt included many works really written by his pupils and successors. It is between both, and far removed from each." The Reviewer gives reasons for the belief that "the treatise is, in parts at least, of an age considerably later than the Aristotelian epoch, that post-classical usages are interwoven into the very warp and woof of it, and that to emend it into strict accordance with the Greek of Aristotle's age would be almost equivalent to rewriting the work. Further," he says, "we are disposed to think that even after all the violations of classical usage had been pruned away, not even then would the essay produce on a judicious reader with an ear for style the impression of being the work of Aristotle, or even of one of his immediate successors."

A Unique Copy of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*.

MR. ALFRED WAITES, of Worcester, Mass., writes that he has a copy of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, with every wood-cut coloured, probably by some monkish hand, every capital being rubricized; and appended to the story of Pope Joan are the words, "*Est falsa historia.*" Now, while a coloured copy of the *Chronicle* is an undoubted rarity—much more so than one with the cuts uncoloured—still we hold that the latter is the more desirable of the two, as exhibiting the very curious illustrations in their original integrity, which no colouring, however carefully executed by any "monkish hand," could possibly improve.



An Extraordinary Bibliographical Discovery.

THERE is in the Royal Library at the Hague, under No. A. A. 268, a manuscript of 88 leaves, 176 pages, small size (117 × 87 millimetres), on very fine parchment, written in the fifteenth century, with borders, flowers, figures, and fifteen miniatures, representing periods of the history of the Madonna, besides several saints, all beautifully illuminated in gold and colours. The binding is red morocco, with the gilt arms of De Bethune, surrounded by the orders of the Holy Spirit and St. Michael, besides the crowned types, "H. P.," and gilt edges.

We read on the fly-leaf before the first miniature, representing the Madonna with Jesus, the following (probably written in the seventeenth century): "Heures de Charles duc de Bourbon qui fut connestable de France représenté au naturel devant cette nostre dame-estant encore fort jeune." Thus mentioned in the "*Bibliotheca Hulsiana I., Hagæ-Comitum*" (1730, p. 339, No. 5199), afterwards in the "*Catalogus partis Bibliothecæ ill-Comitis de Wessenaer et Obdam, publice distrahenda, 10 August, 1750*" (Hag.-Com., p. 63, No. 301).

Yet, as the connestable was born in 1490 and died in 1527, it is a question whether this indication is correct; and the manuscript itself is, as will be explained, probably of earlier date. Also, the garment of the represented person does not show the arms of Bourbon de Montpensier.

The manuscript was transported the 27th of August, 1860, from the Royal Cabinet of Rarities to the Royal Library at the Hague. The last leaf shows us that it is not complete.

Some time ago the eminent firm of booksellers, Messrs. Joseph Baer and Co., of Frankfort-on-Maine, informed the Royal Library at the Hague that they discovered a manuscript of quite the same

kind, bound in the same manner, and of exactly the same size. Bibliographers, after careful examination, came to the conclusion that both manuscripts were formerly one. This judgment is in the first place confirmed by the quality of the parchment, the colours of the painted borders, and the miniatures, which represent (excepting a preceding arms and a portrait of the Madonna) in the new-discovered manuscript scenes from the life of Jesus, and again several saints. However, it is remarkable that the preceding arms, surrounding also the portrait of the Madonna (being three helmets turned to the right, two and one on red), is also found on folio 25 of the manuscript at the Royal Library. We read round the arms: "*Vie à mon desir plus que jamais.*" The same sentence we find on folio 25v of the manuscript at the Hague.

The words, "*Vie à mon desir,*" are repeated on fols. 4 and 6 of the new manuscript. Lastly, the uniformity is carried still further by the fact that the painted capital letters, T and R, on fols. 66r and v of the MSS. at the Hague are also to be found on fols. 2v, 4v, 23r, and 27r of the new one.

On the last page of this MSS. is mentioned the date 1455, caused by an indication to know whether Easter falls in March or April. Perhaps the MS. was written in that year.

At the end, pp. 88-99, there is a beautiful calendar, generally bound at the beginning. That calendar wants the copy at the Hague, and shows us round the sign of gemini again the arms above mentioned. All these facts prove that the MSS. complete each other in the most remarkable way, and were originally one volume. Dr. Th. Ch. L. Wijnmalen, Director of the Royal Library at the Hague, in his inquiries assisted by Mr. J. Tideman, keeper of manuscripts at the same Library, proposed to the Minister of the Interior, to buy this manuscript offered by the discoverers, Messrs. Joseph Baer and Co.

This Minister, known as a man of great intelligence, and having an excellent adviser in Mr. Victor de Stuers, the well-known connoisseur, has agreed to the proposal of Dr. Wijnmalen, and thus the two parts, separated for centuries, are once more joined together.



Archbishop Cranmer's Library and its Recovery.

A SINGULAR interest is felt in a book when it is known to have been handled and used by some historical person; and most libraries of any importance can boast of possessing one or more such treasures, bearing the handwriting of this or that man, famous in his time, and admired or reprobated by posterity. But it rarely happens, even in libraries bequeathed by their founders, that such volumes can do more than awaken a passing interest. We do not expect to learn from them much news of their possessors; certainly not more than may be gathered out of a few notes on some topic or other, upon which their owner's views may have been questioned.

Now the exact opposite may be said to be the case with respect to the Library of Archbishop Cranmer. Whilst we are interested in the mere handling of books in which is written the name of a man who had so much to do with the fortunes of the Church of England, we feel that this is a small matter in comparison with the strangely distinct information which these volumes give with respect to his studies, and their bearing upon the course of the religious movements of those days. The student of history may or may not sympathize with the actors in those movements; but this is of little moment. Whatever his views may be, a matter of unexpected importance has opened out before him, in the discovery of evidence respecting the books which those actors studied; and especially when those books contain passages illustrating, or even explaining, the course that was taken.

It will probably seem desirable to begin by giving a short account of the discovery of this Library. It will be remembered that mention is made of Cranmer's books by E. Edwards, the author of "Libraries and Founders of Libraries," in his account of the

formation of the National Collection in the British Museum (pp. 162-164). He relates how Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, who had diligently gathered up MSS. from amongst the scattered treasures of the old Monastic libraries, obtained possession, by some means not described, of part of the Library of Cranmer; and his son-in-law, Lord Lumley, inherited the collection thus formed. This was afterwards purchased, in 1609, by Prince Henry, son of James I.; and upon his death, three years later, a considerable portion of the library which he had formed was combined with the old Royal Library, dating back as far as to King Henry VIII., whose literary tastes are well known. And when in 1757 King George II. presented the library of his predecessors to the Trustees of the British Museum, the relics of Cranmer's Library, which had survived these various changes, were dispersed amongst its shelves. Search for these scattered volumes was begun about six years ago; and if it had not been for encouragement given by the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the attempt would probably have been abandoned as hopeless. For no record of the Cranmer volumes had been preserved in the British Museum; and little more was known about them than the fact that there was a large number of such books, somewhere, anywhere, amongst its many hundreds of bookcases. Soon, however, through the ready assistance of those in charge, a considerable number was discovered; and patient investigation by degrees formed a continually increasing list. In addition to those in the British Museum, it was found that parcels of such books had been given, or bequeathed, by Lord Lumley to the three chief libraries of his day, viz., to the Bodleian, Cambridge University, and Lambeth Palace Libraries. Many other volumes which once belonged to Cranmer then came to light, scattered throughout England: in College libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, as well as in private libraries. And whilst the total list now comprises about 350 volumes, there is no doubt that many more may yet be heard of, when general attention has been awakened to assist in the search. The Cranmer Books are easily recognized, through the care that was taken to inscribe the Archbishop's name, in full, upon the title-pages; and since the two noblemen whose names have been mentioned were no less diligent in writing their names in their books, it has come to pass that the greater part of the remains of Cranmer's Library now bear two, if not all three, of the following signatures—"Thomas Cantuarien," "Arundell," "Lumley."

It is clear that whilst Lords Arundel and Lumley acquired the bulk of the more important treasures of Cranmer's Library, they

obtained by no means the whole of his books. For instance, Archbishop Parker writes to Sir William Cecill, August 22, 1563, begging for an order from the Privy Council, demanding that certain manuscript books of his predecessor, Dr. Cranmer, should be given up by the person who held them (Parker Society, Parker Correspondence, Letter cxxxix.). The reply of Sir William Cecill is also extant (*ibid.* Letter cxl.), stating that he had himself recovered five or six of Cranmer's written books, from one Mr. Herd, of Lincoln. Strype also tells us that the Archbishop was very ready to lend the rarer books of his library to students at a distance, and mentions one volume in particular, of Gregory Nyssen in Greek, which Roger Ascham borrowed, after searching for it in vain in Cambridge (Memorials, vol. i. p. 630). The discovery of this very volume, in the University Library at Durham, affords evidence that books so borrowed had in certain cases not been returned to Cranmer's Library at the time of his attainder, and so remained separated from the bulk of his books. Other volumes are found scattered over all parts of England, either from a similar cause, or from some other chance.

It now remains to state what books have been found, and what are still missing. It may be said that almost the whole of his Patristic Books have been recovered; and these volumes of the Fathers by themselves form an interesting collection. It is evident that Cranmer was not content with merely possessing a copy of each Father, but he purchased new and improved editions as they appeared; so that, for instance, we find not only his copy of Erasmus' first edition of S. Jerome's works, 9 vols. fol., Basle, 1516, but also an improved edition, 9 vols. fol., Paris, 1534. Similarly he had two editions of S. Chrysostom's works, in Latin, in 5 vols. fol., Basle, 1539, and Basle, 1547. Almost the only works of this class which can be said to be still missing are his copy of Erasmus' edition of S. Chrysostom's works in Greek, (probably) 2 vols. fol., Veronæ, 1529; Irenæus, also edited by Erasmus, Basle, 1526, and frequently republished; and Theophylact in Greek, (probably) Rome, 1542. It is known that copies of these very books have been sold by the British Museum as duplicates; and it may therefore happen that these may be found some day, in some English Library, bearing the Archbishop's name, just as other Cranmer books have been found under similar circumstances.

But it was well known that the Archbishop had carefully studied the Fathers; we are therefore not surprised to find these volumes marked diligently by his own hand. We come next to his Scholastic

Books. An equally full and complete collection of these has been recovered. The works of the great Doctors are all there, as well as commentaries upon them in bewildering numbers, making us wonder how life was long enough for men to wade through them. At first it seems difficult to take much interest in them; but on nearer acquaintance we find that one volume at least must have been carefully handled in connection with an important event in English History, viz., by the judge who pronounced the sentence of divorce against Queen Katharine; for it was expressly referred to in the pleadings urged in court.

The Archbishop's Biblical works have a more general interest for modern students. The first point which comes clearly out as we examine them, is Cranmer's knowledge of Hebrew. Little though it might have been expected, we can take into our hands his first Hebrew book, by Paganinus, published in 1528; or turn to his Hebrew Bible, published at Venice, 1525; or study his own manuscript translation in Latin, interleaved with a portion of another Hebrew Bible, published 1488. When Cranmer's Note Books are examined, it is seen at once that he was as mighty in his knowledge of Scripture, as in his acquaintance with the Fathers and Schoolmen; and his Library reveals to us the tools which he used in fashioning his memoranda upon the various topics of those days. We have his Bible Concordance of 1526, his Compendium of Scripture, of 1496, his Bible Dictionary of 1516. Then we find volumes in great profusion upon various books of Scripture, by writers of all sorts of views: S. Thomas Aquinas, Bruno Carthusianus, Cardinal Hugo, Cardinal Cajetan, Erasmus, Melancthon, Bucer. Space will not allow of a description of Cranmer's works of general literature. But the subject of the Liturgical changes of those days is too important to be passed over, without some mention of what may be learned about it by help of the remains of the learned Archbishop's library. His books reveal to us that he was not merely acquainted with the ancient usages of England, but he had also studied the mediæval views of the meaning and importance of the various services, festivals, and changing details of both Missal and Breviary; for he possessed two copies of Durandus' "*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*," and one of them is copiously marked in the Archbishop's own writing. He was also acquainted with Eastern Rites, and was fond of quoting from S. Chrysostom's Liturgy, of which he must have possessed a copy in Greek, which has not yet been found [Rome, 1526], besides two copies of Erasmus' Latin translation of it. He possessed also Archbishop's

Herman's Book of Reformation for the Church of Cologne, in the Latin edition of 1545. This was to be expected, since it is well known that the English Prayer Book was altered and added to in various ways by help of this publication. What was less to be expected is that he possessed also the answer to this book, put forth by the Canons of Cologne Cathedral, who were indignant that their Archbishop had been misled in many passages of it, by M. Bucer. It is named "*Antididagma*," and was published at Cologne, in Latin, 1544. It has lately been discovered that Cranmer had carefully studied it, and was very fond of referring to its statements in his Note Books, under the phrase, *Vide Capit. Colon. fol.* — The copy that he seems to have used is in Lambeth Library; but unlike the rest of his books which have been mentioned, it does not bear his name. Passing over other liturgical books which he possessed, and which have been found, we come now to those which we feel sure that he must have possessed, but which hitherto have eluded discovery. There is no doubt that he had a copy, or copies, of the Breviary, reformed by Cardinal Quignon, out of the Preface to which a great part of the Preface of the English Prayer Book of 1549 was taken: beginning, "There was never anything by the wit of man so well devised," &c. This Breviary was published in 1535, and a revised edition issued in 1537, which was afterwards reprinted very frequently. It is almost certain that Cranmer used both the first and the second editions; but his copy of either has not yet been found. No doubt it lies upon the shelf of some college or private library, whose owners are either ignorant of its existence, or unaware that it differs from the general form of the many Breviaries of those times. Another work to which Cranmer, or his colleagues, must have had access is the remarkable book published by the efforts of Cardinal Ximenes at Toledo in 1500, and known by the name of the "*Mozarabic Missal*"; for an important part of the English form of Baptismal Service was taken from it, word for word, in 1549. The book is very rare, though not so extremely rare as is sometimes represented. Several copies are known to be in existence in England; but none of these has been for certain identified as being the copy used by the English Reformers. There is little doubt but that there is still another copy in England, not yet heard of, the possessor of which would do good service if he would kindly allow it to be examined for traces of such use. For a copy is known to have disappeared within the last 150 years. It belonged to the Harleian collection, and was offered for sale in 1743 by the well-known bookseller, T. Osborn. Its com-

panion volume, the Mozarabic Breviary of 1502, seems to have been sold at once; but the Missal was again offered for sale in Osborn's third volume of the Harleian Catalogue, published in 1744; and since then no tidings can be gained of it. The Earl of Oxford possessed several Cranmer MSS., which are now in the British Museum. It is therefore not improbable that this book, of which very few copies were at that date outside of Spain, may have once belonged to the Archbishop's Library. Other books, which were certainly known to Cranmer, and of which no copies bearing his name have yet been found, belong to the large class of somewhat rare books connected with the Lutheran reformed *Agenda*, or directions for the public services. It is almost certain that he had a copy of Luther's Litany of 1529; of the Brandenburg-Nürnberg Ordinances of 1533, or later; and other similar works. Tidings of these are much to be desired.

EDWARD BURBIDGE.

La Fontaine's "Psyche and Cupid."

A VERY fine copy, in the original calf, of the first edition of La Fontaine's "*Les Amours de Psiché et de Cupidon*" (Paris, Barbin, 1669), came into the market on May 5th, and was sold for £10. It was La Fontaine's own copy, and is full of most important additions and corrections in his autograph—one of the most noticeable being at page 34, where the poet has erased ten lines, commencing: "*Cela devoit estre beau,*" and noted in the margin "*Ostes cela dans une réimpression.*" This reimpression did not take place till long after La Fontaine's death, and the then editor could not have had this volume at his command, as the alterations were not made and remain until now entirely inedited. A more precious relic of the great poet could hardly be desired. It was formerly in the collection of Monsieur Didot.



The Romance of a Missal

I.

TURNING the pages of a missal old,
Rich with the colours of cathedral aisles,
Where crimson blushes mid a flood of gold
And beauty wears a cross that mocks her smiles,
I found amid the pictured saints a face
So real, so sweet, so humanly divine,
Though warmly mortal, e'en angelic grace
Might bow and worship at so pure a shrine.

II.

No vage and dim imagining was this
Of seraph form with smooth and tranquil brow,
But warm, ripe lips inviting aye a kiss
And tender eyes and neck like driven snow.
And as I turned each quaint and gilded leaf,
Still I beheld the monk's, the artist's dream,
Changed yet the same, now overwhelmed with grief,
Now lit with joy and touched with heavenly gleam.

III.

And then the ages rolled up like a scroll
Unto my spirit's eye and on the deep
Where clear and blue, fair Adria's waters roll,
A youth keeps vigil o'er a maid asleep ;
And both were young and beautiful as morn
And love shone through their faces on the night
Until a mystic radiance was born
Upon the sea that tossed their shallop light.

IV.

Hers was the face that memory had cursed
With immortality in the sad brain
Of him who aye had loved her and had nursed
The phantom of his love mid stripes and pain.
His lips had vowed forgetfulness of earth ;
But underneath the monk's rough garb, the heart
Found its way back to scenes of youth and mirth
And forged a chain e'en death could never part.

V.

What though his hand the rosary caressed
And muttered aves broke the silence deep,
Still he beheld the face that love had blessed,
The face he watched o'er on the sea—asleep.
Oh, dear eternity of human love,
Which mid such ashes bids such embers glow,
The youth, the monk may meet again above
The one sweet saint he worshipped here below !

E. R. JONES.





Sir Robert Walpole as a Collector of Pamphlets
(1700-1733).

No. III.

IN a companion octavo volume of pamphlets to that described in the February and April numbers of the *BOOKWORM*, I find several which I believe will command attention. No. 1 of this series is, "Two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Visc. Townshend, shewing the Seditious Tendencies of several late Pamphlets, more particularly of 'A Review of the Lutheran Principles,' by Thomas Brett, L.L.D., Rector of Betteshanger in Kent; and of 'A Letter to the Author of the Lutheran Church' from a Country School-boy. By a Presbyterian of the Church of England [Robert Walpole]. London, Oct. 20th—Nov. 20th, 1714."

From a perusal of these two "Letters" (40 pp.), it will be evident that Sir Robert gave the most careful attention to the pamphlets issued during the first fourteen years of the century, as well as to the press, not even neglecting the "Half-penny Libels," of which last he gives the following official list, now published, I believe, for the first time, complete. "1. Strange News from St. James's, or the Beef-eater's last Supper. 2. Æsop in mourning. 3. Stand fast to the Church, or no Presbyterian Government. 4. Trick for Trick. 5. Fair and Softly, don't drive Jehu-like. 6. Where are our Bishops now? 7. The State-Gamester, or the Church of England's sorrowful Lamentation. 8. A new Lord to the old Lordship, or D. of M——h turned out. 9. Legion's advice to the people of Great Britain. 10. The Duke of Ormond's Impeachment. 11. The Duke of Ormond's and the Lord Bolingbroke's Vindication. 12.

The Duke of Marlborough's Cavalcade. 13. No Lord Protector, or the Duke's Design defeated. 14. The Whig's Address. 15. An account of King George's Religion." He also names and reviews, (a) "The Treasonable Books," (b) "The Tunes," (c) the "Healths," (d) "The Contumelious Expressions against the King and his Family," current in 1714.

Scarcely had King George been placed on the throne, "by the greatest miracle of History," with the Whigs (exclusively) in office, than Sir Robert laid down in these two able "Letters" the "Policy" to be pursued towards the Pamphleteers, the Press, the High Church, and the Jacobins. He assumed the "Censorship" with the Paymastership of the Forces; and as he was not a member of the Cabinet just then, he advised his chief in the ablest manner in his "Letters" of everything which tended to create or increase "The Fears and Jealousies of the Nation." Dr. Thomas Brett, he complains, had, "Signalized himself in the modern attempts of reconciling the Church of England to the Church of Rome, &c., &c., by which the Cause and Interest of a Popish Pretender has been very much advanced of late amongst us." He also complains that Dr. Brett did not confine himself to his public writings over his name, but from private inquiry he found the Doctor was identical with the "Country School-boy." Lowndes does not set down either of these works to the credit of "This eminent divine and controversialist." "Other Arrows out of the same quiver" are reviewed, but "not proven" to be Dr. Brett's.

To counteract the teachings of such gentlemen as Dr. Brett, Sir Robert and the "Lovers of the Church" were willing to hope that the King might be able to bring about a long-wished, and long-laboured Union among Protestants, and especially those called Lutherans and Calvinists, both which on all Occasions expressed mighty Veneration for the Church of England." In all the reviews of *Treasonable Books*, Pamphlets, Toasts, Tunes, Half-penny Libels and Newspapers, Sir Robert is only once "ruffled." The *Examiner* of 10th and 13th November, 1714, now "revised" and "invented twice a week," "spits his venom," and "Falls foul in a most virulent manner on one upon whom his Majesty has bestowed one of the Greatest Posts of Trust in the Government, for his unshaken Fidelity in former Times, and firm Adherence to the Succession of his Majesty's most Illustrious House." The following is the "venom" of the *Examiner* alluded to: "Is it not a very whimsical thing, says he, to imagine a great Man, who at the Top of Preferment, has purchased for himself the Title of Wit, by assuming the Works of other Men,

and obtained the Dignity of a P—— by stealing other men's Projects; I say it is an odd thing to see this Wretch in Defiance of Modesty and Humility, Virtues estranged from his Blood and Family, cocking his Chin and turning up his Snout in Contempt of such men, by whose real Merits he was undeservedly advanced; when at the same time he is studying to raise the sanctify'd Kn—— of his Faction and brow-beat Religion and Generosity out of Countenance?"

So far as the writings of Sir Robert noticed in these articles are concerned, I find self-assertion not to be his *forte*; but he does not conceal the *fact* that he has been the stayer and capable weight-carrier of his party, and the chief moulder and propagandist of the Policy of the Whigs from the Start.

The "Broad Bottom" or "happy family" system for the Church, the "Narrow Bottom" for ministry, and the "expediency" of "no toleration" for the "Papists," summarises in a great measure his policy as here developed.

After these "Letters" comes the notice, "Preparing for the Press, The History of Popery during the Reign of James II." 3 pp.

The proposed book is to consist of seven chapters. Forty queries are drawn up with such headings as—Arbitrary Power, Seizure and Surrender of Charters, Dispensing Power by Ecclesiastical Commission, Castlemain's Embassy to Rome, Pope's Nuncio in England, Uncharitableness of Papists, The Seven Sacraments, &c. With these queries was sent forth the following letter: "Sir, I would humbly beg the favour of you, to communicate to me at your first convenient leisure, what you know on the above-mentioned Heads; and you will much oblige yours," &c. (unsigned). From a study of his policy in the "Letters" it would appear Sir Robert "inspired" this book against the "Papists." The information from his friends was, no doubt, forthcoming.

The author of the "Letters" passes from the "Discourses of the Bontifeus of the Pulpit," the "Factions Weekly Scribblers," the "Cyclops of Lucifer," and the "Upstart insulters who play the Devil for God's Sake" to the highly classical No. 3 Pamphlet, "A Dialogue on Devotion after the manner of Xenophon; in which the Reasonableness, Pleasure and Advantages of it are considered. To which is prefixed a Conversation of Socrates on the Being and Providence of God. Translated from the Greek of Xenoph. Memorab. London Hett, 1733. 88 pp. The "Conversation between Socrates and Aristoclemus" is beautifully imitated in style, character and effect by an anonymous Author in his "Socrates and Alcibiades." "If the

Dialogue excite any of those, who like Alcibiades, are turned off by Youth and Wealth and Sensual Pleasure, to consider whether, as Reasonable Beings, form'd for Rational Happiness, Devotion may not justly claim their Choice and Application, and thus dispose them to be devout, the Author will think himself abundantly recompensed."

JAS. HAYES.

Ennis.

A Book-lover's Bindings.

THE true book-lover requires a binding perfect in material execution and decorated in perfect taste, so that the purity of the lines, the graceful choice and distribution of the ornaments may reveal in the gilder both talent as a draughtsman and sureness of hand as an artisan. Others, still more delicate, delight in the Jansenist binding, where no gilding distracts the eye from an imperfection, a scratch, a line incorrectly drawn, or a clumsy band—the Jansenist binding that displays the perfect skill of the binder, as white, undecorated porcelain displays the masterly skill of the potter. Others, again, reserve their decoration for the morocco lining of the side covers. Another school of bibliophiles, the Romanticists, resuscitating the usages of the Middle Ages, call in the aid of workers in metal and ivory, but nowadays such bindings are obviously anachronisms, or admissible at the utmost for prayer books, marriage gifts or books of devotion given as presents. Books so bound are for those of whom Seneca said, "*Plerisque libri non studiorum instrumenta sed aedium ornamenta.*" Finally, there are the amateurs of mosaic bindings and the "*fantaisistes*," who seek new effects or new combinations of old processes, and imagine book-covers made of scraps of brocade, embroidery, Venice velvet, serpent skin, Japanese leather paper, and what not. This is a field in which the bibliophile of taste may without the expenditure of much money make many a discovery and replace the monotony of ordinary cheap bindings by bindings full of meaning and suggestion.



More "Obiter Dicta."

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., lecturing recently at Dunfermline, on "Books and Libraries," the Earl of Elgin in the chair, said that in the public libraries of Europe there were more than twenty-one million printed volumes. In those of America there were, astonishing to relate, fifty million books. In those of our Australian colonies there were a million more. If we added to these the books in private collections we could not resist the conclusion that in Europe, the United States of America, and in Australia there were at least a hundred million books. The second thought was the dust they must collect. A couple of hundred books would in a couple of months collect enough dust to choke you. Think of the dust on a hundred million! To all careful housewives and clean housemaids books were even more hateful than boys. Every year added thousands to the mass—a torrent of works, a cataract of books—books of the day, books of the week, books of the month, books of the year—who should deliver us from them? Mr. Birrell admitted all his prejudices were in favour of large collections. Nobody, he thought, could have too many books. Perhaps the late Richard Heber, who was supposed to have had a million books, had too many. He had two houses in London choke full of books, as well as immense libraries at Oxford, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and other places. But although book-collecting was a fascinating hobby, it must be admitted that an increase in men's libraries had not increased their wits. All Shakspeare's library could be packed in a Gladstone bag. It was a mistake to suppose a man was well occupied because he was reading. He had often much better been knitting a sock. There were far more well-bound books than well-written ones, and it was much better to bind a book

well than to write one badly. It was foolish to indulge in rhapsodies about books and reading. Some very shrewd men had been unable either to read or write. No fool was quite so big a fool as the learned fool. The man who reads

Incessantly, and, in his reading, brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled, still remains—
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself.

The great thing was to become a good judge of a book, just as some men were good judges of a horse, to know a good book when they read it. How was this knowledge acquired? Nobody possessed it better than Carlyle, who was a great "litterateur," as well as a famous prophet. He was an enormous reader, and an excellent critic of a book. Take him all round, he had more feeling for books than any Briton of this century, and his parents, we know, were illiterate; his father did not even care for Burns. Mr. Birrel then quoted some passages from the writings of Carlyle and Ruskin about books, and proceeded, in conclusion, to advocate everybody's having in his home at least a dozen famous books, as well as one such book as "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," which was a library in itself. A child brought up in a house where "Chambers's Encyclopædia," Pope's "Homer," the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," the "Pilgrim's Progress," Shakspeare, Burns, and Scott were upon the shelves, had within his reach enough to make him a man of taste and a lover of good books all the days of his life. Public libraries were excellent things, but the love of reading, like charity, should begin at home. To own the best books of the world (there were not very many and they were to be had very cheap) should be the pride of every Scotsman. When Dr. Johnson died his library was sold at Christie's. It did not realize £300. Carlyle's library was a very small one. Coleridge and Lamb, who did more to make their countrymen love books than Oxford or Cambridge had ever done, had libraries at which book-collectors nowadays would smile; but they knew their books, they loved them, they understood them, and to do that is better than to have even a million volumes.



Walton's "Complete Angler."

THE following article from *The Field*, forms an interesting complement to the paper which appeared in the last volume of *THE BOOKWORM* (pp. 313-315):—

"In July, 1887, a copy of Walton's 'Angler,' a first edition, from the library of Mr. Gibson Craig, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., Wellington Street, Strand, for what was then considered an extraordinary price—£195. Until that time the highest sum obtained for a good copy of this book was £87 for that from the Beckford collection, not in good order; but all the four first editions were sold privately by the late Mr. W. W. Sabin for £148, and Mr. Perkins' copies of the same edition once went for 100 guineas, but were afterwards resold for £130. Then a fair volume of the first edition was purchased in the country for £13, and sold for £50, also going through the hands of Mr. Sabin. Another copy was one that belonged to Mr. Joseph Crawhall, Newcastle, and this was additionally interesting from the fact that it had been in the library of John Evelyn, and, though minus the title-page, was sold for a large sum. The imperfection was made good by the purchase for £40 of another first edition, from which the title-page was transferred to the John Evelyn copy. When so perfected, this formed one of the series of the four early editions mentioned above as being sold for £148. Then, in the spring of 1888, a very imperfect Walton first edition was sold by Messrs. Sotheby for £23, a copy of Mr. Elliot Stock's fac-simile edition accompanying it. These were also from the Gibson Craig library, and the original contained some interesting notes, one of which was to the effect that Mr. Gibson Craig had seen in Longman's catalogue, 1816, a copy of the 1653 edition priced at 4 guineas. Another note by the same hand stated that prior to Walton

only four books on fishing had been published in this country. No doubt Mr. Gibson Craig alluded to Juliana Berners' 'Treatysse of Fysshynge with an Angle,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496; a 'Booke of Fishing with Hook and Line,' by Leonard Mascall, 1590; 'Secrets of Angling,' by John Dennys, 1613; and Markham's 'Pleasures of Princes,' published in 1614. The above prices for a first edition of Walton were far exceeded on Saturday, March 7, when again Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of Wellington Street, had the pleasure of submitting a choice specimen for public competition. This was from the library of the late Hon. George Wood, of Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, and was described as a 'fine large copy,' which indeed it was, and in the original brown binding likewise. There is no doubt that this is the most perfect and best original edition of Walton, 1653, that has yet been sold by auction, at any rate of late years, and on this account, no doubt, several collectors were anxious to obtain so choice and valuable a classic. With it was Charles Cotton's 'Complete Angler,' 1676, also in good condition. The little volumes (Walton being 5½ in. by 3½ in.) were put in at £50, and speedily reached the extraordinary sum of £310, at which they were knocked down to a private purchaser. I need scarcely say that this price for these books on fishing is quite unprecedented."



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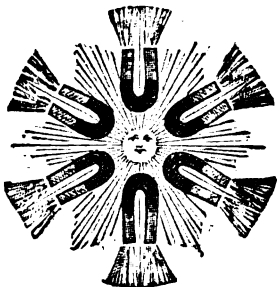
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No. 44.

July,
1891.

The BOOKWORM.



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Bookworms of To-day :

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS.

TO live in the heart of the "chase" and yet to have no sympathy with the incessant bustle and turmoil of everyday life are usually conspicuous traits in the character of the bookworm. The attraction, nay the fascination, of bookshops and auction-rooms have nearly invariably too strong a hold upon the book-collector to allow him to forsake his haunts entirely, even for the pure atmosphere and the inspiring surroundings of a country house. If the majority could afford to keep two libraries, each an exact duplicate of the other, perhaps things would be different, and the attraction, we fancy, would be decidedly in favour of the country house—for eight months at least out of the twelve. Mr. Fred. Burgess, whose name is perhaps more widely known in connection with Moore and Burgess minstrels than as a book-collector, possesses a house which, whilst situated in one of the prettiest parts of the suburbs, is yet in London; for the distance from Burgess Hall, Finchley, to St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, is accomplished in less than forty-five minutes. When in Piccadilly it is almost impossible to conceive the existence of so idyllic a spot as Burgess Hall; and when rambling about the intricacies of Mr. Burgess' extensive garden, with the delicious perfume of the hawthorne on the one hand, and the occidental profusion of racemes of laburnum on the other, one does not care to realize that within a few minutes' journey by rail we shall be landed again into the centre of this great, ugly, squalid, but nevertheless attractive London of ours.

In *THE BOOKWORM*, however, we have to deal only with the bookish phase of men and places. And this, so far as regards Mr. Burgess, is sufficiently comprehensive to call for a very much more

exhaustive account than the limits of this journal will allow. We must be content, therefore, with a superficial description, which, nevertheless, will not fail to prove the richness and the almost priceless value of the library as a whole. For over thirty years Mr. Burgess has been a keen and enthusiastic book-collector, and as expense has been only a minor consideration, the result is a collection of books of which any king might well be proud.

The English Drama has always been the first and foremost section in Mr. Burgess' quest after rarities; and it may safely be said that as a private collection it has no rivals. Extra-illustrated books, suppressed editions and first impressions of plays abound in profusion on all sides. Concerning Edmund Kean, we notice a collection of papers relating to that worthy, with a large number of autograph letters, portraits in some instances unique: the rare play-bill announcing his last appearance at the Theatre at Exeter, and that announcing his first appearance in London, at Drury Lane; on each of these and an unbroken series of other play-bills in which Kean's name figures, Mr. Burgess has marked the gross receipts of each evening's performance. Indeed nothing is wanting in this sequence, for we have here printed and other illustrative facts of nearly every step in his dramatic career, down to the period when he leased the Richmond Theatre, with play-bills and Treasury Book, newspaper cuttings announcing his death, elegies, and posthumous biographies, portraits, and so forth. It is exceedingly curious to note that from the aforementioned Treasury Book, Kean's net profit in one season of the Theatre at Richmond was only £218. Boaden's *Lives of Charles Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons* are perfect specimens of the art of extra-illustrating, and as many of the portraits were collected over twenty-five years ago, a large number of them are of excessive rarity, and not a few are now unprocurable. In the way of play-bills, probably Mr. Burgess' collection is unique, for it includes an unbroken series of those issued in connection with Covent Garden and Drury Lane for sixty years, and those of the Britannia, the Standard, the Grecian and the Surrey Theatres from the respective dates of their opening down to 1871. There are, in addition to the Treasury Book of the Richmond Theatre during Kean's management, also the Drury Lane Treasury Books for several seasons, and, what is of far greater interest, those of the Haymarket during George Colman's management. These are of unique value to the student of the history of the English drama, for, among other things, we have important light thrown on the question of salaries at that time paid to actors

and actresses of the first rank. For example, Fawcett received £17 per week, Liston £9, Matthews the Elder £11, C. Young £20, and Mrs. Gibbs £12. If these sums are compared with those paid at the present day, it will be seen that a vast change has taken place in the commercial value placed on histrionic talent of the first water.

A personal interest is connected with very many of Mr. Burgess' dramatic rarities. For instance, there is the acting edition of the "Castle Spectre" which formerly belonged to Miss Foote, who became Countess of Harrington, and is full of her notes, marks, and deletions. Then again there is a volume of small plays, bound together, presented to Patty Oliver by the respective authors whose inscriptions occur on the title-pages: in the majority of cases Patty was the making of the piece. In this section, also, John Kemble is well represented by a volume of plays with his cuts and marks.

Of the Elizabethan dramatists, there are scores of examples of the first quarto editions of single plays. Beaumont and Fletcher are represented by a complete set of first editions, whilst of Heywood, Chapman, Marston, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and many others there is at least one example, and usually two or three. Among the miscellaneous section we may mention Goffe's "The Careless Shepherd," 1656, "The Stage Player's Complaint," 1641—an exceedingly rare, curious and interesting little tract of six pages—an original edition of the "Critic," and an extraordinary little book entitled "Dramatic Characters in the days of Garrick," the chief and indeed only interest of which lies in the illustrations, which depict the incongruous associations of actors and actresses playing the parts of classical characters decked out in modern, or eighteenth century, costumes. Excessively rare also is the copy of George Alexander Stevens's "Dramatic History of Master Edward, Miss Ann, and others," which was published in 1785 by John Murray, in Fleet Street—a fact which is not mentioned in Dr. Smiles's "History of the House of Murray." Besides a complete set of Benjamin Webster's Acting Drama, we also notice a complete set of Lacy's plays, biographies of every distinguished actor, and histories of every phase of the drama, both English and French.

Mr. Burgess' Books of Autograph Letters alone must be worth quite a small fortune, and these are wisely kept in fireproof safes. Each volume is so varied in its contents that the collection scarcely permits of a hard and fast division into sections. We may, however, point out one of exceptional interest and value, with letters from authors, artists, singers, actors, composers, and so forth, dating from

1836 to 1846. Nearly the whole were addressed to the "Poet Bunn" during his reign at Drury Lane, and whose annotations are in a number of instances of great interest and amusement. Here we have a copy of letters from Jenny Lind to Bunn, and also a copy of the writ, signed by Justice Erle, which Bunn issued against the "Swedish Nightingale" when she refused to carry out her part of the contract. This volume is perhaps one of the best bargains ever made in the annals of bookling. It was formerly in the possession of George Lewis, sen., father of the present solicitor of that name, who was Bunn's legal adviser. When the effects of the late Mr. Lewis were sold, this volume occurred with various articles of furniture, &c. It consequently went for a mere "song," a bookseller giving £12 for it, and selling it shortly afterwards to Mr. Burgess for £13! Five letters alone from this wonderful collection would now fetch £50, and the book itself probably several hundreds, for the letters are not valuable merely because of the autographs, but have a distinct interest as containing statements of the first importance. Another large volume is composed of letters addressed for the most part to J. R. Planché, and among others we notice examples from Phelps, C. Matthews, David Roberts, Westmacott, Alfred Wigan, Harrison Ainsworth, Douglas Jerrold, Oxenford, H. J. Byron, Malibrand, Mark Lemon, and many others; whilst a third book contains a number from Madame Vestris.

Mr. Burgess possesses first editions of every book or pamphlet published by John Ruskin, and in this section perhaps the most remarkable is the little volume of "the master's" poems, which have been taken from the various "Annuals" and bound together in a book, so that it is absolutely the first edition, distinct and of course earlier than the first collected issue. Of his collection of Dickens Mr. Burgess is proud, and not without reason, for there is only one finer in existence, viz., that of Mr. Wright, in Paris. There are not only first editions bound up, but also each work in the original wrappers as it first appeared. In each case the condition is spotless. The copy of "Oliver Twist" in ten parts might have been bought for ten shillings; a spotless copy is now worth about £22 10s. In addition to this, there are Collections comprising the whole of the critical and other essays relating to Dickens that appeared in this country between 1837 and 1887, and in America from 1843 to 1887. We notice also a unique volume containing Sir John Gilbert's "Illustrations to Pickwick," 1847, "The Strange Gentleman," 1837, with the excessively rare frontispiece which places the value of this little book at about £22, and another *brochure*, "The Village Coquettes,"

1836, which is valued at about seventeen guineas; the suppressed edition of Dickens's "Plays and Poems," an almost unique copy of "Pickwick" with a double set of plates before and after letters, some of them being in colours; and also an immaculate copy of the first edition of "Pickwick" from which the "Jubilee Edition" was made up: this is believed to be the finest copy in existence, and its value may be to some extent estimated when it is stated that for a much inferior copy Mr. Wright paid £60!

Both Thackeray and Cruikshank are well represented. The former by a complete set of first editions, of course. We note, also, an almost unique copy of Thackeray's "Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique," with his atrociously poor plates; a first edition of the "Second Funeral," 1841, and some sketches referring to the "Whitey-Brown Papers," done when Thackeray was at Cambridge. Among the Cruikshanks is a copy of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," the illustrations to which Ruskin considers as the next best things after Rembrandt; the "Humourist" in four volumes; and "Scraps and Sketches," including an original drawing by the great caricaturist.

In the comic literature of the period of Angus Reach, Douglas Jerrold, &c., in first editions of Leigh Hunt, of Lord Byron, and, in fact, of scores of phases, Mr. Burgess' collection is rich, and full of interest.

W. ROBERTS.



The Baffled Collector.

LIST to a doleful lay, sad lay of a baffled collector.
 Booksellers greatly abound in the pleasant city of Brussels :
 Hard by the old Grande Place, where Mannekin squirts forth his water,
 Lining the steep Court's Hill, or the Madeleine's steeper ascension,¹
 Bookseller's shops on each hand, even under the shade of St. Gudule ;
 Tomes antique are here, are there new volumes clandestine.²
 There where the carrion is will prey birds gather together.
 Entered a bookseller's shop an eminent Paris collector,
 Looking for volumes rare and perchance in armorial bindings ;
 Carefully wandered his eye over various lettering pieces ;
 Then from the title quaint to colophon turned he the pages ;
 Taking a book from the shelf and twisting it over and over,
 "What is your price," he asked, "for this trivial Elzevir volume ?"
 "Twenty-five francs do I ask for that scarcest 'Patissier François,'" ³
 Answered the vendor of books. Then the wary, too cautious collector
 Communed apart with himself: "The bookseller thinks I am English.
 "Twenty-five francs are one pound ; nor knows he the actual value."
 "Twenty-five francs," he exclaimed, "that is an exorbitant figure !
 Ten will I give you, no more." "I never diminish my prices."
 Forth through the open door, with footstep slow and reluctant,
 Passed the book hunter in hope of being called back by the vendor.
 Vain was the hope, no word recalled him, he traversed the threshold,
 Into the street he walked, two hours he wandered dejected ;
 Then retracing his steps: "The 'Patissier' needs must I purchase,
 Even at twenty-five francs, his price," he reluctantly muttered.
 Entering once more the shop, much abashed and quite red with confusion,
 "Give me the book," quoth he, "though your price, be it owned, is excessive."³
 "Sold is the book even now to a gentleman hailing from Paris,"
 Answered the dealer, perchance in a manner a trifle triumphant,
 "Twenty-five francs he gave without seeking to cheapen his purchase."
 Let us a warning take from this simple but truthful⁴ narration :
 Never to haggle or strive over prices we know to be fitting ;
 Live and let live, nor run risk of the cup from the lip haply slipping.

H. S. ASHBEE.

¹ The Montaigne de la Cour and Rue de la Madeleine, two of the most frequented streets in Brussels, are on very hilly ground.

² About twenty years ago, when happened the incident narrated above, Brussels was an important publishing place for forbidden literature.

³ In 1822 Bérard estimated the worth of a "Patissier François" at from 60 to 120 francs. A copy was sold in public auction recently for 5,000 francs.

⁴ The anecdote is perfectly true, although I have purposely withheld the collector's name.



“Ana.”

WHO first invented the collection of a series of anecdotes concerning a central character, grouping round him his friends and his enemies, may be doubtful; but the first collection we have under that title is the rather unsavoury volume of facetiæ called from its compiler “Poggiana.” This, however, is a mediæval jest book, and by no means represents the modern idea of a book of “Ana.”

It is fairly evident that we owe the idea to France, and that the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., “le Grand Monarque,” is responsible for the introduction to literature of a new form of instruction and enjoyment. The “Table Talk” of Selden, first published in 1689, is the only seventeenth century representative of this class in England, and we then have to pass to the commencement of this, when Addisoniana, Brookiana, Johnsoniana, Walpoliana, and last, but by no means least, Spence’s “Anecdotes,” appear in abundance.

It is, however, specially to be observed that in England “Ana” often appear where least suspected. The student of the 1782 edition of Dodsley’s “Collection,” with its sequel by “Pearch” and its supplement by Nichols, knows that many an interesting anecdote, many a curious fact, will be found in the biographical notes illustrating the text.

The same remark, of course, applies to that huge collection of material, Nichols’ “Literary Anecdotes” and “Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century,” and there can be no necessity for us to recall to memory such classics as Gray’s “Letters” or Boswell’s “Johnson,” each of which in the best annotated editions is a mine of wealth, apart from the value of the text.

Of all the gossiping annalists and careful diarists that have

appeared from Madame de Sévigné and Samuel Pepys to the present day, there is no one so amusing as Walpole, nor so valuable, while it is singular in the extreme there is no one so little known. If the publishers of the numerous series which flood the reviewer's table, and the best of which adorn his shelves, would issue a carefully selected series embodying Evelyn, Pepys, Gray, Walpole, Piozzi's Johnson, Addisoniana, and a selection from Swift and Pope, with annotated reprints of the collections of Spence and Malone, and a wise selection from Hearne and Baker's MSS., there would be some possibility of our learning to appreciate properly the wealth of anecdotic biography that we possess. Notwithstanding recent doubts as to the veracity of Captain Wraxall, we should certainly include that lively writer, while the anecdotes collected by Bishop Watson and Bishop Horne are by no means to be despised.

What is wanted is really a competent editor to make these dry bones live, or rather to present dainty dishes in a modern nineteenth century form, instead of the rough and somewhat barbarous cooking of our ancestors.

The task will require a considerable amount of bibliographical patience and research, for many of the books have grown singularly scarce, and some of the best in their original editions fell almost stillborn from the press.

It is not to be forgotten that the French volumes of "Ana" are worthy, if not of revival as a whole, yet in the form of judicious extracts and selections of by far the greater part of the humorous, witty, and occasionally somewhat licentious little books to which the wits and infidels of Louis XV. and the Regency period gave currency. Voltaire, Huet, Menage, all had something of importance to say to their generation, and apart from their manner of saying it and their denial of the Christian religion they said it well. A true lover of "Ana" should be able to distinguish the chaff from the wheat, and, choosing the good and refusing the evil, give a selection from which the poison had evaporated, leaving the brilliant wit and the play of imagination still unextracted. The letters of Mann to Walpole, as edited by Dr. Doran, the letters of Walpole and Mason, as edited by Rev. John Mitford, the Suffolk Papers, the Howard Papers, the Marchmont Papers, would all contribute something; and if we find difficulty in getting at the gossiping tomes which from Howell's Letters downward we have learned to love so well, we lay the blame on the proper shoulders, the want of enterprise in the publisher and the laziness and incompetence of the ordinary literary hack.



The Caxton Press, Liverpool.

II.

HAVING in a previous paper dealt with the careers of the founders of this Press, it now only remains to give a rapid survey of the class of literature issued from it. As may be imagined, the chief works were of a religious character, but the various branches of science and art were, however, well represented. Like the more modern "number" publishers, this early firm were guilty of omitting dates from almost all the title-pages of their several publications, thus making it practically impossible to give a thoroughly chronological account of them. In religious works, the most important was perhaps the "Grand Folio Bible," issued in twelve parts at seven shillings each, and which was edited with a lengthy introduction by the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.S.A. This was illustrated with forty-four superb engravings, some of which were designed by William Marshall Craig, a Liverpool artist of considerable reputation. An edition of "The Holy Catholic Bible," edited by Dr. Challoner and illustrated with forty engravings, was also published in folio. Fleetwood's well-known "Life of Christ" was issued in quarto; as was also Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and Cruden's "Concordance," under the editorship of the Rev. Jabez Bunting. Wood's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible," in 2 vols., 8vo, and Simpson's "Plea for Religion," with the works of Bunyan, Baxter, Hervey, and Milton may fitly represent the religious productions. In historical works we have "The Imperial Folio History of England," by Theophilus Camden, Esq., in 2 vols., folio, embellished with eighty-eight fine engravings from designs of Smirke, Burney, Uwins, Corbould, and

Benezach, engraved by Milton, Neagle, Warren, Anker Smith, Bromley, Audinet, Walker, Rhodes, Taggs, Corner, and Hopwood. Portraits of all the monarchs of England were given in this work. There was also Aspin's "Systematic Analysis of Universal History," in 4 vols., 4to; Green's "Memoirs of Charlotte Augusta of Wales," Craig's "Memoirs of H.M. Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain," and Brown's "Memoirs of George the Third," in 8vo, with portraits and illustrations. Amongst the scientific works there were: Green's "Universal Herbal," in 2 vols., 4to; Smith's "Panorama of Science and Art," in 2 vols., 8vo.; the same author's, "The Mechanic; or, Compendium of Practical Inventions," 2 vols., 8vo.; Towne's "Farmers' Directory," 1 vol., 4to; Barclay's "English Dictionary," 1 vol., 4to; Clarke's "Geographical Dictionary," 2 vols., 4to; Pelham's "The World; or, Present State of the Universe," 3 vols., 4to; and Baine's "History of the Wars of the French Revolution." Amongst the more prominent of the works issued in the class of general literature, it may suffice to mention: "The Arabian Nights"; Cowper's "Poems"; Goldsmith's "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," 4 vols., 8vo.; "Evangelical Biography," 4 vols., 8vo.; Gibbon's "Public Characters of Europe," 3 vols., 8vo.; "Adventures of Don Quixote," 2 vols., 8vo.; "Wellington; or, the History of the War in Spain and Portugal," 1 vol., and his greatest antagonist, "Bonaparte: his Rise, Progress, and Overthrow," 2 vols., 8vo.

Besides the works mentioned there were two important periodicals issued from this Press. The first in point of date as well as in importance was *The Imperial Magazine*; or, Compendium of Religious, Moral, and Philosophical Knowledge. This was published in monthly parts at one shilling each, commencing in March, 1819, and being issued regularly up to the time of the destruction of the works by fire, when, with the rest of the more important works, it was removed to London, where it continued to be issued for some time. It was under the editorship of Samuel Drew, a man of remarkable personality and acquirements at that day, and was most handsomely illustrated with engravings and woodcuts. I may be pardoned for quoting in this place a few remarks from the syllabus issued by the proprietors to the public when launching this new work. After recapitulating the various principles which governed the leading reviews and magazines of that day, the prospectus says:—"Among the diversified materials which these publications present to our view, it is to be lamented, that while they contain excellences of the highest order, some are made the vehicles of pernicious doctrines and

erroneous principles, which are at once unfriendly to civil government, injurious to public morals, and hostile to the truths of Revelation. Hence a periodical work which shall embody what is excellent, and provide an antidote for what is deleterious, is still a desideratum in this department of literature—such a publication now solicits the patronage of the public.” The headings of the various departments were as follows : 1. Religion ; 2. Literature ; 3. Moral Philosophy, or Ethics ; 4. Natural Philosophy ; 5. Chemistry ; 6. Historical Narrative ; 7. Antiquities ; 8. Politics ; 9. Domestic Economy ; 10. Trade ; 11. Miscellaneous.

The other periodical, though of a totally different character from the foregoing, was perhaps no less important and interesting. It was entitled *The Bee*, Fireside Companion and Evening Tales, issued monthly, 1821, 32 pp., price sixpence. The prospectus of this work was both short and interesting, and at the risk of being called prosaic I cannot refrain from quoting it at length, knowing as I do the importance attached in the present day to everything relating to these old periodicals :—

“This work is entirely new ; and whatever opinion the reader of this paper may form concerning it, we hope no one will be either frightened with the title, or tempted to despise, because it is called *The Bee*. We expect that *our Bee* will prove a useful insect, ‘gathering honey from every opening flower,’ and dispensing its stores to enrich and amuse the mind. It must indeed have a sting, otherwise it will be imperfect ; but this will inflict no wound, unless it happen to come in contact with guilt, as it attaches itself to general character.

“The primary design of this work is to furnish a *picture of human life*, drawn from such observations on men and manners as an intelligent Bee may be supposed to make in its various peregrinations through the country, and its employment in the hive, during the various seasons of the year.

“Both the virtues which adorn, and the vices which disgrace human nature, are continually assuming a variety of aspects. Many striking features in the human character, which we perceive exposing themselves to inspection in our daily intercourse with mankind, disappear, and are forgotten, because not arrested in their rapid flight. The treasures which have already been consigned to oblivion can never be recovered ; but in *The Bee* we hope to preserve such fugitive pieces as are verging towards its solitary shores.

“Consisting almost exclusively of light reading, it will contain articles at once interesting and instructive, without requiring any

great effort of thought. These will consist of humorous pieces, anecdotes, narratives, tales, stories, adventures, voyages, travels, literary curiosities, accounts bordering on the marvellous and romantic, with details of aberrations in human character, in other countries and in other years."

Like *The Imperial Magazine*, its career was extinguished with the fire, but unlike that periodical it was not revived in London. Considering the very large number of copies of the various works which were printed by "The Caxton Press," it is astonishing how very few are to be met with at the present time. This makes it all the more difficult to form a correct idea of the extent of its work; but I venture to think that this sketch—the first sketch written upon this Press—although brief and fragmentary in parts, will be appreciated by those interested in the early pioneers of cheap literature.

J. COOPER MORLEY.

De Quincey and Old Books.

DE QUINCEY, as is well known, was fond of old books, and the recently published De Quincey Memorials contain many facts bearing on this point. When in London, and in reply to a proposal to procure some for Wordsworth, Dorothy writes that their library is little more than a chance collection of odd books. She adds that her brother wants "all that is valuable and can be procured very cheap," and mentions "Clarendon, Burnet, any of the elder histories; translations from the classics, chiefly historical; Plutarch's Lives, Thucydides, Tacitus, Lord Bacon's works, and Milton's prose works."



Woodcuts in Early Printed Works.

ALTHOUGH destined to work a marvellous revolution in the history of the world, the art of printing, like many other inventions which have helped to ameliorate the lot of mankind, was received at first with little favour, and met, indeed, with undisguised hostility from the very class on whom it was destined to shower unmitigated benefit. The guilds of wood-engravers and block-printers regarded printing as a rival art, destined to supplant their own, and offered to it at first uncompromising resistance. To this fact has been attributed the very poor and feeble character of the cuts appearing in the earliest printed books, which in point of execution are mostly even ruder than the most primitive of the saints' figures. Owing to the opposition of the aforementioned guilds, no doubt the printers of these volumes were oftentimes reduced to the necessity of producing their cuts as they were best able, hacking them out with their own hands or with such assistance as was obtainable from their apprentices.

Albeit the first printed book is dated 1457, the introduction of woodcuts into printed volumes did not obtain until some years later, the practice, in fact, being first introduced by one Gunther Zamer, at Augsburg, in 1471. In order to bring this about, such was the bitter hostility of the trades of the period, it was necessary for the enterprising publisher to enter into a solemn compact with the executive councils of the same to the effect that all the cuts requisite for his purposes should be executed exclusively by members of their fraternity. The first printed book published in England was Caxton's "Game and Playe of Chesse," about 1476, while, in Italy, a German (Ulric) is credited with the production of the first work of a similar nature, A.D. 1467. Strange to say, however, the first-mentioned

work, the "Psalter" of Faust and Schœffer, dated 1457, is the most artistic and valuable of all the works of this period. The initial letters, printed in red and blue, are excellent in design, and show great skill in their execution.

The most notable example of wood-engraving produced in the fifteenth century is the celebrated "Nuremberg Chronicle" (1492), which contains some two thousand cuts designed by, and probably executed under the personal supervision of, William Pleydendūrf and Michael Wolgemuth, whose marvellously gifted pupil, Albrecht Dürer, we shall have occasion to speak of presently. In Italy was produced, about this time, by Aldus, a most remarkable volume, entitled the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* ; or, *Dream of Poliphile*," pronounced by Professor Colvin to be "the most concentrated, most comprehensive and many-sided expression of the early Italian Renaissance." It is the poetical and allegorical vision of Francesco Colonna, a Venetian monk ; something in the style of Dante's "*Inferno*." In it the author symbolizes, under the beauteous form of an earthly mistress, his own peculiar theories of truth, life, and death. This work contains 192 woodcuts, which Professor Colvin says "are without their like in the history of woodcutting. They breathe the spirit of that delightful moment when the utmost of imaginative *naïveté* is combined with all that is needed of artistic accomplishment, and in their simplicity are, in the best instances, of a noble composition, a masculine firmness, a delicate rigour, and grave tenderness, in the midst of luxurious or even licentious fancy, which cannot be too much admired. They have that union of force and energy with a sober sweetness, beneath a last vestige of the primitive which in the northern schools of Italy betokens the concurrent influence of the school of Montana and the school of Bellini."

It is interesting to the student of technic to note the difference in the two styles of treatment of the illustrations to these great works ; for whereas in the "Nuremberg Chronicle" cross hatching is freely introduced for the purpose of obtaining depth of colour (it is, indeed, the first example, on a large scale, of this particular method), in the "*Hypnerotomachia*" the shadows are indicated by broader lines and heavier markings—in short, by the process known to modern draughtsmen as thick and thin lining. This superiority of treatment shows Germany still in the van as the pioneer in every artistic development attained in perfecting and mastering the resources of the art.

But a great revolution in the scope and status of xylography was pending. One of the greatest artistic intellects that the world has yet seen was shortly to adopt wood-engraving as his method of

pictorial expression, and to leave upon it the impress of his mighty genius. Albrecht Dürer, the painter, sculptor, engraver, and architect, saw in the art potentialities not yet revealed to lesser minds ; and it is to the stimulus derived from his influence upon it that wood-engraving owed its rapid development and great achievements in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Associated with Dürer in his labours was another towering individuality — that of Hans Holbein, best known, perhaps, by his great work, the “Dance of Death.” In considering the effect upon the art, however, of the labours of these two distinguished men, it is important to remember that neither of them was personally actually a “hewer of wood.” Both were artists of the highest class—so high, indeed, that in some respects their work has never, to this day, been excelled.

The Poetry of the Brontë's.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË writes thus to De Quincey on June 16, 1847 :—My relations, Ellis and Acton Bell, and myself, heedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of poems. The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us ; our book is found to be a drug ; no man needs it or heeds it ; in the space of a year our publisher has disposed but of two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of these two himself only knows. Before transferring the edition to the trunk-makers we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we cannot sell ; and we beg to offer you one in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your books. I am, Sir, yours very respectfully, CURRER BELL.

A Note on Goldsmith.

A RECENT sale included the following autograph letter of Bishop Percy Goldsmith, dated May 19, 1802. It contains important references to Oliver Goldsmith: "I had agreed with Messrs. Cadell & Davies, in consideration of my giving them inedited Poems of Goldsmith, to receive 250 copies of their next edition in 4 vols. 8vo of his Miscellaneous Works, for me to dispose of for the benefit of his poor relations, principally a niece, Daughter of his Brother, to whom he dedicated his 'Traveller.' Of the above number, I was allowed to sell 125 in England, and have placed them now in the hands of Mr. White, Bookseller, in Fleet Street, to whom I offered 100 Copies at so many guineas, and would have allowed Six Months' Credit. But he has rejected my offer without proposing any terms. Although they are sold to the public at 36s. in boards, and in single copies at 22s. in sheets, for which he says he can have a Twelve Months' Credit, &c. As I wish only to serve the poor relations, I had hoped to be in London when those books were published, and then to have gone among the trade, &c., in order to have got up a good round price of 100 Guineas for them, besides private benefactions for the other 25. Being so prevented, let me explore your kind exertions to serve the poor family of our deceased Brother, and favour me with your opinion how it can best be done. Perhaps 4 or 5 of the most eminent Booksellers in London would be prevailed on to take 25 or 20 each at a price of the trade, and pay for them at Michaelmas or Christmas, without loss to them; they might thus shew their regard to the memory of a man of genius by whom they are all gaining," &c.

THOUGHT : By a Cynical Bookworm.

I TEAR old writings bit by bit,
 And what care I for bookish forms;
 Dead men are drier than their wit—
 Both wit and bones are food for worms!

PAUL HERRING.



Book-collecting.

THE following is an extract from an exceedingly interesting paper which appeared in *Temple Bar* of May :—

When "Pickwick" commenced his career on March 31, 1836, the publishers, not over sanguine as to its success, limited the impression to four hundred copies ; so that, accidental loss and wear and tear taken into consideration, very few people can now boast of possessing the absolute first issue of the early numbers. Moreover, on the appearance of the vignette on the title-page, the name of Weller on the sign-board of the "Marquis of Granby" was originally printed "Veller," the W being afterwards substituted for the V. In the first issue of "Vanity Fair," the title-page is printed in "open" letters, and on page 336 is a woodcut representing the Marquis of Steyne, and subsequently suppressed. The proof copies of Rogers's "Italy" contain on page 91 an engraving inserted there by mistake, and afterwards transferred to its proper place. These differences appear trifling, but without a knowledge of them a collector may easily be led astray, and find, when too late, as an acquaintance of mine did when he had purchased the reprint of a Dickens rarity in lieu of an original copy, that he has not got the right thing. I may add that the first collected edition of the "Uncommercial Traveller" is only complete as far as it goes, for it contains but sixteen chapters ; whereas the number was subsequently increased to thirty-six, as may be seen by referring to the library edition published at half a guinea a volume a few years ago.

For the benefit of those interested in the literature of our neighbours, it is not unimportant to state that the original edition of Henri Murger's "Scènes de la Bohême," published at three francs in 1851, is—with the exception of that issued with illustrations by "les Amis

des Livres"—the only complete one; "l'Ambassade de Colline," one of the most amusing chapters in the work, having been unaccountably omitted in later reprints. In the beautiful edition of "Paul and Virginia" and the "Indian Cottage," published by M. Curmer in 1838, the portrait of the Pariah's wife (by Meissonier) in the latter story should have a white mark like a star on the forehead, a defect in the plate which exists only in the first hundred copies printed. In the early impressions of the book, moreover, a medallion portrait of Madame Curmer was introduced at the end of the volume, and, owing to some unfriendly criticisms to which it gave rise, was afterwards suppressed. I may also mention that the first issue of the illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" bears on the title-page the figure of a bat hovering over the cathedral, which is not to be found in subsequent reprints.

A propos of Hugo—these notes being avowedly rambling—it may not be uninteresting to quote a few of the prices received by him and other celebrated French writers for their most popular works. In 1823, one of his earliest novels, "Han d'Islande," was sold for three hundred francs; forty years later, "Les Misérables" brought him no less than four hundred thousand. Eugène Sue had a hundred and sixty thousand francs from the *Débats* for the right of publishing the "Mystères de Paris"; the *Constitutionnel* paid him a hundred thousand for the "Juif Errant," and "Mathilde" was purchased by the *Presse* at the rate of a shilling a line. Frédéric Soulié received fifty thousand francs for the "Mémoires du Diable," Lamartine forty thousand for "Graziella," and Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe" realized a hundred thousand. In his latter years, the financial position of the author of "Atala" was deplorable; he had always been lavish to excess in his expenditure, and had never put by a sou. When he went to visit Charles the Tenth at Prague, the ex-King, with whom he was a great favourite, asked him point-blank what fortune he possessed. "Next to nothing," was the answer; "I am as poor as a church mouse." "This ought not to be," said the exiled monarch; "come, Chateaubriand, tell me honestly how much you require to be at your ease." "Sire," replied his visitor, "it would be money thrown away. If you were to give me a million this morning, I should not have a single franc of it left to-night."

The caprices and eccentricities of collectors are innumerable. I think, however, that the two following examples may fairly be pronounced unique on the score of originality. I have been credibly informed that a certain Parisian bibliomaniac, being of a despondent

turn of mind, conceived the lugubrious idea that his books ought, externally at least, to appear in unison with his own melancholy thoughts. With this design in view, therefore, totally regardless whether the binding of his acquisitions were the work of Derome, Padeloup, or any other renowned master of the craft, he pitilessly stripped it off, and despatched the mutilated volume to be encased, like the rest of his library, in sober black; the effect produced by which must on the whole have been funereally depressing. The other instance, a positive fact, was that of an indefatigable book-hunter, who was observed by a colleague after the Commune to pass his time in prowling about the by-streets of Paris where the soldiers from Versailles were daily engaged in searching for those implicated in the insurrection, and shooting them down wherever they found them. "What on earth are you doing?" remonstrated his friend. "Are you not aware that you are risking your life?" "Of course I am," replied the enthusiast, "but what is that compared with the chance of picking up some precious manifesto that will make a figure in my collection out of the pocket of a dead Communard!"

Nothing—the Stock Exchange excepted—is more fluctuating than the book-market; and it is difficult even for the most astute buyer to divine whether the "fancy" in which he has invested his capital will go up like a rocket or down like a stick. A year or two ago, the so-called *éditions de luxe* were all the fashion; they are now comparatively in disfavour, and voted too cumbersome for every-day reading. The smaller and less important works of our modern novelists are sought for more eagerly than their acknowledged master-pieces, the acquisition of a genuine "Vanity Fair" or "Charles O'Malley" being regarded as a trifle in comparison with the discovery of a "Last Funeral of Napoleon" or "Tales of the Trains." Such is the state of things to-day; what it may be six months hence is another matter altogether, book-collecting being a lottery in which—as most of those who have meddled with it know to their cost—there are far more blanks than prizes. The sale of extra illustrated books which took place last January has given a fresh impetus to that particular speciality, which, when cultivated by collectors of taste and experience, is perhaps the most rational and enjoyable of any; but becomes a mere farce when entrusted to incompetent hands. Some little time back I happened to glance at a copy of "Walpole's Letters," duly garnished with portraits by one of our professional book-makers, and about to be exported for the benefit of some confiding American. Coming across a passage alluding to the celebrated tragic actress Mrs. Porter, I discovered

that the lady in question was pictorially represented by—*je vous le donne en mille*, as Madame de Sévigné has it—the estimable author of the “Scottish Chiefs” and “Thaddeus of Warsaw,” in other words, by Miss Jane Porter!

Theatre Prices in Queen Elizabeth's Time.

EVEN taking into consideration the difference in the value of money, the prices of admission to the theatre in the reign of Queen Bess were much less than are now charged. The prices varied from twopence in the gallery to a shilling in the lords' room, which was situated over the stage, where stage boxes are now in old fashioned theatres. Ben Jonson, in the prologue to “Every Man Out of his Humour,” acted for the first time at the Globe, on Bank-side, in 1599, says, “An' I do, let me die poisoned by some venomous hiss, and never live to look so high as the twopenny room again”; and in the same play mention is made of the “[lords' room over the stage.” Decker, in his “Belman of London: Bringing to Light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome, 1608,” also says, “Pay you twopence to a player, and you may sit in the gallery,” while in one of Middleton's plays we find “one of them is a nip; I took him once into the twopenny gallery at the Fortune.” It appears that the price of admission to the lords' room over the stage, at the period alluded to was one shilling, for Decker, in the *Gul's Horne-booke*, 1609, says, “at a new play you take up the twelve-penny room, next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to bee hail fellow well met.”

Theatrical managers, most of whom are at their wits' end for new devices for catching the public taste, might take a hint from the age of Elizabeth and establish lords' rooms at their theatres. The sucking bloods, the shoddy dudes, the would-be men-about-town, the simious mashers, and the crowd who value a thing exclusively by its cost, would contribute royally to the receipts.



Keats Relics and MSS.

MR. EDWARD JENKS, a Professor in the University of Melbourne, writes to the *Athenæum*, announcing his acquisition of a little manuscript book which (he believes) contains several pages in the handwriting of the poet. The book belonged, it seems, to the poet's brother George. The pages thought to be in the poet's handwriting contain (1) "The Pot of Basil," (2) the "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern," and (3) "The Eve of St. Mark." An impartial expert in handwriting, to whom Mr. Jenks submitted the book, has no doubt that these three things are in the poet's handwriting. In Keats's letters, Mr. Jenks finds indications of a promise to let his brother have copies of these three pieces. With regard to internal evidence, Mr. Jenks says:—"I have compared the three pieces very carefully with their counterparts in the only critical editions of the poet to which I have access—that of Lord Houghton (1866, Moxon), that of Mr. Palgrave ('Golden Treasury'), and that of Mr. Buxton Forman (1883, with supplement, 1889). Of these, the first two do not contain 'The Eve of St. Mark,' but in the other pieces they all agree, while they differ, in places strikingly, from the MS. in my possession. But a glance at the discrepancies is sufficient to show that, in nearly all cases, they represent the poet's own views in an early stage. Especially is this the case with 'The Pot of Basil,' where they correspond almost word for word with the transcript in the Woodhouse commonplace book, first issued by Mr. Sidney Colvin in his monograph on Keats in the 'English Men of Letters' series. . . . I might suggest that if, as is possible, the volume in my possession should prove to be that from which Mr. Woodhouse's transcript was made, 'The Pot of Basil' and 'The Eve of St. Mark' may have an exceptional interest as the

oldest autographs of those pieces in existence. Mr. Forman admits that he has 'not succeeded in tracing any complete manuscript of the [former] poem.' And the condition of the latter in my MS. is such as to lead to the belief that we have in it the very inspiration of the writer as it came from his brain. The lines are cut to pieces and re-written, sometimes in the margin, as in an original draft, while 'The Pot of Basil' has much more the appearance of a fair copy, made by the poet from a rougher draft. A notable exception to this rule occurs, however, in the sixteen lines of Chattertonian English at the end of the fragments."

The same journal also announces that the trustees of the British Museum have just received a gift of unusual value and interest. The letters which John Keats addressed to his only sister, from the time of his sojourn with his friend Bailey at Oxford, in 1817, until his departure for Italy with Joseph Severn in 1820, were carefully preserved by their recipient during a long life—one of them, however, having been presented to Mr. Locker-Lampson many years ago. The series was entrusted to Mr. Buxton Forman for publication in his collected edition of Keats's writings. The children of the late Señora Llanos (Fanny Keats) have merited well of the nation in deciding to present a collection of this priceless character to the British Museum. Two of their uncle's letters are retained as an heirloom in the hands of the family, two have been presented as a memento to Mr. Buxton Forman, and the one already referred to remains in the Locker-Lampson collection. The number given to the Museum is 42.

The manuscripts of George Eliot's novels (with the exception of "Scenes of Clerical Life") have also become the property of the nation. They were left by her to the late Mr. Charles Lewes for his life, and at his death to the British Museum. The handwriting is beautifully neat and clear, and to each manuscript is prefixed a dedication to G. H. Lewes.





Cockaine's "Chaine of Golden Poems."

A COPY of the first edition, 1659, of Sir Aston Cockaine's "Chaine of Golden Poems, embellished with Wit, Mirth, and Eloquence" (printed by "W. G., and are to be sold by Isaac Pridmore, at the Golden Falcon, neare the New Exchange"), was recently catalogued by Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, the well-known second-hand booksellers. The copy contained the very rare original portrait of the author, crowned with laurels, with verses at foot. This work is one of the scarcest and most difficult of the volumes of poems printed in the middle of the seventeenth century to get in original state. The only other perfect copy we know of having lately occurred for sale was in 1877, when it sold by auction for £19 15s. This was George Daniel's copy, and had been previously sold in his sale (1864) for £9. After the general title, as given above, is another as follows, "Small Poems of Divers Sorts, written by Sir Aston Cockain. London, printed by Will Godbid, 1658," followed by "the Author's Apology to the Reader," a Commendatory Poem on "the Author's Poetical Composures," by Thomas Bancroft, and a rare leaf of faults escaped, then Poems pp. 1 to 284, a new title-page, "The Obstinate Lady, a Comedy written by Sir Aston Cockain. London, printed by William Godbid, 1658," pp. 289 to 410. Another title-page, "Trappolin Creduto Principe, or Trappolin suppos'd a Prince, an Italian Trage-Comedy. The Scene part of Italy. Written by Sir Aston Cockain. London, printed by William Godbid, 1658," pp. 413 to 508. The portrait, of which the above contains a fine and genuine original impression, is of the most excessive rarity. The volume marked in the "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica," 1815, at £5 5s., only contained "a copy, after the rare print of the author," and the one enumerated by J. Payne

Collier, in his account of the rarest books in the English language, also lacked the "rare portrait." It is a well-engraved print, representing the bust of the author on a pedestal crowned with laurels, and at the foot are the following verses :—

"Come, Reader, draw thy purse and be a guest
To our Parnassus ; 'tis the Muses' feast,
The entertainment needs must be divine
Appollo's th' Host where Cockain's Heads ye sign."

According to Ellis, "Cockaine's poems may be consulted with advantage by those who search after anecdotes of contemporary characters, or pictures of their manners. His days seem to have been passed between his bottle, his books, and his rhymes. His mind appears to have been much cultivated with learning ; and it is clear that he possessed considerable talents." The following is so conclusive an evidence of the good taste of Sir Aston, that we quote it to his credit, and for the benefit of our readers. After reviewing the claims of the various attractions which the world offers to its votaries, he thus announces his own preference :—

"Give me a study of good books, and I
Envy to none their hugg'd felicity."

A Ponderous Commentary.

JOSEPH CARYL, an Independent minister in the days of Charles I., published a "Commentary on the Book of Job," in *two folio volumes*. It was wittily remarked of this ponderous work that the perusal of it would be a sufficient exercise of the virtue of patience, which it was chiefly intended to inculcate.



Our Note-Book.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has an interesting and even fascinating theme in writing "The History of Pickwick," with an "account of its characters, localities, allusions, and illustrations" (Chapman and Hall); but he has thrown away entirely the opportunity of making the history of permanent value as a book of reference. There is neither index nor list of contents, and the Bibliography is thoroughly unsatisfactory, it being a mere list jumbled together without any system whatever. These are faults of which every reader, when "general" or special, will justly complain. Mr. Fitzgerald's carelessness is truly appalling, for he has both the knowledge and the ability to make a history of Pickwick of permanent value. There are good and bad methods of bookmaking, and Mr. Fitzgerald has chosen the latter because it involves less trouble. In spite of its many obvious shortcomings, the book is interesting and, as might be expected, entertainingly written. We know, from Forster's "Life," that the popularity of Pickwick outstripped at a bound that of all the most famous books of the century. The charm of its gaiety (continues Forster) and good-humour, its inexhaustible fun, its riotous overflow of animal spirits, its brightness and keenness of observation, and, above all, the incomparable ease of its many varieties of enjoyment, fascinated everybody. Judges on the bench and boys in the street, gravity and folly, the young and the old alike, found it to be irresistible. This popularity evinced in the most curious, widespread manner, for canes, pipes, coats, cigars, and very many other things were dubbed Pickwick, and for the most part sold extensively, when under any other name they would certainly never have attained such sales. The object of Mr. Fitzgerald's book is comprehensive enough, and although it is not nearly so good

as it might have been, it is a book which no one interested in Dickens can afford to overlook.

* * * *

M. Edouard Rouveyre's "Bibliothèque des Connaissances utiles aux Amis des Livres" has made a decided hit, and each volume is "épuisés" almost so soon as it is printed. The Library differs from Mr. Elliot Stock's pretty and interesting "Booklover's," in being written so far entirely by one man, M. Henri Bouchot, "du cabinet des Estampes," who is of course a host in himself. We have already spoken favourably of the first volume, "Les Ex-Libris," and two more are now before us, "Des Livres Modernes qu'il convient d'acquérir," and "De La Reliure: Exemples à imiter ou à rejeter." In neither case does the author pretend to be exhaustive, for any such claim would be absurd considering that the volumes do not extend beyond a hundred pages each. "Des Livres Modernes" deals solely with modern books which appeal more especially to the amateur or bibliophile; and the three sections deal respectively with contemporary books, with contemporary "bibliofolie," and with the various processes of decoration. Among the many illustrations, most of which are charmingly designed and perfectly engraved, we notice a delightful false-title vignette by V. A. Poirson for a French translation of the "Vicar of Wakefield," representing the outside of a bookseller's shop in the olden time. The second volume, "De La Reliure," is practically nothing more than a *causerie* on the modern methods of bookbinding chiefly so far as regards the exterior ornamentation; and M. Bouchot does not satisfy himself with simply pointing out the best modern examples, but also the forms which he considers objectionable. His "idées sur le choix d'une reliure" contains many hints worthy of serious attention, whilst the *brochure* itself contains a number of choice illustrations.

* * * *

A facetious individual once declared that in America the publishers of the daily papers had to offer premiums in form of pianofortes to induce anybody to subscribe for a year. Of the many kinds of premiums, of which some are good but the majority are bad, the very best is that offered voluntarily to subscribers to the *American Bookmaker*, the well-known trade journal published by Messrs. Howard Lockwood & Co., New York. Their premium consists of "The American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking" in parts, and is only obtained by subscribers to the *Bookmaker*. The work is entirely new, and the publishers have evidently spared no expense in making it an encyclopædia of the most valuable and perfect kind.

We have examined several of the articles in the part now before us, and it is only fair to add that the information is complete, concise, well-written, and, what is of most importance, correct. The title implies a certain comparatively narrow scope, but a superficial examination of the work proves that it appeals quite as strongly to English readers as it does to American; and no technical library worthy of the name in this country can afford to be without the "American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking."

* * * *

Whilst writing on a technical subject, we have pleasure in recommending a dainty little brochure by Mr. C. T. Jacobi, entitled, "On the Making and Issuing of Books," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W. Authors are somewhat obstreperous people as a rule when they come to deal with printing matters, and printers usually entertain a very poor opinion of men who write books. Each class is impatient of the shortcomings of the other, and if every author, in embryo or full-fledged, gave proper attention to the rules which Mr. Jacobi lays down in his latest book, much unparliamentary language on the one side and waste of money on the other might be prevented. Mr. Jacobi deals briefly but in sufficient fulness with the preparation of MS. for the press, the character, sizes, and names of types, the varieties of papers, the margins and sizes of books, the methods of illustrating, bindings, copyright and registration, and several other phases with which every author should be perfectly cognisant.

* * * *

Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the industrious editor of the *Western Antiquary*, has edited, and Mr. Elliot Stock has published, a very entertaining book under the title of "Blue Friars' Pleasantries." It is a natural outcome of Mr. Wright's previous volume entitled "The Blue Friars: their Sayings and Doings"; for whereas the earlier publication was chiefly taken up with an historical description of the fraternity known as "The Brothers Blue," the present book is mostly composed of a selection from the papers read at the periodical reunions of the Order in Plymouth. The volume has a very distinct and important local interest, and as such it ought to be in every West-country library, public or private; but the local colouring is so natural and unobtrusive, that this collection of exceedingly good things ought to have a wider circulation. Mr. Wright's very entertaining introductory chapter on "Clubs—Whimsical and Literary" contains many curious, amusing, and out-of-the-way facts.

As a literary and typographical curiosity, "The Lord's Prayer in Three Hundred Languages," issued by Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, of St. John's House, Clerkenwell, is a book decidedly worth having. It comprises the prayer not only in the leading languages, but also in the principal dialects throughout the world. Dr. Rost's preface is brief and to the point. Rather more than forty years ago (1844-47) Auer's "Sprachen-halle" was published at Vienna, and contained the Lord's Prayer in two hundred languages; it was mainly intended to exhibit the then unrivalled resources of Oriental typography contained in the Vienna Imperial Printing Office. It is a great thing, therefore, to find a private firm in this country with resources so great that it is in a position to show that, in variety of type, it has probably no European rival. Even to those who have only a smattering of five or six principal European languages, the book is exceedingly interesting, and of distinct literary value.

* * * *

Among the bibliographical rarities at the shop of Mr. Menken, of Bury Street, New Oxford Street, we notice a magnificent specimen of the "Incunabula,"—"Incipit nova compilatio Decretalium" (Basileæ: Mihahel Wenzler, 1478) of Gregory IX. The type is in double columns. The initials throughout are painted in by hand, in colours and gold, and some of the pages are further illuminated. The type, the ink, the paper, all attest an excellence of workmanship, a freshness, and a brilliancy, that are simply marvellous. In examining this fine folio the mind is filled with wonder and admiration at the high state of perfection to which the printer's art was brought within the first few years after its invention. This volume is a true work of art, and looks more as if it had issued from the press within the last year or two, than having a record of 413 years. At the end occur the following quaint lines (quoted *verb. et lit.*), which show what an achievement the work was considered even at that time, and what were regarded by the printer as some of its special points:—

"Haud ego nec scriptas æcretales neq. pressas.
Confero cum nostris in tribus eximiis.
In foliis spacium cunctis est margins equum.
Hoc fulget primum codicis arte decus.
Querere siforsan distantes crebro fatigat
Glosas, hic folium vertere non opus est.
Gramât a certificant cito te monstrantia glosas.
Tersus et a mendis te faciet docilem."



The French "Book-Prices Current."

WE have already called attention to the appearance of the *Petit Manuel du Bibliophile et du Libraire*, a fortnightly record of prices, edited by our friend and *confrère*, M. B. H. Gausseron. A correspondent, Mr. John Eland, has been good enough to send us the following interesting notes on M. Gausseron's new venture:—Each number contains about a hundred entries of books which have changed hands in recent sales. Among the English items mentioned in the six numbers issued up to the time of writing are several books illustrated by Rowlandson and the Cruikshanks, Hogarth's works, and the Baskerville Orlando Furioso. An uncut copy of "The English Spy," illustrated by Robert Cruikshank (London, 1825-6; 2 vols. 8vo), sold for 416 francs; and Victor Hugo's "Hans of Iceland" (London, 1825; 12mo) also went, with 4 plates by George Cruikshank, for 64 francs; while the Abbé Desfontaine's translation of "Gulliver's Travels," printed by Didot aîné, an V., 2 vols., 18mo, bound by Chambolle-Duru, with figures by Lefèvre, *before* and after letters, brought 250 francs.

The second edition of the "Essais de Montaigne" (Bordeaux, S. Millanges, 1852; small 8vo) reached 230 francs; and the fifth (Paris, Abel L'Angelier, 1588; 4to), bound by Cuzin, 385 francs. An uncut large-paper copy of "Les Baisers," by Dorat (La Haye et Paris, 1770; 8vo), sold for 1,130 francs, and a small-paper one for 47 francs; La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles," the edition "des fermiers généraux" (Amsterdam and Paris, 1762; 2 vols. 8vo), brought 490 francs; while Didot's edition (Paris, 1795; 2 vols. in one, 4to), on vellum paper, *uncut*, with 20 figures before letters by Fragonard, sold for 650 francs. The "Choix de Chansons," by De Laborde, with Moreau's plate, including the portrait of De Laborde,

"à la lyre" (Paris, De Lormel, 1773; 4 vols.), reached 1,490 francs; while the copy of the original edition of the "Contes d'Ouville" (Paris, Toussainet Quinet, 1644; 4 vols. 8vo), which sold for 1,110 francs at the Pichou sale, was disposed of for 376 francs.

"L'Oeuvres du fea maistre Alain Chartien" (Paris, Galliot du Pré, 1529; 8vo), bound by Chambolle-Duru, sold for 230 francs; and those of Clement Marot (La Haye, Adrien Moetjens, 1700; 2 vols. 12mo), in old morocco, brought 130 francs. The first edition of Molière's "Le Misanthrope" (Paris, J. Ribon, 1667; 12mo), bound by Cuzin, was adjudged at 385 francs; and one of the three known copies of the "Pseaumes de David traduis en françois selon l'hebrue" (Remi Billant, 1697; 8vo), printed for the use of Madame de Montespan, whose arms are figured on the title-page, sold for 51 francs.

A Book Wanted.

THE Latin American department of the World's Columbian Exposition is very anxious to obtain information concerning a copy of a little quarto published in Rome in 1493, containing the important bull of Pope Alexander VI., by which he divided the New World between Portugal and Spain.

Only two copies of this pamphlet are in existence so far as can be ascertained. One is in the Royal Library at Munich. The other was sold in London at auction by Puttick and Simpson, auctioneers, on May 24, 1854, and was bought by Obadiah Rich, for £4 8s., for some private library in the United States which he declined to name. It has entirely disappeared from the knowledge of bibliophiles, and no trace of it can be found. Any person having knowledge of the whereabouts of this historical treasure will be kind enough to notify the Department of State, Washington, D. C.



Interesting Discovery of State Papers.

A CURIOUS occurrence took place in the year 1840. An antiquary bought some soles from one Jay, a fishmonger in Old Hungerford Market, Yarmouth. The soles were wrapped in a large stiff sheet of paper torn from a folio volume which stood at the fishmonger's elbow. When the purchaser unwrapped his purchase his eye caught the signatures of Lauderdale, Godolphin, Ashley and Sunderland on the large stiff sheet of paper. The wrapper was a sheet of the victualling charges for prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II. The signatures were those of his ministers.

The antiquary went back at once to Jay's shop. "That is good paper of yours," he said, assuming an air of indifference. "Yes, but too stiff. I've got a lot of it, too. I got it from Somerset House. They had 10 tons of waste paper, and I offered £7 a ton, which they took, and I have got 3 tons of it in the stables. The other 7 they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asked the antiquary, his heart in his mouth. "Pretty much," replied Jay; "all odds and ends."

Jay obligingly allowed the antiquary to carry home an armful of the rubbishy papers. His head swam as he looked on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, dividend receipts signed by Pope and Newton, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and another on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly handwriting of Elizabeth. The Government in selling the papers to Jay had disposed of public documents which contained much of the history of the country from Henry VII. to George IV.

The antiquary went back to Jay. Little by little he was acquiring

the whole pile, but he injudiciously whispered his secret about, and it became no longer a secret. The Government were aroused to a sense of their loss and the public clamoured for a committee of inquiry. It was then found that the blame lay with Lord Mount-eagle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that the papers which had been sold for £70 were, at the least, worth some £3,000; but most of them had by this time been lost or mutilated or scattered beyond redemption.

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An Expensive Pack of Cards.

EIGHT thousand francs for a pack of cards, and a very “much played pack, were given not long since in Munich, being bought of the possessor, the antiquary Ludwig Rosenthal, to take abroad. They were some of the so-called Mantegua cards of Baccio Baldini, of the fifteenth century, and a well-known work of art of the period of the invention of engraving.

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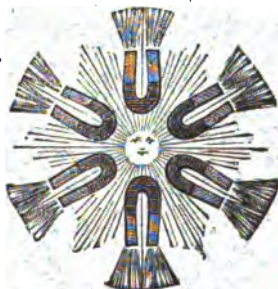
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Our Note-Book.

MR. ERNEST E. BAKER, F.S.A., is to be congratulated on his wisdom in reprinting "A Calendar of the Shakespearean Rarities, Drawings and Engravings, formerly preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton, that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which had the honour of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the Great Dramatist than are to be found in any of the world's libraries," and the exceedingly able manner in which he has enlarged the original volume by notes, descriptive of the various items, and also to particularize the bindings. Many of the books contain memoranda written in them by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, pointing out their special Shakespearean interest, and the reason of their being included in the collection: these memoranda are for the most part copied in full. The collection consists of 805 articles, nearly all of which have been gathered together between 1872 and 1887, and bearing in mind the extreme rarity of (1) early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, (2) authentic personal relics, (3) documentary evidences respecting his estates and individuals connected with his biography, and (4) artistic illustrations of localities connected with his personal history—into which four sections "A Calendar" practically resolves itself—the wonder is that even with an unlimited income any man could have collected such a wonderful number of rare and interesting relics. The most important of the early engraved portraits of Shakespeare is that of Martin Droeshout in its original proof state, before it was altered by an inferior hand into the vitiated form in which it has been so long familiar to the public. It was purchased many years ago for £100, and the tempting offer of £1,000 from an

American would now be considerably exceeded if the portrait were brought under the hammer. Of the very few authentic personal relics of the great dramatist, *i.e.*, articles that were at one time indubitably in his own possession, the principal is the will, now preserved in Somerset House, but there are also a small number of title-deeds; beyond these there is not a single other domestic memorial of any description the genuineness of which is not open to either doubt or suspicion. If so very few relics can be classed in the first rank, a large number come in the category of the probable, and are only just a little less satisfactory than the indubitably genuine article.

* * * *

The printed books are highly interesting, and in many instances nearly unique. There are, for example, two editions of Lily's "Shorte Introduction of Grammar, generally to be used, compiled, and set forth for the bringing up of all those that intend to attain the knowledge of the Latin tongue. London, 1568," for which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps paid £120. A copy also of the 1567 edition is to be found in this collection, and one or both were certainly used in Stratford School when Shakespeare was learning his "small Latin and less Greek." A curious proof of this fact is given by the dramatist quoting a line in Terence for this edition, and not for the original text direct. Several other school-books—than which few books more quickly disappear entirely—are included in this collection. Works of a more ambitious type abound. There are, for example, a copy of the "Palladis Tamia," 1598, with the earliest list of Shakespeare's Plays; "Love's Labour Lost," the first work with Shakespeare's name; two examples of the very rare Music of the time of Elizabeth, Morley's "First Book of Ayres," 1600 (with "It was a lover and his lass," in "As You Like It"), and a rarer MS. of Giles Lodge, 1591, with "apt notes" of old songs and ballads; one of the earliest Play Bills known, and hundreds of others rare or unique, and each illustrating in some degree the life and times of Shakespeare. This magnificent and unique collection was offered to Birmingham for the sum of £7,000, but for some technical reason the Corporation were unable to effect the purchase, and the collection now awaits a purchaser for the sum of £10,000—a by no means unreasonable amount.

* * * *

The latest addition to Mr. Elliot Stock's delightful Book Lover's Library, is "The Story of the 'Imitatio Christi'" of Thomas à Kempis, by Mr. Leonard A. Wheatley, who, as a perusal of the

book proves, is an exceedingly competent authority, and knows every phase in the history of this remarkable book. "The Imitation of Christ" has been more read than any other book in the world, excepting, of course, the Bible, to which, also, it is only second in the number of languages and dialects into which it has been translated. Mr. Wheatley has endeavoured to show how the four treatises now known under the name of the "Imitation of Christ" had their origin in the "Ripiaría," or books of extracts recommended by Gerard Groot to his followers, the Brethren of Common Life; he has also traced the mysticism to be found in "The Imitation" from that in the German mystics who preceded Thomas à Kempis, as also the more practical ideas from the works of his friends and contemporaries. This entertaining and exhaustive little monograph is divided into thirteen chapters, and forms an important and welcome addition to the literature of bibliography.

* * * *

In *La France* recently M. Fulbert-Dumonteil told for the first time an exhilarating story in connection with the late Calmann Lévy, the eminent publisher of Paris, and an embryo author. One day a young man, "hautement recommandé et parfaitement sympathique," whom we, like the French journalist, will term Antoine, called on the great publisher with the MS. of a romance entitled the "Père César." "A nice title," observed Lévy; "come again in a fortnight's time." The verdict was to the effect that the story had its good points, but it was too obviously amateurish for publication. As the young man, highly recommended and so forth, appeared greatly cast down, the generous bibliopole placed a 50-franc note in his hand. Two months after, a "new" work, "La Tante Giroflée," was submitted, and again the title pleased the publisher. At a stated time the author called to know the decision in reference to his second work, and again the story—which "was not bad"—was found too immature. For a second time the generous publisher gave the author a bank-note for 50 francs.

* * * *

Three months passed, and for a third time the author brought a "new" story, named "L'oncle Epaminondas." The publisher affected a great astonishment at the young man's determination, and promised to read the story himself, and to give a decision in eight days. Again the verdict was against publication. "I am ill, very ill," murmured the young man, in seating himself, "and the doctor has advised me to go into the country for two months, and take a rest; but I am without money." Handing the aspiring author

a third bank-note for 50 francs, Lévy urged upon him the necessity for taking care of his health and of improving his style. A few weeks later the brave and valiant boy appeared with a fourth novel, "*La Cousine Cerisette*," observing, "I have improved my style." The short reply, "that is well," and a frown were only a prelude to the storm which burst out when the author suggested that the publisher should not read more of this novel than he had read of the others. "You deceive yourself, young man," retorted Lévy, "I have read them all, and here is a proof: you have done nothing more than change the title and replace the first page of your romance. '*Le Père César*' became '*La Tante Giroflée*,' '*La Tante Giroflée*' '*L'Oncle Epaminondas*,' and '*L'Oncle Epaminondas*' '*La Cousine Cerisette*.' There are too many parents; your family is too numerous to interest me. I do not regret my 150 francs. Now you can go—publish elsewhere." But the young man—"hautement recommandé et parfaitement sympathique"—did not stop for any more good advice, and it is pretty certain that he was only moderately delighted with the sudden interruption of his pleasant career as a novelist.

* * * *

Students of Erasmus, who may happen to be in Rotterdam during the present season, should not fail to visit the chief library of this place, for its "*Erasmiana*" is very extensive, numbering over 300 volumes. Some of these are very rare, and one at least is unique. It is the edition of the "*Noctes*" of Aulus Gellius, printed at Venice in 1509, which formerly belonged to Erasmus, and contains a number of his notes and annotations on the margins of the book; on folio 79 there is an exceedingly quaint design of Erasmus. The copy is in perfect preservation. The edition itself is a scarce one, and rarely ever occurs in the market.





Foreigners who have Written in English.

PIERRE ANTOINE MOTTEUX.

“Sprachkunde, lieber Sohn, ist Grundlag allem Wissen,
Derselben sei zuerst und sei zuletzt beflissen.”—RÜCKERT.

IN spite of the able manner in which his life and labours have been treated recently,¹ the name of Peter Motteux is but little known to the public—I might even say to men of letters—except as the somewhat mysterious “publisher” or translator of “Don Quixote.” This work, however, forms but a small item of Motteux’s literary baggage.

“It is an uncommon occurrence for a man to leave his native land at the age of twenty-five, settle in a foreign country, and after residing there for a few years, render himself so completely master of its language as to write in it comedies, operas, farces, epilogues, prologues, and poems, which are acknowledged to be as good as most of those which were written by the wits of the times in which he lived.”

These are the appropriate words with which Mr. H. van Laun begins his “History of Motteux,” and I know of no similar instance unless it be that of our countryman Thomas Hales, who somewhat later gained popularity at Paris as a dramatic writer under the name of

¹ “A Short History of the late Mr. Peter Anthony Motteux, a native of France, whilom Dramatist, China Merchant, and Auctioneer, who departed this life on the 18th of February, 1718 (old style), being then precisely fifty-eight years old.” By Henri van Laun. (Privately printed.) 8vo, 43 pp., without date (1880). Originally published in Messrs. J. C. Nimmo and Bain’s edition of “Don Quixote.” To this exhaustive and admirably-arranged memoir I have been much indebted in compiling the following notice.

D'Hèle.¹ But Hales, although he may have possessed as much talent, was certainly not so versatile as Motteux.

We know but little of Motteux's life either before or after he came to our shores, nor has Mr. van Laun been able to add many material facts to those given in the chief biographical dictionaries. He was born at Rouen in 1660, and educated in that town. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes he came to London, in 1685, and lived at first with his godfather, Paul Dominique, associating with Englishmen rather than his fellow refugees. Shortly after 1696 he married, and had two sons. He seems to have had the intention of making his way as an author; but finding, no doubt, little profit in the field of letters, resolved to try his hand at commerce, or, as he says, "From author I turned trader." He became an East India merchant or "China Man," and took a place in Leadenhall Street, where he also had an auction-room, probably for the sale of the wares he imported, a mode of disposing of such goods prevalent at this day. Sir Walter Scott calls him "merchant and bookseller." He may occasionally have sold Oriental or foreign books, but I agree with Mr. van Laun that there seems to be no evidence of his having been a bookseller in the strict acceptance of the term. The nature of his business he has himself very clearly defined.² "But engrost as I am," he writes in the preface to his "Poem upon Tea," "by my China and Indian Trade, and all the distracting Variety of a Doyly; and just ready to cross the Seas again, to Recruit those new Branches of Foreign Silks, Lace, Linnens, Pictures, and other Goods, of which I usually bring over fresh supplies, &c." He was a good linguist. In addition to his knowledge of English, which Scott says he "understood completely," he spoke, according to his own statement, "Dutch and French, besides other languages." He supplemented his regular business by employment at the Post Office. At no time of his life does Motteux appear to have been wealthy. If we may judge from the tawny tone of the dedications of some of his works and the advertisements of his business, he was for several years in straitened circumstances, and after his death his effects were disposed of in his own auction-room, indicating probably that he had left little money to his wife, who survived him. Of Motteux's morality the less said the better, it seems to have been the reverse of pure; and his death was at once peculiar and mysterious. On his

¹ "Lettres sur les Anglais qui ont écrit en Français par Sylvain van de Weyer," in "Mélanges de la Société des Philobiblon," vol. i., reprinted in "Choix d'Opuscules de S. van de Weyer, Londres, Trübner," 1863, vol. i.

² "Dryden's Works," Edinburgh, 1821, vol. xi. p. 67.

birthday, February 18th, 1718, he went, with a doxy whom he had picked up in the street, to a house of ill-fame in Star Court, in the Butcher Row, behind St. Dane's Church, where he was found strangled by a doctor who was summoned. A reward of £50 was offered by the Government for the apprehension of the supposed murderers. Five persons (a soldier and four girls) were eventually arrested and tried, but were acquitted. No record remains of the trial, which was probably conducted with closed doors. As the individuals implicated, all of mean station and presumably without influence, were found not guilty, they were able, no doubt, to give a satisfactory account of the cause of his death, due possibly to negligence rather than premeditation or intended murder. It has been suggested, indeed, by some who have devoted attention to such subjects, that Motteux's death was of a nature impossible to explain here, even were such explanation desirable or profitable. Motteux was buried in the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, at the corner of Cornhill and St. Mary Axe, on 22nd February, 1718.

Let us now consider Motteux as an author. His works consist of plays, poems, and translations, most of them in point of wit fully equal to the average productions of his day, and, it must be owned with regret, quite as coarse and licentious.

He began his literary career as editor of the *Gentleman's Journal*, the first number of which appeared January 1st, 1691 (old style), and continued three years. To this publication he contributed verses, &c.

Although, as already mentioned, he is best known as a translator of "Don Quixote," his fame should, I think, chiefly rest on his dramatic writings. Many of these enjoyed success in their day, but have long since disappeared from the stage together with those of much more eminent writers.

There is assuredly no branch of literature so difficult as the drama. In addition to the attainments needed to insure success in any and every kind of literary composition, the playwright must possess a knowledge of the public taste and of the requirements and machinery of the stage—a knowledge, it must be owned, most difficult of acquisition by an outsider, especially a foreigner. The opinion, indeed, has been expressed that no really great play was ever written except by an actor, in collaboration with an actor, or by one reared among actors and amidst theatrical surroundings. To produce a fortunate play in a foreign language, for a foreign audience, would seem almost impossible. Yet it is on record that several of Motteux's plays did please the audience and did hold the stage

for many successive nights. Assuredly he whom Dryden compares to Corneille for his preservation of the unities, to Wycherly for his wit, could have been no mean dramatist.

" But whence art thou inspired, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own ?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best." *

Baker gives a list of seventeen pieces written, wholly or in part by Motteux for the theatre. As Baker's book² is not in common use, I reproduce his list with some trifling additions :—

1. "Love's a Jest," Comedy, 1696, 4to, prose, 5 acts.
2. "The Loves of Mars and Venus," a Play set to Music, 1697, 4to, verse, 3 acts. Reprinted in 1722, 12mo.
3. "The Novelty," Every Act a Play. Being a Short Pastoral, Comedy, Masque, Tragedy, and Farce after the Italian manner. Written by Mr. Motteux, and other hands, 1697, 4to, verse and prose, 5 acts.
4. "Europe's Revels," Musical Interlude, 1697, 4to.
5. "Beauty in Distress," Tragedy, 1698, 4to, blank verse, 5 acts.
6. "The Island Princess, or the Generous Portuguese," Opera, 1699, 4to, verse, 5 acts. Reprinted in 1701, 4to.

"The Island Princess" appears to have caused a marked impression; it was parodied in verse (in "Poems on Affairs of State," London, 1703) in a piece entitled "The Confederate: or the First Happy Day of the Island Princess." Here we read :

" And opera with loud applause is played,
Which famed Motteux in soft heroics made."

And again :

" But should divine Motteux untimely die,
The gasping nine would in convulsions lie."

7. The Words of a New Interlude, called "The Four Seasons, or Love in Every Age." And of all the Musical Entertainments in the New Opera, called "The Island Princess," 1699, 4to, verse, 5 acts.

8. "Acis and Galatea," Masque, 1701, 4to, verse, 2 scenes. Reprinted in 1723, 12mo.

9. "Britain's Happiness," Musical Interlude, 1704, 4to.

* Fourteenth Epistle, "Works," Edinburgh, 1821, vol. xi. p. 67.

² "Biographia Dramatica," London, 1812.

10. "Arsinoë, Queen of Cyprus," Opera, 1705, 4to.
11. "The Amorous Miser ; or, the Younger the Wiser," Comedy, 1705, 4to. prose, 3 acts.
12. "The Temple of Love," Pastoral Opera, Englished from the Italian, 1706, 4to, verse, 3 acts.
13. "Thomyris, Queen of Scythia," Opera, 1707, 4to, verse, 3 acts. Reprinted in 1709, 8vo, with the Italian text on opposite pages.
- 14 & 15. "Farewell Folly : or, The Younger the Wiser," Comedy. With a Musical Interlude, called "The Mountebank ; or, The Humours of the Fair." Never before printed, 1707, 4to, prose, 3 acts.

16. "Love's Triumph," Opera, 1708, 4to, verse, 3 acts.

17 "Love dragoon'd," Farce. Baker remarks of this piece (which I have not seen): "When or where acted, or of what date the publication, we know not, but imagine it to have been about 1700."

All the above plays were printed and acted in London, either at the theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Queen's Theatre in the Hay Market, or the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. "Farewel Folly," be it remarked, is but an alteration and enlargement of "The Amorous Miser," the scene being transferred from Spain to England. As already mentioned, Motteux's theatrical productions found favour with the public. "Beauty in Distress," according to Baker, enjoyed considerable success ; it contains many fine lines and was warmly commended by Dryden, who wrote the prologue ; it obtained for its author a present from the Princess Royal, afterwards Queen Anne. "With proper curtailments," adds Baker, "we think this piece might be made fit for the present stage."

As a translator or editor Motteux is known by three works. In 1694 he edited Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of "Rabelais," of which he enhanced the value by the addition of a preface, "which has become a classical introduction to this author, even in his own native country, France." He also added some verses which have a "strong Pantagruelistic flavour." Tyler remarks that this version "may be considered one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation." In 1708 he published a translation of the 4th and 5th book of "Rabelais" called "Pantagruel's Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle." His "Account of Morocco," rendered from the French of M. Pidou de Saint Olon, appeared in 1695.

I have already mentioned Motteux's "Don Quixote," which first appeared in 1712 as "translated from the original by several hands, and published by Peter Motteux." Who these assistants were is

not known; but, as Mr. H. van Laun justly remarks: "We must ascribe chiefly to M. Motteux the merit of having written the racy, idiomatic, and spirited translation of a work which is, perhaps, more difficult than any other to render in a foreign tongue." Of the numerous renderings into English of Cervantes' immortal romance, that of Motteux has been most frequently reprinted. George Ticknor considers it, "on the whole, the most agreeable and the best, though certainly somewhat too free."¹ This coincides with the opinion of Tyler and others.

We have seen that Motteux was a successful dramatist, an erudite editor, an able and popular translator; let us now examine his claims to rank as a poet.

In addition to the verses contributed to his own journal, he wrote several prologues and epilogues to plays by his friends, among which may be specially mentioned the epilogues to H. Smith's tragedy of "The Princess of Parma," and Vanburgh's comedy of "The Mistake." In a skit of the time called "The History of the Athenian Society," we find a rhymed poem of nineteen lines by him, with a paraphrase of the same in Latin of sixteen lines. An "Ode in praise of Kent" from his pen is inserted in the Rev. John Harris's "History of Kent."

Motteux was eminently loyal to the sovereigns of his adopted country, and as great an admirer of William III. and his consort as Macaulay himself could have wished. The death of the queen inspired his muse with—

"Maria. A Poem occasioned by the Death of Her Majesty. Address to Three Persons of Honour. By Mr. Motteux. London, Printed for Peter Buck, at the Sign of the Temple, near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleetstreet," 1695, 4to, in irregular verse. In the following year he published—

"Words for a Musical Entertainment at the New-Theatre, in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields; on the Taking of Namur, and His Majesty's Safe Return." Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles. Seven stanzas, printed on a broad sheet. And "On the occasion of the Peace of Ryswick, concluded in the month of September, 1697, Motteux published a musical interlude and a panegyric poem, spoken by way of prologue, which were both performed the same year at the theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Motteux's most important effusion, however, is a poem which, if not intended as an advertisement to a branch of his business, is at

¹ "History of Spanish Literature," New York, 1849, vol. iii. p. 419.

any rate closely connected with it. He undoubtedly dealt in the leaf which cheers but not inebriates, and which he designates "the Nectar of the Gods." Tea had been known in England about a century when Motteux imported it and versified its praises. It was not in general use and could be found on the tables of the rich only, its price reaching £6 to £10 per lb. What would be our poet-trader's surprise to-day on finding tea in the homes of the poorest, and yet selling first hand at such exorbitant prices as £17 and even £25 10s. per lb.!

"A Poem upon Tea. By Peter Motteux. London: Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head, over-against Catherine-Street in the Strand." 1712. Small 8vo, pp. 16. The same poem in 4to form, pp. 12, with title: "A Poem in Praise of Tea."

I have hinted that in writing this poem the author may have had an eye to his business. No indication, however, of so sordid a motive is to be found in the work itself. The plan and accessories are generally classical, the verses dignified, easy, and fluent, with an occasional touch of humour. The author transports us to Olympus, where—

"I saw the Gods and Goddesses above,
Profusely feasting with Imperial *Jove*.
The Banquet done, swift round the Nectar flew,
All Heav'n was warmed, and *Bacchus* boistrou grew,
Fair *Hebe* then the grateful Tea prepares,
Which to the feasting Goddesses she bears,
The Heav'nly Guests advance with eager haste;
They gaze, they smell, they drink, and bless the Taste.
Refresh'd and Charm'd, while thus employ'd they sit,
More bright their Looks, and more Divine their Wit.
At large each Goddess pleasing Censures flung.
For, ev'n above, the Sex will, right or wrong,
Enjoy their dear Prerogative of Tongue."

In spite of my inclination to cite several more lines of this curious and original poem, I will content myself, in conclusion, by transcribing the passage in which Motteux extols his subject above other rival trees and plants:—

"Hence then, ye Plants, that challeng'd once our Praise,
The Oak, the Vine, the Olive, and the Bays.
No more let *Roses* *Flora's* Brows adorn,
Nor *Ceres* boast her golden Ears of Corn.
The Queen of Love her Myrtles shall despise:
Tea claims at once the Beauteous and the Wise.

Think of the Rose, that inoffensive Sweet,
 Of fragrant Gums, the Brain's luxurious Treat ;
 Or kinder Odours which in verdant Fields,
 When newly cropt, the grasy Harvest yields.
 Think ev'ry grateful Smell diffus'd in one,
 And in Imperial Tea find all their Charms out-done."

H. S. ASHBEE.

Robert Browning's Study.

THE water-colour drawing which Mr. Felix Moscheles made of Robert Browning's study in De Vere Gardens has been reproduced in photogravure, and is being issued both in monotone and in colours. In the issue in colours the tints are put on by hand, and these give the reproduction all the effects of a water-colour. The desk that appears in the picture was an old favourite with the poet. Everything he wrote in England was penned on it. The bookcase also which figures in the drawing was a favourite with Browning. It was made after his own design out of some fine old oak carvings which he had picked up in Florence, and in it was the store of books that he loved and valued. The drawing and proofs of the reproductions may be seen at Mr. W. J. Stacey's gallery, 28, Old Bond-street, W.

Tom Brown on Books and Book-buying.

'TIS not a fine glass of books makes a scholar, and yet, cries the Fleet-Ditch Quack, why should not I know as much as any of the college. I'm sure I have as good a Library. As if staring upon a parcel of books neatly bound, or upon a heap of guineas through a goldsmith's glass in Cheapside, would either make a man learned or rich. Buying of books is grown into a pastime, even with those that can't read them. The aforesaid quack hearing a Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon put up at auction, cries aloud, "I'll have it." When he had looked upon it a little, he returned it back to the auctioneer. "Mr. Millington," says he, "you may e'en keep this book for your own use; I'll have none on't. Why, the d——d bookbinder has spoiled it; he has made it begin at the end."—"New Maxims of Conversation."



Reading Makes a Dull Man.¹

BACON did not say that "reading makes a dull man," but Ferdinand Gregorovius, according to a Naples correspondent, said so in a letter to the Signora del Nigia. She had been studying his books, and he replied, "reading has made us all stupid." The learned Gregorovius may speak for himself. "This Byzantine marasmus," he added, "is the consequence of the excessive number of libraries in our present civilization." Gregorovius's motive is crystal clear. Like many other men of letters, he wanted to show that he was not merely a man of letters in a suit of foolscap turned up with ink. This is a common ambition among the learned. They would show themselves as gay dogs. "Throw away all books, even mine, and live merrily in the world and with Nature." This is the mood, or one mood, of Amy's lover in "Locksley Hall." He would rear a savage brood who should not pore over miserable books. As to living with Nature, that is not to be done, in London, and the child of nature is driven back on literature. It would be easy to show that Gregorovius's remarks are a paradox. Most people are stupid, perhaps, but it is certainly not literature which makes them dull. Very few people indeed read books, and those who abstain do not know what a "Byzantine marasmus" is, and might therefore seem unintelligent to Gregorovius. Some stupid people do try to read, of course, but they feel so unequal, single-handed, to the labour, that they combine into reading societies, with fines for not reading at least an hour a day. But as they may take the hour out in doses of five

[¹ This article, evidently "by a well-known hand," appeared in the *Daily News* of June 16th.—Ed.]

minutes, any one can imagine what their studies are worth, and how far it is reading that makes them dull men and women.

Every bookworm is not clever, of course; there are also many persons of bright intelligence who detest print and paper. But, vice for vice, reading is less immoral than many other diversions, such as baccarat, pitch-and-toss, badger-baiting, habitual intoxication, and so forth. A bookworm is apt to be silent in company which hates books, but a bookmaker may also feel forlorn in society which is totally regardless of the state of the odds. We must not be too hard even on the bookworm. He is rarely a man of action, and it might have been better for Cicero to have abstained from politics in a revolutionary age. The bookworm is apt to see all sides of a question, which is quite fatal. On the other hand, the courage and energy of Napoleon were undeniable, but he was a bookworm of unbounded appetite, reading works of every description. This did not make him stupid, tame, and conventional. Julius Cæsar was a literary character, as every schoolboy knows to his sorrow. Mr. Fox was very fond of reading; so is Mr. Gladstone, and a hundred other instances might be given, to show that reading does not deaden the intellect. On the other hand, the majority of those who never open a book are not entertaining companions if they are taken off their special subject, say bend-leather, as in a celebrated instance. Very few minds are active which do not wreak part of that activity on reading. The totally ignorant are already quite proud enough; they already look down with sufficient arrogance on the pure souls who can be happy, like Thomas à Kempis, "in a nook with a book." It is wrong in Gregorovius to minister to their pride. Races with no literature are often acute, but they are also dismally bored when there is no fighting or hunting or torturing on hand. Lack of literature drove the Barons of the Middle Ages into their well-known excesses. When peace broke out they had nothing to do, so they made war again. Every one who is gained over to reading is, so far, a friend of peace and quiet, despite the examples of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Lord Wolseley, and other conquerors. But the readers are few, a remnant, otherwise this were a less tempestuous world.

The Circulating Library is not such a upas tree as Sir Anthony Absolute avers. It is said that there is a time to abstain from reading, but this may be contested. It is always well to have several books in one's pocket. Nobody can be talking scandal, or cherishing revenge, or looking about in search of mischief, when he is busy with a good book. The thoughts of wise and witty men beget originality rather than destroy it. But it is as vain to recommend

books to the world at large as to try to keep the bookish from study. Gregorovius would soon weary among Guardsmen if, as is averred, they are usually indifferent to the charms of letters. Authors, like other people (except barristers and actors), weary of their calling sometimes, and speak evil of it. Yet even Byron, when he was natural by some accident, admitted that he was never really so happy as among his books. Even when he was with the beloved object of the moment, he had a *nostalgie* for his disorderly library. Pope boasted that he was the "most thinking rake alive," but he only posed in that way, and was more at home with Madame Dacier than with the gay ladies who made a mock of him. These antics of the bookish are a little absurd and contemptible. There are more students who affect to be sportsmen than sportsmen who affect to be studious. We are born to read, or to hate books, and it is foolish, though natural, for the minority to pretend to be of the majority. Could we all live on bread-fruit, in a sunny South Sea island, we might "live merrily with nature," as Gregorovius advises, but when neither mirth nor nature is accessible, a book is a great resource, unhappily not open to the more stupid of mankind. The life of a Dominie Sampson in a library is very far from being unhappy, nor is it necessary that the Dominie should be dull in society. But he is likely to feel dull if stupid persons, condescending to his infirmity, try to talk to him about books.

"Poems," by Janette Phillipps.

SHELLEY, in the publication of this little volume of poems (printed at Oxford by Collingwood & Co., 1811), took, it is said, considerable interest, he subscribed himself for six copies, Miss Shelley, Miss Helen Shelley, and Miss H. Westbrook for one copy each, and that he paid the whole cost of printing, and therefore it is doubtless he had the MS. under his observation. Shelley was nineteen, and published his first volume anonymously at Oxford the year before. An uncut copy in the original boards was recently sold at Sotheby's for £1 16s.

Gervase Markham's "Countrey Farme."

FEW books with which the prolific Gervase Markham had to do are more interesting than the translation from the French of "La Maison Rustique," by Stevens and Liebault, by Richard Surfleet, which was revised, augmented, corrected, "and the husbandrie of France, Italy, and Spaine reconciled and made to agree with ours here in England," by Markham. The first edition, which is very scarce, was printed in London by Adam Islip for John Bill, in 1616, and is remarkable on account of its numerous fine woodcut illustrations. The following is a *résumé* of its contents, and shows the extreme variety contained between the covers of this portly folio volume:—

"Whatsoever can be required for the building, or good ordering, of a husbandman's house, or country farm; as, namely, to foresee the changes and alterations of times; to know the motions and powers of the sun and moon upon the things about which husbandry is occupied; as to cure the sick labouring man, to cure beasts and flying fowls of all sorts; to dress, plant, or make gardens, as well as for the kitchen and physic use, as also in quarters; with many fair and cunning portraitures, to make compartments of divers fashions in every quarter; with a large description of the herb nicotiana (tobacco) or petum, with a woodcut of the plant; as also of the root Mechoacan; to plant, graft, and order orange trees, citron trees, and such other strange trees; to order bees; to make conserves; to preserve fruits, flowers, roots, and rinds; to make honey and wax; to plant and graft all sort of fruit trees; to make cyder, perrie, drink of cervises and oils; to distil waters and oils, or quintessences, of whatsoever the husbandman's store and increase, with many patterns of limbecks for the distilling of them; to feed and preserve silkworms; to make and maintain meadow grounds; fishponds of running and standing waters; to take fishes; to measure and till corn ground; to bake bread; to trim vines; to make medicinable wines; with a very large and excellent discourse touching the nature and quality of wine in general; and after that, another special and particular one, of all such wines as grow in Gasconie, Languedoc, Touraine, Orleans, Paris, and other countries of France; to plant woods of timber trees and undergrowth; to make a warren; to breed herons; and to impark wild beasts; as also a large discourse of hunting the hart, wild boar, hare, fox, gray, conie, and such like; with the ordering of hawks, and all sorts of birds; and lastly in the end thereof, is briefly showed the nature, manner of taking, and feeding of the nightingale, linnet, goldfinch, siskin, lark, and other such singing melodious birds."



The Bookworm's Pledge.

I PLEDGED my word this morning,
As I started down the street,
That not a single book I'd buy,
For me a wondrous feat.

As I wandered past the windows
Of the news-stands on the way,
With scarce a wish to purchase,
I my mandate could obey.

But temptation ever ready
To hold her victims fast,
In the guise of an old book store,
Filled with relics of the past,

Dawned upon my willing vision,
And I thought she'll never mind,
If I glance within a moment
And perhaps some treasure find.

Ah, behold how fortune teases,
What a glorious prize is here,
First edition, not a blemish,
Rare old volume of Shakespeare.

Ah, I pledged my word this morning,
And to keep it I will try,
But the gods will frown upon me
Should I let that chance pass by.

There on yonder shelf inviting,
Rests a missal old and quaint,
Relic of the gothic ages
Scanned by some medieval saint ;

THE BOOKWORM'S PLEDGE.

Missal with the blazoned pages,
Triumph of the ancient art,
With your worn, old vellum covers,
How you tempt my sinful heart.

Close beside it, dim and dusty,
Bearing imprint of the years
They have whirled along life's current,
Stand two priceless Elzevirs.

I pledged my word this morning,
But the keeping is too dear,
I would be far more than mortal,
Could I leave those volumes here.

Shades of bookmen who behold me,
Oh, forgive my perjured self,
You would leave your seat in glory,
For a peep at yonder shelf.

C. D. RAYMER.

Discovery of an Important Manuscript.

THIS is an age of discovery of manuscripts, the latest example being announced in a Dalziel telegram from Lisbon, which says :—An important discovery of great interest to the literary world, as well as to geographers and historians, has been made here by the keeper of the State records. It consists of two valuable old manuscripts of the sixteenth century. One of the MSS. was discovered at Lisbon, and one at Evora, one of the most ancient cities of Portugal. These documents are said to prove beyond doubt that the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese was not accidental, as has hitherto been supposed, but the result of a voyage deliberately planned by Dom Manuel, King of Portugal, for the purpose.



Bookbinding at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

NO phase in connection with books is less generally understood, even by bibliographers, than that of binding, which is an art or science as distinct from any other as it is possible to be. The majority of those who visit the exceedingly choice Exhibition now open at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, with the idea of picking up a smattering of the subject, will probably come away bewildered and disappointed; for although here and there an attempt has been made to classify schools, each particular binding is so distinct from and independent of another, that the attempt can never be more than a qualified success. In very many instances old and elaborately bound books have absolutely nothing to recommend them save their outsides; and more often than not the binding alone has prevented them from hopeless and deserved oblivion. At a time when, from their exceeding scarcity, all books were valuable, the bibliopegic art belonged to the goldsmith rather than to the bookbinder; and the present absence of English books jewelled or otherwise ornamented by the former is traceable to the greed or impecuniosity of kings and princes, and to the cupidity of bishops, priests, and other vandals. The most superficial dip into the history of books in this country will supply hundreds of instances where books have been robbed of their valuables; and this sort of thing was at its highest during and immediately after the Reformation. This is deplorable not so much on account of the ornaments themselves as because of the light which it would have thrown upon the position of English art in what are known as the Dark Ages. It is flattering to our national vanity to know that recent investigations prove that in the thirteenth century England was at the head of all foreign nations in the matter of bookbinding, whilst the work itself was excellent. The covers of the

books were tooled with numbers of small dies, and, if somewhat formal, the beauty was none the less varied and distinctive. There were at this period schools of binding in London, Winchester, and Durham, and also in many monasteries—which were of course the almost sole repositories of bookmaking. Each place had its style. The first great innovation was perhaps that of panel stamping, a French style of exceeding beauty, which came into vogue in England about the commencement of the sixteenth century. The most popular designs included a Tudor rose and vine leaves surrounded by a border of leaves and flowers. Another popular design was a panel containing the arms of England and France quartered on a shield and supported by the dragon and a greyhound—which supporters, by the way, were discarded in 1528. Then medallion panels became the rage. After the introduction of printing, a very marked deterioration occurred in bookbinding, and not unnaturally so, for, by becoming greatly more numerous, they also became cheaper, and not unlikely less valued. Nearly every important national movement both in England and abroad influenced the styles of bookbinding in one way or another, and, like every other art, it must be studied in certain pretty well-defined stages, and very many extraneous influences taken into account. To-day, very few books are bound in a style worthy of the name, but this condition is the result of the high pressure at which everything is done, and not from any lack of workmen with artistic instincts.

W. ROBERTS.

Books in the Levant.

IN the course of last year the Ministry of Public Instruction authorized the publication of 940 works. Of these 497 were Turkish, 86 Arabic, 15 Persian, 1 Japanese, 156 Greek, 120 Armenian, 22 French, 2 English, 2 German, 15 Italian, 9 Spanish, 11 Bulgarian, and three Serbian. Among the Turkish and Greek works novels and theatrical pieces occupy the first place; of these there were in Turkish respectively 145 and 89. In Armenian, the largest number of books published are religious tracts.



“Harry White’s Humour.”

[This is the title of a curious little work, reprinted by J. O. Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillips), from the only copy known to him, which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, in his scarce collection, “The Literature of the 16th and 17th centuries. Illustrated by Reprints of very rare Tracts,” 1851. As the impression was limited to 75 copies, all lovers of old-time literature will probably be glad to have the substance of this rather droll tract reproduced in a periodical easily accessible.—W. A. CLOUSTON.]

Harry White | his Humour,

so neare as may be
set forth by M. P.¹

Not every man’s humour’s promis’d here,
Yet in one’s humour many more appeare.

Printed at London, for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the
Horse-shoe in Smithfield. [n. d.]

To that great Promulgater,
And neat divulgater,
Whom the citie admires,
And the suburbs desires,
M. P. wisheth happy,
Successe and ale nappy,
That with the one’s paine
He the other may gaine.

¹ [i.e., Martin Parker, a well-known ballad-writer of the seventeenth century.]

HONEST HARRY—Faine I would say something, yet I know not, (nor indeed care not much) what to say to thee; I know thou art one armed for all sayings. For to speake truly, praise of thee would bee counted but phantasmie; and admiration mere adulation: how canst thou want worth who has such an ample faculty in emblazoning and (indeed sometimes) adding to the worth of other men? It likes my humour well to describe thine so well as I could: the best on it is, thy humour is my privilege; therefore if what is here written sleightly, be ill read, and worse understood, I can excuse myselfe (as many men doe their owne faults by other men's), saying, it is Harry White's humour. Surely, I thinke I have fitted thy humour in generall; if not, I pray thee let thy particular humour pardon escapes. I have assaid to humour thee, invited by this benefit, that by humouring thee I shall humour a thousand; now if any be in the humour to be vext at thy humour, tell them thy humour is armed against the assault of any humour; thus wishing that thy humour may bee satisfied with tenne thousand twopenny customers,¹ I commit thee to thy humour, and thy humour to thy custodie, desiring ever to rest, but never to be arrested,

Thine at a pot and pipe, M. P.

Harry White's Humour.

Very good sir; but Why Harry White's humour? Pray what humour hath Harry White that another man is not guilty of? Why, sir, to satisfie your inquisitive humour Ile tell you what Harry White's humour is: but before hand I pray be not angry, yet if you be, Harry White cares not; that is part of his humour.

This is Harry White's humour.²

Item.—He had rather that theeves and cut-purses (and consequently the hangman) should want employment, than honest tradesmen should lack work, or money.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—He can (when he is hungry) very thankfully eate a red-herring, but yet he prefers a hen, or a capon before it, and holds eyther of them to be better meat.

This is Harry White's humour.

¹ Twopence was doubtless the price of this tract.

² It is not unlikely that the phrase "Harry White's humour" became colloquial after this tract was generally known, though I am not aware of any reference to it in the seventeenth century popular literature. "The Penniless Parliament," printed about the same period, bears some slight resemblance to this *brochure*.

Item.—He cares not much for a dancing-schoole, because, if need be (rather than fast), he can eat mutton without capers.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—He troubles not his head much with learning arithmeticke, for (when he is at the best) he can calculate his money without eyther pen or counters.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—He will not be troubled with paying alehouse scores : no no, he hath a fine trick to prevent that : as how, sir, I prithee? why, by calling in no more than he is able to pay for.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—He scornes to be counted a shifting companion ; for where he meetes with good liquor, and good company, he seldome departs willingly, until Peter Poverty puts him out of the doore.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—Having lately read the history of Patient Grizell, out of it he hath drawne this philosophical position, that if all women were of that woman's condition we should have no employment for cuckin-stooles.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—He deemeth that a preposterous government where the wife predominates, and the husband submits to her discretion : that is Hystoron and Proteron, the cart before the horse.

A woman's counsell's oft times fit,
For many of them have sudden wit :
But where the wife bears greatest sway,
That house can be at no good stay.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item.—On the contrary, he counts it a base inhumane part for any man to beat his wife ; nay and besides, it is an absurd folly, for if she be good, ill usage may pervert her ; if she be bad, blows will not mend her ; for being a weake vessele, she will rather breake with beating : what a simplicity is it for a man (in his fury) to give his wife a blacke eye, and then to cogge and flatter, look babyes in her eyes, call her his piggesnye, and cry Peccavi (for his fault) a fortnight or three weekes after.

This is Harry White's humour.

Lastly, Harry White is glad at the hart to see the young men

laughing, the maides smiling, some drawing their purses, others groping in their pockets, some pretty lasses feeling in their bosomes for odde parcells of money wrapt in clouts; for these are evident presages of his good fortune: ah, what dulcid musick it is to his eares, when he heares his audience cry joynty, give me one, give me two; change my money, sayes one; here is a single twopence, sayes another.

This fits Harry White's humour.

Campbell and the Booksellers.

A VERY interesting autograph letter, dated August 7, 1804, from Thomas Campbell, the poet, to Dr. Currie, was sold by public auction lately. The following is an extract:—

"I want to haul in from the bookselling tribe as many engagements as possible, of such a kind as will cost as little labour and bring as much profit as may be, and for aiding me to get an engagement of this kind I must request your advice and assistance. The plan I mean is a complete respectable collection of English poetry, of which the compilation would cost me no great effort, and for which along with my name a bookman might give me something decent. I should bargain for the expenses of an amanuensis for a limited time, and in that time I shall give him materials for a large volume superior in selection to any present work of the same title. The 'Elegant Extracts' is a poor thing. It is a hiatus in British literature that we have specimens of our best poetry. Here I am in the midst of booksellers, but they are such folks as I don't like applying to; the best way of opening negotiations is when a man established in literature tells them of some gross defect in the market, and hints at some fellow in the following way. 'There are several people who would do such a thing well if they could be got. There is Campbell, for instance, I have some influence with him, and could perhaps persuade him.' The gudgeon swallows this bait, and the author, instead of going crawling on all fours to the booksellers, is courted, grows coy, and is won upon his own terms."



Gulstoniana.

AMONG some books bequeathed to me in 1859 were four folio volumes of an ancient scrap-book lettered "Campbell's Vitruvius, vols. i., ii., iii., iv.," the first three also lettered with the date 1731, the last with that of 1767. Colin Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus," according to Allibone's Dictionary, *s.v.* Campbell and Wolfe, seems to have been, as one would suppose from the title, an architectural work, and first published in 1715. It must have had some value in its day, as it went through five editions to 1771; but it is probably now altogether forgotten, unless perchance some architectural bibliomaniac should know its name. What caused the maker of my scrap-books to choose its title for them I cannot guess, unless Mr. Colin Campbell, Architect, were a great lover of the Composite Order: composite the contents certainly are, though the only edifice they can be said to resemble is the image of King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, from gold, though there is not much of that, down to, as will be seen directly, very miry clay.

The books have been very handsome, the binding being whole Russia full gilt, but it is now quite worn out; they were, however, very carelessly constructed, all the cuttings being crowded together and mounted without the least regard for margin or anything of the kind. Each volume contained the annexed book-plate; but who this Joseph Gulston was I cannot say. The Gulstonian Lectures at Oxford are well known; and a Joseph Gulston was Dean of Chichester in 1663, also a William Gulston Bishop of Bristol in 1679, whose sister was mother to Joseph Addison. Very probably the scrap-book maker was a descendant of the Dean's, but I cannot tell for certain. Most likely, however, judging from what few dates can be found, he only continued what had been begun before him, either by his father or by some one else. The books were in the

hands of my family as early as 1789, but how they first came there is another point on which I am in ignorance.

Vol. iii. formerly contained chiefly matter which is described by euphemism as "not fit for general reading"; this had been destroyed before the books came to me at all, and I have since used the cover to form a scrap-book of my own. Vols. i. and ii. have the usual contents of scrap-books, *i.e.*, extracts from newspapers and magazines, prose and poetry, &c., &c. Vol. iv. is the most interesting, having a few old broadside ballads and advertisements headed with woodcuts, some of which I may possibly hereafter describe. But among this is a little domestic matter in the shape of notes connected with Mr. Gulston's servants, which at present may interest, or at least amuse, the readers of *THE BOOKWORM*.

Place to the ladies (I don't know why I should write it in French). First shall come Mrs. Gulston's maids.

"April 24th: 1775 I mary whitro agreed with Mrs. Gulston to lif with hear as house maid for a leven months: for Six pounds & Six Shilleans which was due to me 24the of march last 1776: & from that time to Sectember 10the in this year 1776 is another hafe eleven months: is due to me three pounds and three shilleans more: and from Sectember 10the to Sectember 28the is two weeks and four days is about Seven Shilleans and fore pence happne."

We will hope that the elaborately-calculating Mary Whitro received her full due of £9 16s. 4½d., and especially that the "happne" was not forgotten. About two years later a sewing-maid seems to have been wanted, whose place was coveted by the following two applicants. "Mr. Barffet" was apparently the steward or major-domo.

"Mr. Barffet Seeing upon the paper a maid wanted to work at her needel all so a landery maid servant and I think my Self cabell of eather please to give me a peartickelr what the place is and Likewise the wages I perfer that to work at my needel I am at the Rev. mr. Rusell at gaunts I have give warning plise to send word by the Bearer as I expect good wages."

This anonymous correspondent is ungrammatical: she "perfers" her wages to work at her needle; as a matter of fact, probably she did, as do a good many of her successors, but I imagine she meant to say she liked the laundry better.

"Sir

"I saw upon ye news Papper of a servant that was wanting to

work att her needell and have ye care of ye Linen now I think I can do that tho it twas said it must be a young woman, but I am a bout forty and yous Glassis but I think I could do if not to nice if twas where there was a Laundry maid and Kitching maid wanting to and where they did keep a man Cooock so if you think I can do I ould be obliged to you to lett me know where it tis, indeed I should be glad to hear of a Houss Keepers Place if I could, as I have leved in ye capacity of won for som years & in won Place I Lived a Leven year.

"Sir I am your most
obegent Ann Bennett
Jan. ye Twyford
24 1777."

Whether Mr. Gulston's house was one "where they did keep a man Cooock" I have no means of judging; unless indeed the following letter was indited by that "Cooock"—if so, his fire must have inflamed his temper.

"Mrs. Guln. Mam. I have tooock this ouportunety of writing to you to let you know: if you think it propper: that I will come and sarve you again: and further to let you know that I deed not leave my place for any abuse that my master or my mrs gave me: but it was for the abuse that mrs. roech gave me: which made me swear in my selfe that I never would live any longer in house with her; so if you are willing to what I have purposed if you please to aquint mr. crumes to let me know a sondey next becaus I shall be over thear to see my wife.

"So your homble
Sarvent
Joseph Furmedge."

After this dispute we will turn to Mr. Gulston's department, and begin with a somewhat mysterious note. What can the "attendance" have been, especially as Mr. Gulston appears to have occasionally "attended" at the "atender's" own house? Perhaps John Cross was the gentleman's barber or wig-curler: that may be most likely.

"Mr. Gulcon to Cross. To a Tendance for 6 months.

"Sir on mi a tending a Little att home we will tak of one muntth which will Remain 5 muntths att 10s: 6d per wek £10. 10. 0. Sir we shall be for Ever o Blidg To you for your Remitanc as Wee have a payment to mak.

"From yours To Command Jon Cross."

Lastly, this document seems as if it was addressed to Mr. Gulston in his magisterial capacity.

"Houneard Sir I hope you will Excuse my fredhem Sir I hunderd stand that Henrey Ward is in formed against for gifen a man a Droft o Licker wich was onley a gift. Houneard Sir I should Be gretley oblidge to shoo as moch marsey as Lays in your Honner Power as I thinke he not giltey of silen aney this time. Sir I hope you will not take it amis in my troblingen your Honner and I ham Sir your Honners most Houmbell Sart. to oblidge Edward Peirce.

"Dinney Lodge. August ye 20, 1784."

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.



BOOK-PLATE OF JOSEPH GULSTON, 1768.



The Story of one of Sir R. Burton's MSS.

LADY BURTON contributed recently to the *Morning Post* a most interesting letter respecting her husband's manuscripts, in the course of which she says :—

"My husband has been collecting for fourteen years information and materials on a certain subject. His last volume of the 'Supplemental Nights' had been finished and out on November 13, 1888. He then gave himself up entirely to the writing of this book, which was called the 'Scented Garden,' a translation from the Arabic. It treated of a certain passion. Do not let any one suppose for a moment that Richard Burton ever wrote a thing from the impure point of view. He dissected a passion from every point of view as a doctor may dissect a body, showing its source, its origin, its evil, and its good, and its proper uses, as designed by Providence and Nature, as the great Academician Watts paints them. In private life he was the most pure, the most refined and modest man that ever lived, and he was so guileless himself that he could never be brought to believe that other men held or used these things from any other standpoint. I, as a woman, think differently. The day before he died he called me into his room and showed me half a page of Arabic manuscript upon which he was working and he said: 'Tomorrow I shall have finished this, and I promise you after this I will never write another book upon this subject. I will take to our biography.' I told him it would be a happy day when he left off that subject, and that the only thing that reconciled me to it was that the doctors had said that it was so fortunate, with his partial loss of health, that he could find something to interest and occupy his days. He said, 'This is to be your jointure, and the proceeds are to be set apart for an annuity for you;' and I said, 'I hope not; I hope

you will live to spend it like the other.' He said, 'I am afraid it will make a great row in England, because the "Arabian Nights" was a baby tale in comparison to this, and I am in communication with several men in England about it.' The next morning, at 7 a.m., he had ceased to exist. Some days later, when I locked myself up in his rooms, and sorted and examined the manuscripts, I read this one. No promise had been exacted from me, because the end had been so unforeseen, and I remained for three days in a state of perfect torture as to what I ought to do about it. During that time I received an offer from a man, whose name shall always be kept private, of 6,000 guineas for it. He said, 'I know from 1,500 to 2,000 men who will buy it at four guineas—that is, at two guineas the volume; and as I shall not restrict myself to numbers, but supply all applicants on payment, I shall probably make £20,000 out of it.' I said to myself, 'Out of 1,500 men, fifteen will probably read it in the spirit of science in which it was written, the other 1,485 will read it for filth's sake, and pass it to their friends, and the harm done may be incalculable.' 'Bury it,' said one adviser, 'don't decide.' 'That means digging it up again and reproducing at will.' 'Get a man to do it for you,' said No. 2, 'don't appear in it.' 'I have got that, I said; I can take in the world, but I cannot deceive God Almighty, who holds my husband's soul in His hands.' I tested one man who was very earnest about it. 'Let us go and consult so and so;' but he, with a little shriek of horror, said, 'Oh, pray don't let me have anything to do with it, don't let my name get mixed up in it, but it is a beautiful book, I know.'

"I sat down on the floor before the fire at dark to consult my own heart, my own head. How I wanted a brother! My head told me that sin is the only rolling stone that gathers moss. That what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write when living, he would see very differently to what the poor soul would see standing naked before its God, with its good or evil deeds alone to answer for, and their consequences visible to it for the first moment, rolling on to the end of time. Oh, for a friend on earth to stop and check them! What would he care for the applause of 1,500 men now—for the whole world's praise—and God offended? My heart said, 'You can have 6,000 guineas; your husband worked for you, kept you in a happy home, with honour and respect for thirty years. How are you going to reward him? That your wretched body may be fed and clothed and warmed for a few miserable months or years, will you let that soul, which is part of your soul, be left out in cold and darkness till the end of time, till all those sins which may have

been committed on account of reading those writings have been expiated, or passed away perhaps for ever? Why, it would be just parallel with the original thirty pieces of silver! I fetched the MSS. and laid it on the ground before me—two large volumes worth. Still my thoughts were, Was it a sacrilege? It was his *magnum opus*—his last work, that he was so proud of, that was to have been finished on the awful morrow—that never came. Will he rise up in his grave and curse me or bless me? The thought will haunt me to death, but Sadi and El Shaykh el Nafzawih, who were pagans, begged pardon of God and prayed not to be cast into hell fire for having written them, and implored their friends to pray for them to the Lord that He would have mercy on them. And then I said, 'Not only not for 6,000 guineas, but not for 6,000,000 guineas will I risk it.' Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burnt sheet after sheet until the whole of the volume was consumed.

"It is my belief that by this act, if my husband's soul were weighted down, the cords were cut, and it was left free to soar to its native Heaven. As we had received no money in advance I was mistress of the situation. If any judge otherwise, and deem me unworthy of their friendship, I must bear it in silence."

Sterne's Curate.

ALTHOUGH we do not know whether Laurence Sterne's curate resembled Goldsmith's "village preacher" in being "to all the country dear," it is quite certain, from a document sold recently at Sotheby's, that he was "passing rich with £40 a year." From this documentary agreement, which being in the handwriting of Sterne suggests the belief that the author of "Tristram Shandy" took care not to have the worst part of the bargain, it transpires that the Rev. J. Walker was to serve Sterne as curate of Stellington for the sum indicated, with the use of the vicarage house thrown in. The living of Stellington was given to Sterne, as he himself tells us in his autobiography, by a friend of his wife's. He was a pluralist, but usually devoted Sunday afternoons to the spiritual needs of his parishioners at this obscure little Yorkshire village.

A Note on Atlases.

THE Atlas Publishing Company (observes a contemporary) is doing a useful work in bringing out in twenty-eight shilling parts a cheap English edition (printed at Leipsic) of one of those excellent atlases in which the German cartographer has recently surpassed both French and English competition. Not that our going to the Continent for an atlas is a new thing. The first atlas so called was published in 1602 by the executors of Gerard Mercator in the little town of Duisburg in Cleves, and from that time to this first Holland and now Germany has greatly surpassed England in atlases. In the seventeenth century, however, it was not economy but elaborate and expensive finish that our English students sought for in the foreign atlases of that day. When in 1656 John Milton writes to Peter Heimbach to get him an atlas, he is greatly shocked by the price. "You say it is 130 florins (about £12), which I think is enough to purchase the mountain of that name. But such is the present rage for typographical luxury that the furniture of a library hardly costs less than that of a villa." In the time of Milton the Low Countries were so far ahead of England in engraving and the kindred arts, that it was quite natural that we should have to go there for *éditions de luxe* of all sorts. Now, however, there is no such reason, and it seems rather ignominious that a nation with no colonies should provide atlases for maritime and imperial England. Would it not be worth while for some of our publishers to bring out a real grand atlas of the world at the price of fifty or a hundred guineas, which would correspond in its "typographical luxury" to the volumes for which his Amsterdam correspondent asked Milton the then enormous price of twelve pounds?



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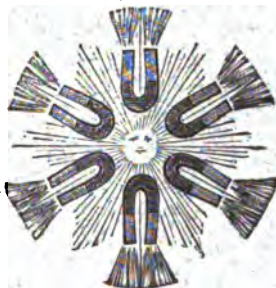
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John Dennis : A Sketch.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

ALTHOUGH the personality of John Dennis, facetiously nicknamed by his contemporaries "the renowned critic," is distinctly interesting, it is none the less emphatically unromantic. It is even prosaic. The Carlyle of the eighteenth century, like he of the nineteenth, happened to be born out of his time, and to be placed in circumstances little calculated to render him happy with the world in general or in love with himself in particular. To those who have at all interested themselves in the life of this character, he stands out in bold relief—a striking protest against the shams and shoddiness of the age which tolerated a philosopher like Shaftesbury, a poet like Glover, and a politician like Bolingbroke.

To the present writer, Dennis has always appeared a picturesque personality, fighting, like Lear, against fate and fortune, stubbornly adhering to self-imposed rules, and jealous of another's success only when that success was undeserved or meretricious. It is a very generally accepted belief which has no more solid foundation than tradition that Dennis's fractious temper owed its origin to the success of his rivals rather than to his own repeated failures. But their dramatic works are as profoundly neglected at the present day as are those of the "renowned critic," and from pretty nearly identical reasons. They are utterly and irredeemably dead and buried. But a distinction asserts itself when the claims as regards consistency are considered. Dennis championed a perfectly logical theory, the enforcing of which involved so much disaster upon its luckless author; his rivals, where they attained success, secured it through pandering to a public which delighted in rant and filth, in the per-

sonification of women whose chief characteristics were dissoluteness, duplicity, and mendacity. Dennis chose neither of these means of jumping into fame, and the results were to him disaster and disappointment.

Very little is known of Dennis's early life. We learn from the early biographies of Jacob and Cibber that he was born in London in 1657; that his father, Francis Dennis, was a saddler and an eminent citizen; that he remained at Dr. William Horn's school at Harrow-on-the-Hill for about five years, and that he then entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a common scholar on January 13, 1675. Four years later he took his B.A. degree. But in 1680 he appears to have suddenly left for reasons which are indicated in the following excerpt from the Cambridge "Gesta Book," under the head "Sir Dennis Sent Away," and dated March 4, 1680:—"At a meeting of the masters and fellows, Sir Dennis mulcted £3; his scholarship taken away, and he sent out of the college, for assaulting Sir Glenham with a sword." This interesting piece of information appears to have been made public in a letter from Dr. R. Farmer to Isaac Reed, which appeared in the *European Magazine* in 1794.¹ The affair was probably nothing more than a passage at arms between two hot-headed young men, in which Dennis's opponent came off second best. It was certainly an unwarrantable and disgraceful exaggeration for Farmer to state that Dennis attempted to "stab a man in the dark," and so his laconic observation that "Pope would have been glad of this anecdote"² falls very flat indeed. He obtained his M.A. degree at Trinity Hall in 1683, and then, as was the fashion of the time, started for a tour on the Continent.

When he returned he appears to have associated with the leading literary lights of the day, including Congreve, Moyle, Wycherley, Southern, and Garth, and the Earls of Pembroke and Mulgrave. It is interesting to note that with these Dennis continued on the most friendly terms throughout.

Want of discretion and an extraordinary short-sightedness were the chief characteristics of John Dennis, for although he inherited a considerable sum of money from his father, and also a fortune bequeathed him by an uncle who was an Alderman of London, he appears to have soon squandered his means. To make matters worse, he was quite unqualified for any calling or profession, his best years of early manhood having been frittered away in the idle existence of a man-about-town. Whiggism and patriotism were also

¹ xxv. 410.

² "An Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare" (1789), p. 6.

two distinguishing attributes of Dennis, and if the former resolved itself into an incontinent howl for "liberty," and the latter had a distinct cupboard-love flavour about it, there is some consolation in the fact that such things were by no means confined to the small-fry of the literary brotherhood. So strong a politician was scarcely likely to allow so propitious events as the landing and coronation of William III., and the accession, twelve years afterwards, of Anne, to pass without some sort of poetical celebration; Dennis was not the man to be left behind in such a case, which is perhaps a pity. It is hard to believe that this "poetry" was read, even in that age of shams and affectation when so much villainously bad verse was produced. Dennis's patriotism did not go unrewarded, for it brought him under the notice of the Duke of Marlborough, who procured him a situation as one of the royal waiters in the Custom House, London, at a salary of £120 per annum.¹ This post he retained until March 21, 1715, when he was allowed to sell out by Treasury warrant.

Dennis was forty years old when his first play was produced at Drury Lane; and the fate of "A Plot and no Plot," which was dedicated to the Earl of Sunderland, was very quickly decided: it was in fact a complete failure. The *raison d'être* of this comedy was to ridicule the Jacobites, the author at the same time attempting to argue that there are in all parties persons who find it in their interest to deceive the rest, and that one-half of every faction makes a property in fee-simple of the other. Still believing in the soundness of his theories, "Rinaldo and Armida" was produced in 1699 at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Betterton and Mrs. Barry taking the two leading parts—the "hints of the chief characters" being derived from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," which Dennis presumed to alter in a manner conformable to his own notions of dramatic propriety. The musical part of this performance was composed by John Eccles, excepting a chorus in the fourth act, which is borrowed from Henry Purcell. The play, which had a very short run, was dedicated to the Duke of Ormond. Following this, the tragedy "Iphigenia" was put on the stage of the same theatre in 1700, Betterton taking the part of Orestes, Mrs. Barry of Queen of the Scythians, and Mrs. Bracegirdle of Iphigenia. The story, as may be supposed, was taken from Euripides' "Iphigenia at Tauri." But some of Dennis's biographers assert that he borrowed much of the materials, without acknowledgment, from that source. If they

¹ The royal sign manual warrant is dated June 6, 1705. See *Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1850, part ii. p. 18.

had read the Preface carefully, they would have seen that it explicitly stated that "the second act is almost entirely" from Euripides. Cibber¹ (not Colley of that ilk, but his son) considered it "by far the most affecting tragedy of our author; it is almost impossible to read it without tears, though it abounds with bombast." A perusal of the present day is by no means calculated to reduce a person to anything approaching a lachrymose condition. Like its predecessors, this play also had no success.

At length, however, Dennis's star gave signs of brightness when "Liberty Asserted" was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1704. The success of this arose, not so much from any intrinsic merit, as from the liberal manner in which the French nation was besmeared with mud, of which one example—uttered, by the way, by a character who, it afterwards transpires, was himself a Frenchman—will suffice:

"Damn'd to eternal slavery themselves,
And therefore would like devils damn mankind."²

We fail to discover that this play is in any way better or worse than the others, but it had the talents of Bowman, Betterton, Powell, Booth, Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle to infuse all the life possible into it. The gallery, and perhaps the pit, and certainly those who got in on the cheap, would vociferously applaud any abuse levelled at the French, but it takes something more than that to stamp a play with the hall-mark of immortality. Its sentiments were certainly such as would appeal to the Whigs, but Dennis denies that it was written to please that party. He acknowledges the help of Southern in "improving the design," and also thanks Betterton for some hints. The last scene, from its length, was not acted. Dennis gives Anthony Henley, to whom it is dedicated, the credit for the plot. Hatred of the French nation was one of the absorbing passions of Dennis's life, and whether composing a pamphlet or a play, or writing a letter, this animus invariably creeps out.

Not satisfied with failure of his own compositions, our author now went on another tack. In 1702 he improved Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" into "The Comical Gallants, or the Amours of Sir John Falstaffe," which was produced at Drury Lane, but without success. It was printed for A. Baldwin, a bookseller in Warwick Lane, and contained a dedication to George Granville, afterwards Lord Landsdowne, in the form of an essay on taste in poetry, and

¹ "Lives of the Poets" iv. 233.

² Act ii. scene 2.

the causes of its degeneracy. The essay is exceedingly interesting, in spite of crude theories and false contentions. Still seemingly in doubt as to whether this doubly refining process possessed any money in it, he made another trial and gave the theatre-going public another chance. "*Coriolanus, the Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment*," was acted at Drury Lane in 1705. The younger Cibber states¹ that the "piece met with some opposition the first night. The second night's audience was very small, though the play was exceedingly well acted. The third night had not the charges in money; the fourth was still worse, and then another play was given out, not one place being taken in the boxes for any ensuing night. The managers were therefore obliged to discontinue it. This usage Mr. Dennis highly resented, and in his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, then lord chamberlain, he made a formal complaint against the managers. To this play Colley Cibber took the pains to write an epilogue, which Mrs. Oldfield spoke with universal applause, and for which poor, feverish, jealous Dennis abused them both." Three examples from the fifth act will sufficiently indicate the general character of Mr. Dennis's "improvements." The icicle that "hangs on Dian's temple," is improved into the icicle that "hangs on the temple of Diana"; the Roman's noble expression of constancy to his wife—

" That kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since,"

is travestied into this unutterable balderdash :—

" That kiss
I carried from my love, and my true lip
Hath ever since preserved it like a virgin."

People had admired the impetuous outburst of triumph and indignation of Coriolanus when taunted with the word "boy" :—

" Boy !—False hound !
If you had writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it. Boy !"

This Dennis altered to the following feeble and flatulent lines :—

" This boy that, like an eagle in a dove-cote,
Flutter'd a thousand Volces in Corioli,
And did it without second or acquaintance,
Thus sends their mighty chief to mourn in hell."

¹ "The Lives of the Poets," iv. 233-4.

Dennis appears to have written two plays in 1705, besides mangling *Coriolanus*. The first, a comedy, "*Gibraltar, or the Spanish Adventure*," was produced at Drury Lane, and very promptly damned. The second, and last, was the tragedy of "*Appius and Virginia*," but this was not produced at Drury Lane until four years afterwards. In spite of the fact that the play had a short run, and that Mainwaring in a letter to the author described it as one of the best modern tragedies, the play has not much more than a certain extrinsic interest. When it was being acted, Pope was writing his "*Essay on Criticism*," which duly appeared in May, 1711. Among other things, 'twere well, Pope observes, if critics could advise authors freely—

" But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."¹

There could be no mistaking the reference, which was in fact the inception of a long and bitter quarrel between the two men. By the end of June, Dennis had written and printed a furious retort, which he called "*Reflections, Critical and Satirical*." Dennis very sharply and severely handles his opponent's poem, and many of his charges were true enough; but his unfortunate temper resolved the attack in many places into gross personal abuse. But Pope appears to have availed himself of some of the corrections which Dennis pointed out. Pope, in that infamous production, "*Dr. Norris's Narrative*," relates, in a quasi-circumstantial manner, how on March 12, 1712, Dennis entered Lintot's shop, and in looking over the "*Essay*" came upon the two couplets in the first part:—

" Some have at first for wits, then poets, passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last,"

and that, on reading them, he flung down the book in a fury and exclaimed, "By God! he means me!" But this is only another of Pope's rash statements, for, as we have seen, a reply to the "*Essay*" was published nearly nine months anterior to the date above given. There is yet another, and withal quite historical, anecdote in connection with "*Appius and Virginia*." It seems that the old way of producing artificial thunder and making mustard were identical, hence the reference in the "*Dunciad*" to the "thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl." But about the time in question the thunder was "more advantageously performed by troughs of

¹ Part iii., pp. 585-8.

wood with stops in them." Dennis is generally credited with the "improvement"; and, on hearing thunder employed at a performance of "Macbeth," after his own play had been withdrawn, he caused a commotion in the theatre by denouncing the proceedings of the managers, who, he alleged, stole his thunder, but refused to act his plays !

A Unique Caxton.

SOME interesting particulars appear in the British Museum Report with regard to "Acquisitions of Special Importance." The most remarkable, says Dr. Garnett, which alone would have made 1890 a memorable year in the history of the Library, is a unique copy of a production of Caxton's press, the "*Sex quam elegantissima epistolæ*," which passed between Pope Sixtus IV. and the Republic of Venice, from December 1482 to February 1483, and were edited in England by Petrus Carmelianus, an Italian ecclesiastic and man of letters domiciled in this country, some time in the spring or summer of the latter year. The book was purchased from the possessors of the Hecht-Heine Library at Halberstadt, where it was discovered in 1874 by Dr. G. Könnecke, Archivist of Marburg. Up to that time it had been unknown to bibliographers. It is a unique work in every respect, being entirely foreign to the general literary character of Caxton's productions, and perhaps the first independent publication of diplomatic correspondence ever made. By its acquisition the number of Caxton's known publications not to be found in his own country has been reduced to two.

The Stationers' Company.

IN the year 1400 a society had been formed called the Brotherhood of Text-writers, or stationers, who in 1556 obtained a charter. Serious obligations were, however, at the same time, imposed upon them. They were required to ascertain in what houses presses were kept, and to keep a register of them. The records of the Company showed that at that time the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was one of the most important members of the Star Chamber, constantly sent warrants to the Master and Wardens, demanding that they should, under pain of forfeiture of all their rights, seize those publications which were deemed to be seditious, have them brought into the garden outside the hall and burnt. He had no doubt that the green tree which now flourished on the spot had its leaves very largely nourished by the ashes of those works. Even so recently as 1614 a warrant had been issued by the Archbishop directing that all the copies of Raleigh's "History of the World" should be seized and destroyed.

The Museum Library and Catalogue.

SOME idea of the enormous scale of the Library may be gathered from Dr. Garnett's report on the "Department of Printed Books." No less than 35,728 volumes and 62,091 parts of volumes have been added to the library during the year. As for the printed catalogue, progress has been made in printing the whole catalogue in alphabetical sequence from the beginning. With the exception of the headings "Bible" (begun), "England," "France," "Great Britain," "Liturgies," and a few others, the catalogue was, at the end of 1890, either printed or at press up to the heading "Londolianus." One hundred and twenty-seven manuscript volumes have been printed during the past year, forming twenty-one printed parts.



“ Chants et Chansons Populaires : ”

AN UNDESCRIBED EDITION.

IN pages 101-2 of the “ Guide du Libraire-antiquaire et du Bibliophile,” vol. i., appears a description of a rare and deeply interesting book entitled “ Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France. Paris, H. L. Delloye, Éditeur ; librairie de Garnier Frères, Palais-Royal, Galerie Vitrée, Péristyle Montpensier ; impr. de Félix Locquin, 1843, trois séries en 3 vol. in 4° pap. vél.”

A copy measuring 272 millimètres sold in Paris in 1882 for 850 fr. Two copies sold in England during the last five years at high prices.

To understand the following remarks, a short description of the above first edition is necessary.

“ Publication entièrement gravée sur acier, texte et dessins.— Commence à paraître au mois de février 1842 et s'arrête en 1843.— Se compose en tout de 122 chansons, dont 39 pour le premier vol., 42 pour le second, et 41 pour le troisième. Ces trois séries ou volumes n'ont, ni pagination, ni signatures, ni réclames.”

The first “ livraison ou cahier ” has five leaves, the engraved title being the added leaf. It collates thus :—False title (printed) one leaf, engraved “ Title-frontispiece ” one leaf, “ liste des chansons ” one leaf, and introduction two leaves. Every other livraison has four leaves, giving one or several chansons, surrounded by vignettes, with notice to the reader ; and lastly, the airs noted, with accompaniments for the piano by Colet, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire de Paris.

The following brief and well deserved eulogium on the work is given in the “ Guide ” :—“ Nulle oeuvre littéraire ne pouvait mieux

se prêter aux inspirations, du crayon et du burin. Dans certains ouvrages, la vignette est souvent un superfétation ; dans celui-ci, au contraire, elle en est le commentaire et le complément obligés. Aussi sans exagération peut-on dire que les 'Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France' est un des plus beaux livres illustrés de ce siècle."

The bibliographical difficulty arose in this way. M. Briois alone, it seems, believed in "un nouveau tirage de l'édition de 1843." It had been admitted as possible, and even probable, in the absence of a sample copy, that the publishers put aside from the first edition the livraison "Le Café," and replaced it by "La Marseillaise" to suit the revolutionary ideas of the time (1848). The names of Lamartine, Staal, and Nargeot are said to have appeared in this livraison, as respectively "Notice," writer, designer and engraver.

But was there a second and enlarged edition, and was it of the character that M. Briois believed it to be? (a) No second edition existed in the Bibliothèque Nationale; (b) No record of it appeared in "Le Journal de la Librairie"; (c) No copy appeared at a sales-room. But a French bookseller named De Lorenz printed in one of his catalogues the following: "Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France. Nouvelle édition, Paris, Garnier frères, 1848, 3 vol. gr. in 8vo, mus. et fig."

This copy, offered for sale by M. de Lorenz, appears to have vanished, and with it the proofs of the existence of a second and enlarged edition.

That M. de Lorenz rightly described his book, I have some proof, as I have just come into possession of the third volume, having this exact title-page. In this third volume of the series, which is entirely devoted to la jeunesse, there are 54 chansons instead of 41 in the corresponding volume of the first edition of 1843.

Additions were made in nearly every livraison of the first edition. I shall indicate a few: (a) "P. L. Jacob, Bibliophile" is added in this volume to the brilliant corps of "notice" writers, which included Paul Lacroix, De Lincey, Ourry, Delloye and du Mersan. Jacob commences the volume with the notice of "Mort et Convoi de L'invincible Malbrough" (Duke of Marlborough); (b) An addition is made to Mersan's notice of "Phillis," in the shape of a note and a fourth couplet; (c) To the notice of "La Palisse" by De Lincey, are added twenty-five additional couplets not in first edition. A note and "air différent" are also added to this livraison, and so on to the end of the volume.

The additions, though not always in the correct place, render the

nouvelle edition, in a manner, perfect as to matter. "Pour le dessin," Meissonier, Daubigny and other names of old staff appear (12). "Pour les Gravures," Nargeot, Daubigny, Ferd. Delanoy, and other names of engravers appear which belonged to the old staff (of 36). No new names of printers appear. The broché copies, with covers done, respectively, in chromo, green, and gold, by Engleman and Graf, are replaced in second edition by a design simply "en noir non reproduits dans les chansons." The copy I possess is "broché," and only half the cover remains. It measures 275 × 180 mill., and has, whether we call it (correctly) 4to as in the first edition, or large 8vo as de Lorenz has it, the advantage over the first issue in "tallness."

That the "bump of destruction" in the French people was for the last forty years in a highly developed state, is evident, when we find a whole edition of the finest artistic book that France had produced up to that date (1848) reduced to a single volume.

The former owner, an Irish girl, educated in France—(she is now Lady ——) —wrote on title-page: "J'ai reçu ce livre de Melle. Louise F——, ma sœur. C'est un hommage de son amitié, aussi je veux le garder aussi longtemps que ma vie. (Signed) Em. M. F——, Paris, 13 Mai, 1853."

As previously stated, the whole three volumes of first edition were engraved on steel. In the nouvelle edition, only the inner sheet of each livraison was printed from the plates (transferred to stone), the outer sheets containing the additional matter having been printed from *type* so well "facsimiled" and neatly executed, that only a skilled printer or practised eye could detect the change from the first edition. The matter of the whole three volumes of first issue was necessarily rearranged when the "La jeunesse" volume was formed. That a few other copies of the second issue will turn up is probable.

The peculiar get-up of both issues, and the fact of the livraisons pour la jeunesse having been collected from all three volumes, render collation and comparison very difficult. However, there should be, as in my volume, a "liste des chansons" in each volume on third leaf.

The introduction (three pages), probably written by Delloye, is very explicit, and is done with a lightness of touch that puts it into complete harmony with the "Romances, Rondes et complaintes" of these exquisite "Chansons Choiesies."

JAS. HAYES.

Ennis.

A Letter of Dr. Johnson's.

A LETTER of Dr. Johnson recently occurred in the list of Mr. S. J. Davey. It is addressed to a lady friend. "I am very much pleased to find that your opinion concurs with mine. I think all that you propose is right, and beg that you would manage everything your own way for I do not doubt but I shall like all that you do. Kitty shall be paid first and I will send her down money to pay the London dolls afterwards. You and I have had no connection with the trade; it is not worth while to appear in it now. . . . I am very much grieved at my mother's death and do not care to think nor to write about it. . . . I wish you all kinds of good," etc. Dated Feb. 15, 1759.

The interest attached to this letter may be judged from the following notes, kindly sent to the owner by Dr. Birkbeck Hill:—

"This letter has, I believe, never been printed. It is one of a series addressed to Johnson's step daughter, Lucy Porter. Kitty was Catherine Chambers, the servant of Johnson's mother, over whose deathbed Johnson wept eight years later (*Lb.* ii. 43). Mrs. Johnson, on the death of her husband, had carried on his business of a bookseller, but had died in debt, owing something, as this letter shows—and also one dated March 1, 1758–9—to her servant. The London debts were those owing to London booksellers. Kitty was for the rest of her life to have the use of Johnson's freehold house in Lichfield, no doubt free of rent, and to continue the business. Writing to Lucy Porter on Feb. 6, he had said: 'The little trade may go silently forward. I fancy Kitty can do nothing better.' The money which he was going to send down had been earned by his *Rasselas*."





The "Ex Libris" Society.

UNDER the auspices of this new society a well-printed and beautifully-illustrated journal has been published. This Society is formed of specialists (ladies and gentlemen) who are engaged in the pleasant task of collecting what are known as book-plates, or the marks of ownership attached to books. It may be a matter of surprise to some persons that these odds-and-ends should be worth collecting, or that any persons should be found so fanciful as to indulge in the weakness of collecting. But a little acquaintance with the subject shows that there is reason in it, and that the collecting mania has in this case a very good justification. Book-plates in some form or other have existed almost as long as books have been printed, and in the old days owners of books felt constrained to paste inside the covers some notification as to whom the particular books belonged. In process of time these book labels, which at first were a simple record of name and date, became embellished with arms and other devices; and now a collection of book-plates reveals some most beautiful designs, executed by the most talented artists and engravers. Some veteran collectors have amassed from twenty to thirty thousand examples, while in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, there is a wonderful collection in some sixty volumes, open to public inspection. Of literature on this subject there has not been much produced in England, but the works of Bouchot and Poulet-Malassis in French, of Warnecke in German, and of Carlander in Sweden, are now the standard authorities upon the subject. In English we have the Hon. Leicester Warren's "Guide to the Study of Book Plates" (1880), Mr. W. Grigg's "Examples of Armorial Book Plates" (1884), and and Mr. Augustus W. Frank's "List of Dated Plates," printed for

private circulation only. Besides these there have been numerous fugitive articles and occasional references in literary, heraldic, or genealogical journals. With a view to group all these scattered articles, as well as to encourage other writers and describe their collections, and also to establish a medium of inter-communication between collectors, this Ex-Libris Society and its admirable journal has been founded. There is a thoroughly representative council, which has for its chairman a gentleman well known in the artistic world as a designer—Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., and amongst others may be mentioned Mr. C. W. Sherborn, whose chaste designs of book-plates have long been the delight of connoisseurs; Mr. Robert Day, of Cork, an excellent antiquary; Mr. Arthur Vicars, of Dublin, an accomplished herald; Mr. Arthur Jewers, heraldic editor and expert genealogist; Mr. James Roberts Brown, an Odd Volume and a good collector; Mr. Walter Hamilton, of "Parodies" fame, who has also done good service to book-plate lore; and several others. The general editor is Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Borough Librarian, Plymouth, to whose exertions the society owes its existence.

The first number of the Ex Libris journal has now made its appearance, and may be described as a journal de luxe, for it is admirably printed on good plate paper, handsome pages with wide margins, choice illustrations in the text, besides detached plates, and very interesting articles. The cover and several of the illustrations were designed by Mr. John Leighton, an article from whose pen occupies the post of honour. Messrs. A. and C. Black are the publishers.

[Since the above has been in type, the second number of the journal has appeared, and the promise of the first is fully sustained.—ED. *Bookworm*.]

Russian Duty on Books.

A TAX of one rouble per pood has just been placed on all bound books entering this country from abroad. A still heavier tax is imposed upon the importation of Russian books that have been printed abroad.



A Book Auction in Paris.

A FRENCH book auction is conducted in quite a different way from an English one. In London the auctioneer and his assistants are all that are required, but things are managed otherwise in France. There to sell a book at auction are required, first, the *commissaire-priseur*, or auctioneer, who holds his office by appointment of the Government, and is obliged to give security that he will perform his duties honestly and faithfully. Like all official or semi-official persons in France, he is a gentlemanly person. With him comes a crier, who is a man of stentorian voice, and a clerk to keep the accounts, &c. Besides these comes some bookseller, who has made out the catalogue, and is called an expert, and who assists at the sale. With him is some one to take the books from the shelves, place them on the table, and replace them carefully when sold.

The *commissaire-priseur* and his clerk and the bookseller seat themselves behind a table, which separates them from the audience; the crier and assistant stand to perform their duties. Having saluted the company, the commissaire says: "Gentlemen, the sale will commence." "Lot No. 1," says the bookseller, while his assistant places it on the table. Then, reading the title from the catalogue, he puts a price upon it—say 10 fr. "Ten francs," says the commissaire. "Ten francs," cries the crier. If no one present accepts, "Shall I say 9?" says the commissaire. "Nine francs," cries the crier; and so on until someone accepts the offer. Then the bids commence, and may rise much above the price at which the book was placed upon the table.

When the sale is in full blast the noise is at times deafening. Surging above it all is the voice of the crier, bawling out the bids as he catches them or as they are given him by the commissaire or

the expert, who are both on the look-out for them, and who are also both frequently repeating them and encouraging the competition by appeals to the buyers or commendations of the lot offered.

The trade is always well represented at any sale of importance, and the books sell generally at their market value. There is always added in the bills 5 per cent. for expenses, and this item enhances the price of expensive lots considerably.

The catalogues of these auction sales are carefully made. The books are classified by subjects, and not being merely anonymous auctioneer lists, but prepared by a bookseller, who signs his name to them and has professional pride in their accuracy and completeness, they are frequently of real value. In England the books are arranged alphabetically and classed by the form, and as each day's sale is made up of a portion of each class, the catalogue is valueless for reference, since it has to be read through in order to find any special object in it.

In Praise of Books.

IN life no purer love can be
Than love of books for their own selves,
And no man is more blest than he
Whose heart is stored upon his shelves
With works of every sort and size,
From finger-books and "dumpy twelves,"
To theologian tomes that show
Some martyr's soul in folio.

In old books, too, a charm there lies
That love of woman never gives,
And I have found my book-love lives,
Although my lady's heart-love dies:
She thinks now that for her fair sake,
As shivered glass my heart will break—
I see it in her bitter looks—
She does not know no loss may take
Away from me my love of books.

PAUL HERRING.



A Scotchman and Johnsonese.

A DICTATOR in literature, as in politics, occupies a very anomalous position, and his candid friends as well as his more pronounced enemies are unanimous in their efforts to expose his weak points,—which are invariably many, and sometimes great. The last English literary Dictator of note was Dr. Johnson, whose fitness for that position becomes less explicable as time rolls on. We are not, however, concerned just at present with his claims in this respect, but with one of the most scathing exposures to which even Samuel Johnson, LL.D., was subjected in the course of a long and varied literary career. The satire itself is rarely met with in second-hand booksellers' shops, for the majority of bibliopoles, going no further than the title-page, and assuming it to be a philological treatise, at once consign it to the plebeian company of the "fourpenny box." The inveterate bookstaller, with more leisure than the bookseller, examines a book from beginning to end before parting with his modest sixpence or shilling. Should he meet, as perhaps in the course of ten years' vigilance he may, with a copy of "Lexiphanes," a dialogue "imitated from Lucian and suited to the present times," or which, in other words, is "an attempt to restore the English tongue to its antient purity," he will be wise in securing it at any price within reason—say four or five shillings even. It is an exceedingly diverting book, but its wit and its sarcasm are almost entirely at the expense of "our English Lexiphanes, the Rambler," *i.e.*, Dr. Johnson.

The author of this book, which was published in 1783, and was dedicated to George Lord Lyttleton, was Archie Campbell, who, from the fact that he was not an author by profession, could have had no professional jealousy against the doctor. Mr. Birkbeck Hill,

in his magnificent edition of Boswell's "Life," dismisses this attack in a footnote with a very natural but unfair superciliousness, for he has a preconceived animosity towards any person who had the effrontery to speak disparagingly of his idol. Nevertheless "Lexiphanes" is an extremely diverting book.

The argument, briefly, is this. Johnson, the English Lexiphanes, and the Critic meet; after some compliments had passed between them the former rehearses his Rhapsody, which contains a rant about hilarity and a garret, his own journey to Highgate and his adventures there and on the road, his return to London and lawsuit about his house; his walk to Chelsea, where he plays at skittles; his being frightened on his return by a calf, which he mistakes for the Cock-lane Ghost. At this juncture, the Doctor is interrupted by the Critic, who takes him to task for his hard words and affected style, and thinking him mad, applies to a Physician passing by, who proves to be the British Lucretius; he repeats a great many verses, and the Critic gets rid of him with some difficulty. Another Doctor, who is the Critic's friend, comes up. They consult together, with the result that Lexiphanes is compelled to swallow a potion that makes him throw up many of his hard words, and receives from the Critic instructions how to avoid his former faults, and write better for the future.

Those conversant with Johnsonese at its worst will read the exceedingly clever if long-winded "rhapsody" with amusement. It to some extent exaggerates Johnson's weakness for big words and resonant sentences, but not so much so as one would think. "This luxurious efflorescence of my wit would have been utterly inexplicable to any but one of your sagacity of conjecture, acuteness of comprehension, and facility of penetration," is quite Johnsonese, for he had a passion for winding up a sentence with two or three such phrases, for the most part quite superfluous. Many illustrations might be quoted to that effect, but an example from the 208th *Rambler* will suffice, and in this he speaks of "colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms and irregular combinations."

Johnson's antipathy to Scotchmen was well known, and Archie Campbell's nationality being obvious and his patriotism great, it is only natural that his remarks on this phase have an unusual interest. Johnson, in "his very facetious Dictionary," described oats as a grain "which in England feeds the horses, but in Scotland supports the people." This, Archie observes, "is no doubt intended by him for a sarcasm against the Scotch; a people he is said to hold in high contempt, and, in my opinion, very justly too, for most of them, I

have been told, are his great admirers, and so much his humble servants, that they think it even an honour to be abused by him"—a palpable hit of which Mr. James Boswell and one or two other sycophants who revolved around "this great unlick'd Cub" fully understood the point. Archie was of the opinion that Dr. Johnson wrote his *Ramblers* to make a Dictionary necessary, and afterwards compiled his Dictionary to explain his *Ramblers*. A somewhat similar charge had been urged about three-quarters of a century before by John Dennis the critic (whose plays were failures) against Addison, who, the critic argued, educated the public up to a certain theory and then wrote a play in illustration thereof.

The dialogues between the Critic, the Physician and the Doctor, when it comes to the swallowing of the emetic, are bright and amusing, but the last-named is compelled to take the draught which, it seems, was originally made up "for a member of Parliament, who lost his wits together with his place at the last change of ministry." The Doctor of course raves and threatens in the most approved Johnsonese: "See, I must succumb under the violence of prejudice, the fury of force, and the superiority of numbers; I shall protect myself with the mask of deceit, the grin of irony, and the sneer of dissimulation."

But the fun does not end with the swallowing of the medicine, and its successful results. A "postscript" is added in the form of a letter from a Frenchman who had studied Johnson's Dictionary not wisely but too well, with serious personal inconveniences, through taking Johnson's definitions too literally. It seems that M. Dugard de Belletête, in taking up his residence in this country to "dressé and to frizé de Hairs of de Ladies and de Jentilmans," armed himself with Johnson's Dictionary "vor apprendre more facilement, and parlé more justement and proprement de English Tongué." So far so good. But the hairdresser encountered difficulties so soon as he got on English soil. The officer of the Excise confiscated a piece of fine Brussels lace which he intended for his very good friend, Madame la Duchesse of ——. He asked, not too politely, "vat Diable be you, and vor vat you robé me?" The officer explained; the Frenchman retorted, "You be de Vretché hiré by dose to vom Excise be payé." The officer got into a passion and "breaké my headé." The would-be smuggler explained that the observations he used were in the Dictionary of Doctor Johnson, "but he damn Me and de Doctern J——n bot." The hairdresser was next kicked downstairs for using Johnson's definition of a Gazetteer to one of the fraternity; and after that harpooned

by an old soldier pensioned off, after losing an eye, a leg, and an arm in the service of his country, and to whom the Frenchman applied Johnson's explanation of a pensioner as "a slave of state hired to obey his master." The allusion, of course, touched Johnson on a very tender point; and the hairdresser was justified in considering Johnson a much greater traitor to his country than the soldier, in taking a pension of £300 for "de vriting of de nonsense and de grand stuffé."

In the way of desultory reading, and for those interested in Johnson and his contemporaries, Archie Campbell's "*Lexiphanes*" will prove very interesting. That it had a large sale at the time of its appearance is proved by the fact that it ran into three editions within a few months of its publication.

Goethe's Letters to Frau Von Stein.

THE original letters of Goethe to Frau von Stein, a great literary treasure, are shortly to be offered for sale. The present holder, the grandson of the lady in question, is understood to be willing to dispose of the entire collection for the sum of 150,000 marks, or £7,500 sterling. There are in all seven volumes, containing no fewer than 1,748 letters from the poet. They were written between the years 1776 and 1826, and, therefore, extend over a period of more than half a century down to the year preceding the death of Frau von Stein. These letters have already in part appeared in print, but the originals contain very much which has been omitted in the printed copies. The Royal Library at Berlin has already opened negotiations for the purchase of the collection, but the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar is understood to be also anxious to obtain them for the Goethe Collection at Weimar.



Ancient Manuscripts.

OUR classical authors came near being entirely lost to us. Of some nothing has been preserved; of others we possess only fragments, and chance, that blind arbiter of the works of genius, has preserved, in their entirety, some productions of a secondary value. We lost a great number of ancient authors in the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, which deprived Europe of the use of papyrus. In the absence of papyrus, parchment was employed, which, from year to year, became more scarce and costly. Then the sheets upon which were transcribed classical compositions of Roman literature, were converted into psalters and breviaries; an entire book of Livy half effaced between some verses of the Bible, and the orations of Cicero "de Republica" between the lines of a history of the monastery.

There was a time when a considerable domain was exchanged for a manuscript; when this acquisition was deemed of sufficient importance to be registered in the public acts. All powerful and absolute as was Louis XI., he was not able to borrow the manuscript of Arob Rasis, for the purpose of making a copy, without depositing 100 crowns of gold with the library of the Faculté de Paris, and for the completion of this sum the secretary of the treasury sold a part of the silver plate. For the loan of a volume in 1471, a baron offered a security of ten marks of silver, which was considered insufficient. Previously, a countess of Anjou had given, for a book of Homélius, two hundred sheep and a supply of barley and wheat. At this period, manuscripts were an object of considerable commerce, the usurers receiving them in pledge as a precious commodity. A student of Paris, reduced to the last extremity, regained his fortune by borrowing money on a book of jurisprudence, and a

grammarian, ruined by fire, rebuilt his house by the sale of two volumes of "Cicero."

Upon the restoration of letters, the *savants* searched with ardour for these treasures of the past. The passion entailed long journeys, and in the pursuit many fortunes were sacrificed. The acquisition of a province afforded no greater source of congratulation than the finding of an unknown manuscript. "Oh, marvellous fortune!" wrote Aritino to Poggio, upon learning that Poggio had discovered a copy of Quintilian. "I pray you to send me this manuscript at the earliest moment, lest I should die without beholding it."

But in this fever of enthusiasm, the *demi-savants* were sometimes the victims of their ardour; knaves sold to them false volumes at an exorbitant price. On the other hand, the truly learned were tormented by the demon of jealousy when they learned that one of their number was the fortunate possessor of a particularly choice work; for, then, the honour of possessing a volume of Cicero almost equalled the honour of composing it.

The greater part of these manuscripts were found, not upon the shelves of libraries, but in the most obscure recesses of monasteries, covered with dust, and were not delivered to the searchers with much emphasis concerning their true value, for very erroneous notions concerning the ancient authors were held at that time. The learned men of this epoch placed a certain Valerius in the front rank of Latin prose writers; ranging Plato and Quintilian among the poets, and believing Ennius and Statius were contemporaries. The best copy of Tacitus was found in a monastery of Westphalia. The emperor Tacitus caused to be deposited in all the libraries of his empire copies of the work of his illustrious ancestor, and ordered ten new copies to be made each year; but even this precaution was unavailing, and all the libraries of the Roman empire seem to have been wholly destroyed. Some manuscripts have perished after being saved from the abyss. Raymond Lorenzo, a legist of the pontifical court, possessed two books of Cicero upon Glory, which he offered to Petrarch. The poet lent them to a learned old man who had been his preceptor. The latter, in a moment of need, pawned them to a usurer, and, dying just then, the books were again seen which Petrarch had not been permitted to read, but of which he spoke with great enthusiasm.—*L'Imprimerie.*



Tennysonianana.

AN extraordinary collection of the editions of the works of Lord Tennyson, and *adversaria* to which the generic term of Tennysonianana may be applied, came under the hammer recently at Sotheby's. They are described in the catalogue as "The Property of a Gentleman." The last owner appears not to have been satisfied with perfect copies in an uncut condition, in the original cloth of the first edition, but to have secured copies of nearly every subsequent impression of each particular poem or book of poems. In some cases the alterations in various editions are material; but as a rule it is not so. There are, for example, nine editions of the "Poems" from 1842 to 1872, in each of which new readings occur; although sold separately, they realized in the aggregate slightly less than £5. The very rare "Poems by Two Brothers," published at Louth in 1827, and from which nine of the poems had been reprinted, £15. Of "In Memoriam" there were the first to the fifth editions, besides an edition with forged title page, and these realized £4 7s. 6d. There were several editions of "Maud," the first of which was published by Moxon in 1855, and realized 8s.; "The Princess," £1 12s.; "Enoch Arden," "Queen Mary," "Idylls of the King," all first editions, and each sold for a few shillings. There were several sets of Tennyson's collected works, including the Pocket Volume Edition (in 10 vols.), published by Strahan in 1870, in which the present section 39 of "In Memoriam" is added, "Literary Squabbles" (the "After-thoughts" of *Punch*, 1846) republished and acknowledged; this was knocked down for 5s.; whilst the library edition (in six vols.) of 1872, in which there are important additions, sold for 14s., and the cabinet edition (in twelve vols.) of 1874-7, 5s. There were several lots composed of magazines and newspapers, in each of which appeared

for the first time a poem by Tennyson. These date from about 1837, in which year was published "The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems," edited by Lord Northampton, and which contains the first publication of stanzas afterwards (with suppressions and alterations) incorporated a "Maud"—this interesting volume sold for 2s. There was also a copy of "Timbuctoo," first edition, £3. One lot consisted of two historic volumes, one being *Punch*, 1846, containing "The New Timon and the Poets" (suppressed), of the first publication of "After-thoughts" (Literary Squabbles); and "The New Timon," a romance of London, 1846, containing the passage (removed after this edition) to which reference is made in the above poem, published anonymously, but written by the late Lord Lytton. In the way of illustrated editions there was a large paper copy of the most sumptuous edition of any of Tennyson's works—the "Idylls of the King,"—which was issued at twenty guineas, in wrappers, the copy in question being beautifully bound in marone morocco extra, and realized £1 19s. A very interesting lot consisted of a case containing fifty-five etchings, prints, &c., mounted to a uniform size, including nineteen portraits of Lord Tennyson, portraits of Lady Tennyson, Hallam and Lionel Tennyson, Rev. C. Tennyson Turner, Arthur H. Hallam, &c., £1 15s.

i" The Key to Unknown Knowledge."

"THE Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of five Windowes," is the title of a quaint and scarce little quarto, printed by Adam Islip, in 1599.

It contains the following lines:—

"Which if you doe open,
To cheapen and copen,
You will be unwilling,
For many a shilling,
To part with the profit,
That you shall have of it."



Some Quaint Book Titles.

TH frequently happens that the title is really the only interesting and attractive thing about an old book ; occasionally the interest extends to the prefatory matter, the introduction being oftentimes highly diverting whilst the text of the book is eminently depressing. As regards quaint titles, here are a few selected by Miss Marion Wanless :—

A quaint book, brown and stained with use and age has the following voluminous title :

“The Whole Duty of Women, divided into four sections.

“ 1. Directions how to obtain the Divine and Moral Virtues.

“ 2. Duty of Virgins.

“ 3. Duty of a Wife.

“ 4. Duty of a Widow.

“Also choice receipts in physick and chirurgery, with the whole art of cooking, preserving and candying.

“Written by a Lady. The sixth edition. London : Printed for A. Bettersworth and C. Hitch, at the Red Lyon, Paternoster Row, and James Hodges, at the sign of the Looking Glass, on London Bridge, 1735.”

A small volume of rhyme printed in 1689 is called “Female Poems on Several Occasions,” and is “Writ by Ephelia.”

Another curious and remarkable production, printed in London in 1652, is : “Eliza’s Babes, or the Virgin’s Offering, being Divine Poems and Meditations. Written by a lady, who only desires to advance the Glory of God and not her own.”

A book of poems of a more worldly character has a rather medicinal flavour, viz. : “Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy, being a large collection of Ballads, Sonnets, etc., with their tunes.”

"Fasciculus Florum; or, a Nosegay of Flowers, translated of and out of the Gardens of several Poets and other Authors," is the flowery title of another poetical collection printed in 1636 at London.

"A French Garden for English Ladyes and Gentlewomen to walk in, or a summer dayes labour in French and English," by "P. Erandel," was given to the world in 1605. In the same year "G. J." was kind enough to offer "An Apologue for Woman Kinde."

An optician desiring more information in regard to his business, sent for a book bearing the following title: "A New Invention; or a Pair of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly containe shall be discovered in one."

The optician was surprised to find that the book related to a war then raging (1644).

A Jesuit who wrote against the jealous Puritan, Sir Humphrey Lind, called his work, "A Pair of Spectacles for Humphrey Lind;" to which the latter replied by "A Case for 'A Pair of Spectacles for Humphrey Lind.'"

John Peters had printed for "his-self" in 1679, a book on the art of Latin verse-making. The title reads thus: "A New Way to Make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary ability that only knows the A, B, C, and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainly taught to make thousands of hexameter and pentameter verses, which shall be true Latin, true verse and good sense."

In 1641 an invective against some book-making and book-dealing people was first entitled, "The Downfall of Temporising Poets, Unlicensed Printers, Upstart Booksellers, Trotting Mercuries and Bawling Hawkers." A small volume addressed to "Ye Women," published in 1595, has this curious title: "Quippes for Upstart, Newfangled Gentlewomen, or a Glass to View the Pride of Vain-Glorious Women, Containing a Pleasant Invective against the Fantastical Foreign Toys Daylie Used in Women's Apparell."

Another book on the same subject has the following title: "England's Vanity, or the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders and a Hundred Other Foolries."

"The Scraper of Vanity, a Spiritual Pillow Necessary to Extirpate Vice and to Plant Virtue," is written especially for women.

Books or tracts of religious character have the most quaint titles. The following might prove unattractive for a hungry person: "Beautiful Biscuits Cooked in the Oven of Charity and Put Aside

Carefully for the Fowls of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Swallows of Salvation."

"Buttons and Buttonholes for Believers' Breeches" is a small work on Christian charity.

A book of consolation published in 1630 is called "A Handkerchief for Parents' Wet Eyes upon the Death of Children."

A quaint book printed at London in 1642 is entitled, "The Virgins' Complaint for the Loss of Their Sweethearts by These Present Wars and Their Own Long Solitude."

Among jest books, there is the "New Book of Mistakes, or Bulls With Tales and Bulls Without Tales."

"Pasquil's Jests, Mixed With Mother Bunch's Merriment, Whereunto is Added a Dozen of Gullies, Pretty and Pleasant, to Drive Away the Tediousness of a Winter's Evening."

"Pasquil's Nightcap, or an Antidote for the Headache."

"Polly Peachum's Jests, Diverting Tales, Witty Apothegms That Have been Used at St. James' or St. Giles', Suited to the Peer or the Porter."

"A Treat for Funny, Being an Excellent Collection of Drolls."

"Fun for the Parlour, or All Merry Above Stairs."

"The Frisky Jester, or the Cream of the Jest and the Marrow of the Tale, by Roger Rubyface;" and "Art Asleepe, Husband? A Boulster Lecture, Stored With a Variety of Wittty Jests and Merry Tales."

From a little old book entitled "The Spiritval Sonne-ship," by Samvel Hieron, printed at London, 1611, the following extract in the address "To the Christian Reader" is taken:

"I have to desire of thee . . . that if in the printing of these or any other of my publishings, thou hast met or hereafter shall meet with any errors which may interrupt and stumble thee in thy passage, thou wouldest lay the fault wholly where it is. It has much grieved me to see the flaws and maimes in divers of the things I have sent abroad, the falsifying of words, the misplacing of sentences, the dismembering of some, the confounding of other some clauses, by wrong pointing them. . . . I beseech thee to make the best of these escapes, and let thy care and diligence to observe my maine purpose in every particular help these imperfections. My endeavor hath ever beene to put each thing perfect into the printer's hands. I dwell farre off and cannot attend their proceedings. . . .

"Thine in Christ,

"Modbury in Devon.

SAM HIERON."

“ What solace would those books afford,
In gold and vellum cover,
Could men but say them word for word
Who never turn them over !

Books that must know themselves by heart
As by endowment vital,
Could they their truths to us impart,
Not stopping with the title ! ”

Some Celebrated Bibles.

THE past year (the recently published Report states) has been remarkable for acquisitions by the British Museum of celebrated Bibles, including the Egenolff German Bible, Frankfort, 1534, of great rarity, and especially interesting from being adorned with the woodcuts from which the illustrations of the Coverdale Bible of 1535 were imitated ; and the Acts and Canonical Epistles, and the Psalter, translated into White Russian and printed at Wilna in 1525. With the exception of some portions of the Old Testament previously published by Skorina at Prague, and perhaps a version of St. Luke, these are the first translations of the Scriptures into Russian ; they are also the first Russian books printed within the present limits of the Empire. To these are to be added a unique copy of an edition of Calvin's New Testament, printed at Geneva in 1551 ; a vellum copy, unique in this state, of Luther's translation of the Psalms, Leipsic, 1540 ; the New Testament in the Ober Engadine dialect of Romansch, 1560 ; the Malagasy Bible, Antananarivo, 1830-35, perfect copies of which are exceedingly scarce, the greater part of the impression having been destroyed in the persecution, and the few copies which escaped having been divided into small portions for more effectual concealment.



An Old Directory.¹

THAS been said that the public would find a collection of the weekly bills of Frau Luther more interesting than some of her husband's pamphlets. There is something in this view, but knowledge would be required in the editor to make the weekly bills intelligible to all readers. This is the case with all old documents, for the more the reader knows the more he is able to get out of them. We have now before us a scarce and curious little volume, containing the names of the persons of quality and fashion living in London in the year 1792. It is the first issue of Boyle's Court Guide, and is a slim volume of 216 pages. In turning over these pages we find a crowd of names that mean nothing to us now, but suddenly we come upon such a one as this: "Hon. Charles James Fox, 26, South Street." This causes us to turn to P for Fox's great rival, Pitt, but, oddly enough, a large number of names in the latter portion of that letter are left out, and Pitt's among them. Under Downing Street, however, we find the "Rt. Hon. William Pitt." The unpopular ex-prime minister, the Earl of Bute, was still living at 73, South Audley Street, but in this same year he died. Another ex-Prime Minister, Lord North (now Earl of Guilford), is noted as living in Grosvenor Street, but he also died in this year. The Right Hon. H. Addington (afterwards Viscount Sidmouth) lived at 3, Stratford Place, and William Wilberforce at Old Palace Yard. Warren Hastings was in Park Lane, while his friend, Sir Elijah Impey, was at 65, Wimpole Street, and his great enemy, Sir Philip Francis, at the house in St. James's

¹ "The Fashionable Court Guide, or the Town Visit Directory for the year 1792. By P. Boyle. To be continued annually." London, 1792, 12 mo.

Square into which he had moved in the previous year. "R. B. Sheridan, M.P.," was living in Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Of great sailors, we find Lord Hood at the Admiralty, Lord Rodney in Hanover Square, Lord Hawke in Portland Place, and Sir Hugh Palliser in Bridge Court, Westminster. Of great lawyers, the Earl of Mansfield and Lord Kenyon were in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Lord Thurlow in Great Ormond Street. In this year that bullying Lord Chancellor resigned the Great Seal which he had held since 1778. By some of the names we are reminded that at this time the French Revolution was in full swing. "Egalité," Duke of Orleans, was living in South Street, a few doors from Fox, but in the next year he returned to France and was guillotined. The French Ambassador was the Marquis de la Luzerne, and he lived in Portman Square. Mons. de Calonne, the unpopular Prime Minister of Louis XVI., who fled to England in 1787, was still living in affluence in Piccadilly, near Apsley House, but soon afterwards he went to Coblenz and mortgaged his property to enable him to assist the impoverished French princes and nobility. Of great actors and actresses we find John Kemble living in Caroline Street, Bedford Square, in a house which has been pulled down within the last few months to make room for a new street. Mrs. Siddons was in Great Marlborough Street, Miss Farren in Green Street, Mrs. Jordan at 14, Somerset Street, and the widowed Mrs. Garrick on the Adelphi Terrace.

Horace Walpole (now Earl of Orford) is found in Berkeley Street, and the daughter of his great friend, Marshal Conway (the Hon. Mrs. Damer), in Sackville Street. John Julius Angerstein, the opulent Russian merchant, is in Pall Mall, and at his house his fine collection of pictures when bought by the Government in 1824, for £57,000, as a foundation for a National Gallery, was exhibited. J. S. Copley, the painter, and father of Lord Lyndhurst, was at the house in George Street, Hanover Square, where his son lived and died; Benjamin West, P.R.A., in Newman Street; Cosway, the exquisite miniaturist, in Stratford Place, and John Nash, the architect of Regent Street, in Spring Gardens.

The history of this little book, which transports us in spirit to the end of the last century, is a curious one. It appears that P. Boyle, the compiler, was originally a chairman in Dublin. He then came to London, and was an employer of Sedan chairmen here. For their use he compiled manuscript lists of the fashionable people that their patrons were likely to visit. The fame of these lists were spread abroad, and Boyle was induced to print them. The editorial

superintendence over the production of the book cannot have been considerable, for the names are not in true alphabetical order, some streets and portions of letters are left out; names are oddly spelt, and few of the esquires have their christian names stated. Sir Vicary Gibbs, who lived in Great Russell Street, is in one place called Viceroy Gibbs and in another Vickrey Gibbs.

H. B. WHEATLEY.

The Burned Burton MS.

LADY BURTON answers at length in *The Echo* the objections raised to her destruction of her husband's MSS., as described in her letter to *The Morning Post*. She says: "I shall never regret what I have done, but I shall regret all my life having confessed it, though I could scarcely have helped it, as I was ordered to do so. My husband did no wrong; he had a high purpose, and he thought no evil of printing it, and could one have secured the one per cent. of individuals to whom it would have been merely scientific study, it probably would have done no harm; but once you get a thing in print in England you have lost all hold of it, and the merest school-girl, if she is bent on seeing it, will get to do so, and the more the mystery the keener they are. I have received hundreds of letters, with all sorts of opinions, all except three thoroughly approving my act. Out of the many hundreds of letters which I have received since the 19th of June, three offered to start public subscriptions for me, but I have declined them, because this subject is, to me, too sacred for barter. The only money I have ever asked for was for the monument."

The Original MS. of the "Divine Comedy."

PROF. LANCIANI writes to *The Athenæum* :—"As regards the alleged discovery of the original manuscript of the 'Divina Commedia,' announced by many contemporaries, I gather the following official information from a note read by Prof. Monaci in the sitting of the Accademia de' Lincei of May 17th. The five or six hundred known manuscripts of Dante's poem have been divided by recent philologists into two groups: one named from Boccaccio, one from Francesco di Ser Nardo da Barberino di Val d'Elsa, who made two excellent copies—one known as the Trivulziana, dated 1337, one known as the Laurenziana, dated 1347. What the Dantophiles have been aiming at for so many years is to discover the original autograph from which Francesco da Barberino made his first transcriptions. The discovery announced by Prof. Monaci, on behalf of Cavaliere Carta, Librarian of the Estensis (Modena), seems to bring us very close to the solution of the controversy. In the front or title-page of Dante's Codex Braidensis (Milan), marked AN . xv . 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, there is an illuminated coat of arms. The shield, half gold, half black, is crossed by a silver band. There is no doubt that this is the coat of arms of the Alighieris, identified and described long before by Pelli, Litta, Dequeux de St. Hilaire, Fraticelli, and others. A copy of it, made in 1302, is to be seen in a 'libro d'armi' formerly owned by Andrea de Verrazzano, of which there is a duplicate in the secret archives of Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, made in 1666 by Cosimo della Rena. The Codex Braidensis, written undoubtedly by Francesco da Barberino before 1337 (as shown by its wonderful accuracy), was ordered of him by one of the Alighieris. We have reason, therefore, to believe that the text of the Codex Braidensis is a direct copy from the still unknown original autograph of the 'Divina Commedia,' and that Francesco di Ser Nardo must be considered more as the editor than a simple copyist of the poem."



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WHATEVER may be the political divisions of the English-speaking peoples of the earth, they are indissolubly linked together by the bond of a common language, and form, to use a familiar phrase, one great Republic of Letters; and it has long been felt that a special organ was needed to take note of the ever-increasing book-production of "Greater" as well as of Great Britain. Apart altogether from the United States, we have in the "Commonwealth" of Australia, the Dominion of Canada, in South Africa, and in British India, millions of English-speaking men and women who are creating what may be called new forms of English literature.

It is only necessary to name such writers as Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Olive Schreiner, Dr. Charles Pearson, Dr. Bourinot, Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Mr. Brunton Stephens, "Rolf Boldrewood," "Tasma," Ada Cambridge, Mr. Marriott Watson, and other so-called Colonial or Indian writers who have earned for themselves a name by works peculiarly appertaining to their respective countries.

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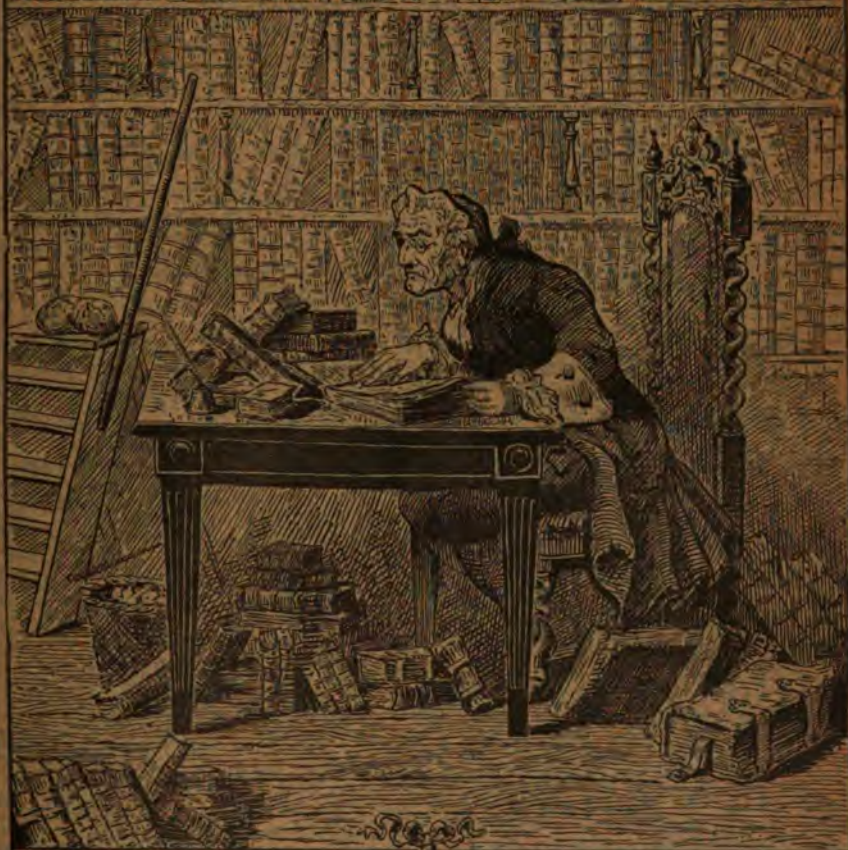
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Our Note-Book.

WE welcome for several reasons the new or fourth volume of the *British Bookmaker*, which first appeared as the *Book-binder*, not simply because it deals with subjects in which the readers of *THE BOOKWORM* are directly interested, but because it is ably edited, beautifully printed, and turned out of hand in a thoroughly artistic manner. Mr. Robert Hilton has, within a few months, raised a losing concern into a successful commercial enterprise. This is in a great degree attributable to the fact that our friend has infused into it no small amount of vitality, which was greatly needed, and has made it bear the same relation to modern "bookmaking" as the better features of the "new journalism" do upon the life and thought of to-day. The series of exhaustive papers on leading living bookbinders are exceedingly interesting and instructive, whilst the numerous coloured and other examples prove that England at least is not open to the charge of poverty in ideas. Some, indeed, appear to us to be far more artistic than many much-praised specimens of the old masters, whom we are too often called upon to admire without quite knowing why. Although to modern bookbinding the chief amount of space is naturally devoted, the ancient is not at all neglected, whilst the book printer, the book illustrator, and the lover of books generally, will find herein plenty to interest and to instruct. Along with the fourth volume of the *Bookmaker* comes the third one of the *British Printer*, which, to those who can appreciate artistic colour printing, will prove a source of perpetual delight. It forms, in fact, a really beautiful book.

* * * *

Those interested in the exhibition to be held at Chicago in 1893—

to which reference is made on p. 337—will be glad to know that, by the Sultan's orders, a collection is to be made of copies of all Turkish books, magazines, and other literary works published since the accession to the throne of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid. These works are to be richly bound, and will be sent to the world's fair at Chicago. The Porte also sends to Chicago a file of the legal paper, *Djeridei Mahakim*, from the time of its establishment up to the most recent possible date. This will also be beautifully bound, and the covers will be adorned with the arms of the Ottoman Empire. The Turkish exhibit will also comprise several paintings, the works of the students in the Imperial School of Arts, depicting many of the most remarkable monuments in the city of Constantinople. In addition, the Sultan's photographers will prepare an elaborate series of views of the imperial barracks, schools, and other public buildings.

* * * *

London is in itself so vast that no history by one individual could possibly do it justice. When split up into divisions, the task is not difficult, and when each section is undertaken by a specialist, the result should be useful and permanent. We are therefore glad to know that Mr. Alfred Beaver's admirable "Memorials of Old Chelsea" (Elliot Stock) has been received on all hands with praise, and a very slight examination will prove that it has deserved this welcome. Being issued in monthly parts (of which there will be about eighteen) at two shillings, its purchase comes easy to those whose means do not correspond with their zeal for books on local history. It is needless to say that the book is admirably got up, or that the numerous illustrations by the author are in Mr. Beaver's best manner. The third part contains a very interesting reference to a reading-desk, with six folio volumes chained to it, in the Old Church. They are copies of the "Vinegar" Bible (Baskett: Oxford, 1717), without its title-page; the "Common Prayer" (1723), the "Homilies" (Oxford, 1683), with the autograph of J. Trelawney, and "The Book of Martyrs" (volumes 1 and 3; London, 1684). These books, in themselves, are of little commercial value, but under the conditions their interest is great. Chelsea is full of literary associations, both of the remote past and of the yesterday of the present decade. Mr. Beaver's book will do much to widely distribute the knowledge which is now confined to a comparatively small circle.

* * * *

There is, we fear, very little in common between literature and "Theodoric the Goth," of whom it must be admitted many people

who may be considered as fairly well educated have never heard. They will therefore be all the more pleased to learn that a very entertaining biography of the Barbarian Champion of Civilization, by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., has been issued in Messrs. Putnam's successful series of books entitled "Heroes of the Nations." To those who have only a remote interest in the early history of Italy, we can thoroughly recommend this book ; and when the great part which that country has played in the history of Europe is duly considered the importance of this the latest contribution to the subject cannot be exaggerated.

* * * *

Mr. Thomas Hutchinson sends us the following "roundel" :—

WHEN MY SHIP COMES.

[To G. H. E.]

When my ship comes, myself a house I'll build,
 With treasures in which kings might glory filled :—
 Rugs of delicious harmonies of hue ;
 " Blue and white china " of such worth that few
 Have rivalled seen—*chefs-d'œuvre* of genius skilled.

And round my walls—as of the richest guild—
 Shall pictures hang by which the soul is thrilled ;
 And books *introuvable* be found, brand-new,
 When my ship comes.

And far remote from foes, and friends self-willed
 Whose presence oft my warmest thoughts has chilled,
 An ideal study shall be mine, to do
 In it just as I choose—with such a view
 Of trees and flowers, and fields that I have tilled,
 That peace into my mind will be instilled—
 When my ship comes.





The Guildhall Library.

THE late Alderman Sir David Salomons, who died in 1873, bequeathed to the Corporation of London a sum of £1,000 to be expended in some useful memorial of him in connection with the Guildhall Library and Museum. His brother, the late Mr. Philip Salomons, had previously presented to the library, in 1847, a valuable collection of Hebrew books. The Library Committee, considering that a portion of the bequest should be devoted to increasing and extending the collection of Hebrew works in the library, set apart £300 for the purchase of further works upon Talmudical and Rabbinical subjects, and on the condition and history of the Jewish communities throughout the world. They also reserved £600 for the purchase of books upon commerce and art, to form a special collection in the library as a memorial of the late Alderman, and they resolved to spend a further sum for the compilation of a proper catalogue of the Hebrew and Jewish works. The work of compilation was entrusted to the Rev. A. Löwy, of the West London Synagogue, and Mr. Löwy has not only catalogued the Hebrew works by transcribing their titles at full length in the Hebrew characters, but indexed them on a fresh principle by retaining the first few words of each Hebrew title to identify the work and adding in English a succinct description of its subject. The testimony already received by the committee of the value of the catalogue from competent critics at home and abroad, fully justifies the departure which has been made from the ordinary system of cataloguing. Mr. C. Welch, F.S.A., the Corporation librarian, was associated with Mr. Löwy to assist him in the necessary bibliographical details, and in the preparation of the work for the press. The catalogue has now been published and distributed to the various libraries in this country and abroad. The cost of the work has been £391 17s. 7d., of which the Corporation have paid £275 5s. 6d. in supplement of the balance of Sir D. Salomon's bequest.



Early London Bookbindings.

WHEN printed books were first produced in England by William Caxton in 1476-77 (writes Mr. Cyril Davenport in the *Queen*), they were bound in leather, usually calf or deerskin, or in parchment; but in the case of manuscripts it was comparatively seldom made use of, covers richly adorned with the most valuable and decorative materials possible being generally adopted.

This order, however, on the invention and use of movable type about A.D. 1440, was distinctly changed; the manuscripts themselves were no longer of the extreme value they had been up to this time, and as the simple printed page surely superseded the beautiful illuminated manuscript, so leather took the place of the costly enamels, carved ivory, and elaborately jewelled bindings hitherto used.

It is noteworthy that the fashion of signing the bindings, which was so largely followed on the Continent, at once fell into disuse in this country, our binders, if placing anything at all personal to themselves on their work, seldom using more than their initials, device, or trade-mark, all of which may after all be wrongly attributed, even when the greatest trouble and research have been taken for the purpose of identification. Books, on the other hand, bound abroad, frequently bear the names in full of their binders. The earliest specimen of this kind at present known on a printed book is a copy of the *Epistolæ* of St. Jerome, printed at Strasburg by J. Mentelin about 1467, and bound by "Jean Reichembach." Other beautiful bindings are signed by André Boule, Bayeux, Gavet, Le Fevre, and many others.

The bands on to which the sections of printed matter are sewn are

usually strips of leather or rolled pieces of parchment, and beechen or oaken boards were used to draw these bands into. The boards, which were also sometimes made of waste paper, pasted together, were in their turn covered, partly or entirely, with leather, more or less elaborately decorated. This leather covering was doubtless intended to preserve the bands and sewing from injury by rubbing, and it is interesting to find how well this purpose has been served, the backs of the very earliest bound books being often found in a perfect state of preservation when the protective leather is still intact.

In the fifteenth century the sides of the leather bindings of printed books were decorated, if at all, either in cut or stamped work; the cut work was not used to any extent in England, but the stamped work was. The stamps were engraved on metal or wood, and were impressed upon the leather after the book was bound; sometimes they were heated and sometimes not, and the leather was damped in either case. The designs used abroad were generally scriptural, and consisted of a large central panel enclosed in a border of some arabesque pattern, or bearing a legend or the binder's name. On large books two or more stamps of this kind are sometimes found on the same side. Besides these more ambitious designs, sides of books were very frequently adorned with straight lines variously arranged, either left plain or enclosing impressions from small stamps of some simple pattern. The bindings that remain on books printed, and perhaps bound, in Caxton's workshop, are of this last character. On foreign books of this date, especially on the half bindings, are also often found long panels representing hunting scenes.

Books bound in the fifteenth and early in the succeeding centuries usually had clasps, and very frequently a short title is written on the fore-edge. The clasps are seldom found perfect, as, the books having been kept laid on their sides, with the fore-edge and its title outwards, they were useful as handles, and have been in consequence almost always pulled to pieces. In some cases the printer was his own publisher and binder, and we sometimes find his device or initial inside and outside the same book, as in the case of the little abridgment of the statutes printed by Richard Pynson in 1499.

It is on early English bindings especially that large heraldic stamps occur, and as far as printed books are concerned, they may perhaps be considered the first distinctive decorations for bindings of printed books that were made and designed in this country. Heraldic devices of a similar kind were much used by German binders, both before and after the time of Henry VII., but they were produced in an entirely different way, being either in cut or tooled leather.

The Royal coat-of-arms used so frequently in English bindings at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries was equally borne by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The latter king, however, in 1528 altered it, and instead of bearing both the dragon and the greyhound as his supporters, assumed the lion on the dexter and placed the dragon on the sinister side of his coat, leaving out the greyhound. The red dragon was used by Henry VII. in virtue of his supposed descent from Cadwallader, the last of the kings of Britain, whose emblem it was, and Henry was particularly proud of it, inasmuch as there existed in Wales an old prophecy to the effect that a descendant of this king would some day wear the English crown, which prophecy was fulfilled in his proper person.

The greyhound was borne as a supporter by Henry VII. on double grounds, and authorities differ somewhat as to which of the two should be assigned its adoption. He may have taken it as belonging to himself by right of his mother, daughter and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who bore a greyhound as one of his supporters ; or he may have used it in right of his wife, Elizabeth of York, who was descended from the family of Neville, they also using the greyhound as a supporter.

The Tudor rose, which frequently occurs, both large and small, on bindings of this period, was the proudest badge of the Tudor sovereigns, and used by all of them. It was adopted by Henry VII. on his marriage with the heiress and representative of the House of York, and consisted of a double rose with red and white petals, symbolical of the union of the two rival houses of York and Lancaster, which, under their respective badges of the white and red rose, had kept England in a state of civil war for many years.

On the same stamp as the Royal coat-of-arms frequently occur the shield of St. George and that of the City of London, the use of this last signifying that the binder was a citizen, probably a member of the Company of Stationers, which, though not incorporated until the time of Philip and Mary, was itself of great antiquity. When the binder was not a citizen, some other design or mark is substituted for this particular shield. Probably at first these stamps were made only for Royal books, but doubtless they occur on books that have never belonged to any crowned head.

A Fifteenth Century Proem.

I HAVE lately had occasion to consult some of the MSS. of Glanville on the Properties of Things, and was pleased with the simple expression of some lines written at the head of them. They indicate the feelings which a scribe must have experienced when he sat down to copy and illuminate a manuscript of 300 folio leaves. In the hope that the readers of *THE BOOKWORM* may sympathize with him, I send you the lines (modernized as to spelling, since there are frequent variants).

*"In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti, Amen.
Assit principio Sancta Maria meo.*

✠ CROSS was made all of red
In the beginning of my book
That is called *God me speed*
In the first lesson that I took.

Then I learned A and B
And other letters by their names,
But always *God speed me*,
That is me needful in all games.

If I played in fields or in meads
Other still, other with noise,
I pray help in all my deeds
Of Him that died upon the cross.

Now divers plays in His name
I shall let pass forth and fare,
And adventure to play a long game
Also, and I shall spare

Woods, meads, and fields,
Place that I have playéd in,
And in His name that all things wilds
This game now I shall begin.

And pray help, counsel, and rede
To me that He will send
And this game rule and lead
And bring it to a good end.

Qui habet aures audiendi audiat."

Modern School, Bedford.

ROBERT STEELE.



Publishing in Germany.

THE literature of bookselling and publishing in Germany is of an extensive character, forming, indeed, quite a small library of itself. Without going back to the year 1486, when Coburger (or Koburger), of Nuremburg, issued the first catalogue (in folio) of books, or even to a century or more later when a bulky list of three hundred pages was issued by George Willer, the literature proper of the trade may be said to have commenced in 1728, when the "Insignia Bibliopolarium" of Roth-Scholtz appeared at Nuremburg. Since, if not even before, that date, the literature of the fraternity has been swelling until it has reached its present unwieldy proportions. This activity is to a certain extent accounted for by the fact that there is no common legislation as to the rights of authors and publishers in the German empire. Many of the states have their own separate and distinct regulations, which are usually regulated by custom and sometimes by the interpretations which the courts place upon a particular phrasing. The question of a common law for the whole empire has frequently been debated and its utility universally admitted, but it involves so many points and interests that the Imperial Parliament appears to be reluctant to take the subject up.

Copyright laws, or "Verlagsrechte," in various parts of Germany, are very fair and definite to authors and publishers. After he has acquired the exclusive right of reproduction the publisher is bound to publish the work; in this country and in England certain members of the fraternity acquire the exclusive right, but when the "copy" is in their possession flatly decline to make any advance until a certain number of subscribers or sum of money has been obtained, which "may be years and may be never." On the other hand, the German

author is bound to deliver his manuscript at a stipulated time, or the publisher may not only withdraw from the contract, but sue the man of letters for compensation. The tradesman is not permitted to make any alterations in the contents of the work.

As a rule, the assignment holds good for only one edition, a new contract being necessary for each new edition; and an author may not issue a new edition before the old one is sold, unless he compensates the publisher. In Prussia, if the number of copies of the first edition is not specified the publisher may reprint the work without alterations as often as he pleases. In Baden the number is unlimited, but a reprint is not allowed. In Saxony the law of January 2, 1863, makes it very clear that unless otherwise specified the first edition may not exceed one thousand copies.

It was a fine stroke of genius on the part of the Prussian authorities to enact that "in case of disagreement the fee for a new edition is to be half that for the first"! The author of an unexpectedly popular book would naturally demand payment of an enhanced rate for a new edition, and in repudiating any such claim the publisher would be simply driving his own wheelbarrow! The author is almost invariably an irritable animal! The liability of a publisher is, in Saxony at all events, very clearly defined. If a work is accidentally lost when in his hands he has nevertheless to pay the fee; but the author is bound to supply another copy of the work if he is in a position to do so; and if a work is accidentally destroyed after publication the publisher is bound to replace copies without paying an additional fee.

There is here an intent to make a fair adjustment of equities between publisher and author; yet the regulations are needlessly intricate.





Scott's Quotations.

A PROPOS of the quotations and allusions to be found in Sir Walter Scott's works, the following communication, addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be read with interest :—

When Archibald Constable the publisher was living at Castlebeare Park, Ealing, in 1821-23, he employed part of his very scanty leisure in compiling a volume containing the "Poetry of the Novels and Tales." Sir Walter had approved of this publication in a letter to Mr. Constable, dated March 23, 1822, in which he said :—

"It is odd to say, but nevertheless it is quite certain, that I do not know whether some of the things are original or not, and I wish you would devise some way of stating this in the title. 'The Author of Waverley, finding it inconvenient to look over books for a motto, generally made one without much scrupling whether it was positively and absolutely his own, or botched up out of pieces and fragments of poetry floating in his own memory ;' but that would have an awkward effect if he were supposed to found merit on them as original. What I know I will point out on the sheet sent, which I now return under Mr. Fulney's cover, and which will save much reference."

In due course the volume was ready for publication, and Mr. Constable, in a letter to Sir Walter, dated Castlebeare Park, May 31, 1822, wrote as follows :—

"You will receive with this a copy of the 'Poetry, Original and Selected.' I have, I fear, overshot the mark by including the poetry of 'The Pirate' [then in course of publication], a liberty for which I must hope to be forgiven. The publication of this volume will be delayed ten days, in case you should suggest any alteration in the

advertisement, or other change."—*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*. Edinburgh, 1873. Vol. III. p. 221.

Sir Walter replied (*op. cit.* p. 222) to this reference in a letter dated Edinburgh, 28th [*sic*] May, 1822, as follows :—

"My dear Constable, . . . About the title of the Poetry, I think no part of it can properly be said to be *selected* [*italics in orig.*], and I would prefer the general title—'Poetry contained in the Novels, &c.' A word of advertisement might be added, to the following purpose : 'We believe by far the greater part of the poetry interspersed through these novels to be original compositions by the author. At the same time the reader will find passages which are quoted from other authors, and may [*sic*] probably debit [*sic*] more of these than our more limited reading has enabled us to ascertain. Indeed, it is our opinion that some of the following poetry is neither original nor altogether borrowed, but consists in some instances of passages from other authors, which the author has not hesitated to alter considerably, either to supply defects of his own memory, or to adapt the quotation more explicitly and aptly to the matter in hand.' Some such passage as this may, I think, suffice to point out the nature of the collection—for as for separating what is original from what is borrowed, I am sure it is far beyond my power, and probably that of any one else. . . ."

The volume in question was accordingly published with the following engraved title-page : "The Poetry contained in the Novels, Tales, and Romances of the Author of Waverley. [Vignette, a view of Edinburgh from the North, after a painting by Thomson, of Duddingston.] Edinburgh : Printed for Archibald Constable and Co., and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1822." 1 vol. 8vo.

As a preface to this collection, Mr. Constable inserted the following :—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The Poetry contained in the Novels, Tales and Romances of the Author of Waverley has, it is believed, been very generally admired ; and, in compliance with the wishes of many readers, is now given to the public in a collected form."

[Then follows the passage from Scott's letter of the 31st of May, beginning at "We believe," and ending with "to the matter in hand." In the advertisement, however, the passage, "and may probably debit more of these," stands thus : "and very probably detect more of these."]

"May, 1822."

Scott was a great lover of good printing and symmetrical pages, and it was these features in the productions of a local press that brought the Ballantynes to his notice. Many of the mottoes to the chapters of his novels, romances, and tales were added at the last moment on the made-up into pages, press order proofs, so as to leave less blank paper at the headings of his chapters. Doubtless many of them were provided by Scott under circumstances that precluded ready reference to the original sources except by stopping the press. In one case the *dénouement* of one of his novels was entirely changed, necessitating the resetting, &c., of several pages, lying made up into formes in the printing-press, and a complete rearrangement of others, and this virtual rewriting was all done on the final proof-sheets, of which the only copy retained in existence is now before the writer of this letter.

Epigram on the Death of Marat.

[1793: translator, the Rev. Dawson Warren, Vicar of Edmonton, 1796-1838.]

Marat is dead, of Kings the foe :
Beware, thou haughty Fiend ;
Should he to hell, O Satan, go,
Thou'lt sure be guillotined.

[The foregoing epigram is sent us by the Rev. C. F. S. Warren, who rightly considers it to have some slight historical interest. Our esteemed contributor states that he knows nothing whatever about the original ; perhaps one of our readers can throw some light on the subject.—ED. BOOKWORM.]

The MS. of "Vivian Grey."

AN exceedingly interesting and important relic of the late Earl of Beaconsfield has just been sold at Sotheby's. It consisted of the original manuscript of the second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes of "Vivian Grey" (1825) in the autograph of Benjamin Disraeli. This novel is the first and perhaps the most brilliant of Lord Beaconsfield's works of imagination, and is to a great extent typical of his own career, heralded as the novel was by the couplet—

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

The writer of an article in *The Quarterly Review* of January, 1889, entitled, "The Early Life of Lord Beaconsfield," gives a very interesting account of the great politician's relations with the Austen family, and especially with Mrs. Austen, whose influence over the ambitious young man was very marked, and in whose possession this manuscript had remained up to the time of her death, at the age of ninety-two, in June, 1888. Disraeli not only confided the fact that he was writing a novel to this remarkable woman, but consulted her during its progress, received her advice, and finally placed the manuscript in her hands to arrange for its publication. It was accepted by Colburn, the most eminent publisher of fiction of the period, and proofs were regularly sent to Mrs. Austen, who saw the book through the press. Her friends go so far as to contend that she had a share in its composition, a theory which is to some extent justified by the fact that one leaf is in her handwriting.

After various inquiries it appears pretty certain that the manuscript of the first volume is no longer in existence. The pagination of the second volume indicates that Disraeli originally intended the work to be in three volumes instead of the five in which it was eventually issued. To make the lot complete, the *Quarterly* article, which furnishes an indisputable pedigree of the manuscript, accompanied it. It is bound in half morocco by Rivière, and is preserved in a case; there is a portrait of Benjamin Disraeli, drawn by Maclise shortly after the publication of "Vivian Grey." The lot was purchased by Mr. Amos for £90.



Binding as an Evidence of Date.

AN illustration of the practical evidence afforded by the binding of books has lately occurred within my knowledge; and I think it may interest book collectors to put it on record. I have been seeking for a long time Cranmer's copy of Irenæus, an author whom he frequently quotes, and the only Father not represented amongst the known remains of his Library. [See *BOOKWORM* for June 1891, p. 211.] The Archbishop's copy of "Concilia" has been also missing; and though he frequently gives his references, when quoting from ancient canons, it has not been possible to verify them by the pages of any of the editions of commonly known collections. A few weeks ago it came to my knowledge that a book bearing Cranmer's autograph was in the library of Stonyhurst College, Lancashire. Upon inquiry, I learned that "Thomas Cantuarien" appeared upon the title-page of the first of three works bound together: viz., Erasmus Desiderius, "Christiani Matrimonii Institutio," Basil, 1526, fol.; Irenæi Divi, "Opus eruditissimum," Basil, 1526, fol.; and "Canones Apostolorum: Veterum Conciliorum constitutiones: Decreta Pontificum antiquiora," Mogunt, 1525, fol. At first it seemed clear that two long-sought-for books had come to hand. But on second thoughts it appeared extremely improbable that three works, having so little in common, would be placed together in one volume by so practical a student as Cranmer; and the fear arose that, as one copy of Erasmus' work on Marriage bearing the Archbishop's name had been already discovered, the find would turn out to be no more than that of a duplicate copy of a work of no special interest, which by some chance had been bound up with other works. So the

question arose, Can it be proved that these other works belonged to Cranmer's Library? The answer in the affirmative has come out triumphantly through the binding. The covers are stamped with certain Griffin-like figures and other marks, by which the date can be established. I am informed upon authority which there is no reason to question, that the "binding is original work of about 1530, done by Nicholas Speryng at Cambridge." It is thus established that the three works were put together at the time Cranmer was a Fellow at Cambridge, several years before he could have used such a form of signature as appears on the first title-page in the volume. It follows that his copy of Irenæus has thus been discovered; and there is little need to doubt but that we have found in the same volume the edition of "Concilia" from which his many quotations of ancient canons were taken. A wider result may also be expected to follow this discovery. There are many such volumes, containing two or more dissimilar works, of which the first only bears the Archbishop's signature. A few are in the original bindings; but the greater number have been rebound, either with or without marks connecting them with Cranmer. Now that one such volume has been traced to his possession, less hesitation will be felt in counting the unsigned works of similar volumes amongst the (probable) remains of this Library.

EDWARD BURBIDGE.

My Nook and Book.

GIVE me a nook and a book,
 And let the proud world spin round :
 Let it scramble by hook or by crook
 For wealth or a name with a sound.
 You are welcome to amble your ways,
 Aspirers to place or to glory ;
 May big bells jangle your praise,
 And golden pens blazon your story !
 For me let me dwell in my nook,
 Here, by the curve of this brook,
 That croons to the tune of my book,
 Whose melody wafts me for ever
 On the waves of an unseen river.

WILLIAM FREELAND.



A Note on Niagara Literature.

THERE is little doubt that literature connected with the Falls of Niagara will be much sought after for some time to come, and that early engravings and paintings of the Falls will command high prices. The question of the "wear and tear" of the "bed" at Niagara will doubtless be a chief point of interest among scientific men visiting the Chicago Exhibition, and early engravings and drawings will have something to say in the controversy. Whether *one* foot or *six* feet per annum represented the measure of disintegration in the "lead" in the past, will be in a great degree solved by some correct drawing or engraving made of the Falls at some fixed date in the past. I have before me what I believe to be the earliest engraving made of the "Falls." It was sent in April, 1843, by the Rev. Mr. Adamson, Chaplain, Librarian, and Secretary to the Canadian Council, to John Singleton, Esq., an Oxford Don (1811-14), near cousin of J. Singleton Copley and Lord Lyndhurst, and High Sheriff of Clare in 1825. The letter accompanying engraving was mislaid, and so we miss Mr. Adamson's remarks on the engraving. At present it is only necessary to say that Mr. Singleton was an ardent collector of rare books and prints.

His first "grand tour" in the interest of art, botany, and book collecting, extending to three years, was commenced immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, in company with the Fylers, a well-known English family.

The letters of these gentlemen as to books, art galleries, pictures, balls, and festivities in Paris at this remarkable epoch, as well as their after career at courts and among the "English colonies" at

Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Geneva, &c., &c., are most interesting, and so far as they concern book collecting, may perhaps find a place in some future number of *THE BOOKWORM*.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. James C. Fyler (6 pp. 4to, September, 1814), will show the style in which the grand tour was done in those days by "men of taste and money":—"I shall stay three or four years abroad. I shall only take a curricule, four horses, Claret as a saddle-horse, Manning, a French cook, and a French valet. I have resigned my commission in the Royal Engineers after having gained great *éclat* at Downpatrick Riots." All Mr. Singleton's six years' collection of Alpine plants, dried, named, and mounted (in a huge folio) by an expert, and accompanied by a tiny juniper from Balaclava Heights, Genoese Fort (23rd October, 1855), described by General Singleton, and his drawings of Alpine ascents (afterwards painted in water-colours for Royal Marine Academy), and of his water-colour of the Explorations at Herculaneum in 1817 (inserted now in my copy of "*Herculanensium voluminum quae superrunt*," 1793), give a good idea of the interest and energy shown for art and science two generations ago by some of our sturdy, enterprising dons. In the absence of Mr. Adamson's account of this engraving, I can only say that he was commissioned to find the earliest engraving of the Falls, and after many years' search he sent this. Mr. Singleton, who had copies of the "*Illustrated American Travels*" down to 1843; valued this highly, and placed it inside the corner of Knight's "*Backwoods of Canada*," 1839, and wrote over it, "This engraving of 'The Falls,' sent me by my dear, dear friend Mr. Adamson from Amherst, when in Upper Canada, April, 1843." Mr. Adamson's letters from "*Behind the Scenes*" of the Canadian Government, on exchange of documents with all nations, Canadian federation, new Atlantic cable, "The Queen's Representative a Voluntary Prisoner in his own House," 1849, and his clever essay on "*The Disadvantages of Penny Postage*," 1840, which postage was supposed to stop or stunt polished letter-writing as an art, are most interesting. His sermon preached before the "Council," &c., at the cathedral, Quebec, on Wednesday, 26th April, 1854, at the opening of the Crimean war, and published in part in the newspapers of the day, and also in pamphlet form, made him popular in the colonies and in England. The subscribers to this sermon aired their loyalty to the mother country most effectually, and "*The Humiliation and fasting on account of the war between our country and Russia*,"

brought some support to the Ministers who, in the "gaiety of their hearts," entered so unpreparedly into the gigantic struggle with Russia.

All the matters dealt with in the foregoing article, including books, water-colour drawings of Alpine ascents, plants, &c., being in my possession, I shall be glad to afford any information I possess on the interesting matters referred to. A curious matter I may mention is, that Ober Amergau was visited by the party with Mr. Singleton, and a prolonged stay made, as indicated by the breadth of the pink tracings of the route on the French engraved portable atlases, then universally used by parties during the grand tour. This second grand tour was made in 1837-40, in the latter year of which he must have witnessed the play, his account of which I have not yet read. Very curious information is afforded in the early letters referred to of the bringing out of Byron's works in Paris, under the superintendence of the impecunious Mr. Lake.

Ennis.

JAMES HAYES.

Chained Books.

RECENTLY lovers of bibliographical curiosities had an opportunity of making an exceedingly interesting addition to their cabinets. A couple of old books, with the chain for fastening them to the library still attached, were sold by auction. Both are examples of German typography, one being a Frankfort edition (1580) of Plutarch with Jost Amman's woodcuts, and the other is a Strasburg edition of "Titus Livius and Lucius Florus" (1575). It is extremely rare that printed books with the old chains attached are offered in the open market, and the examples mentioned realized good prices.

The First and Last Portraits of Thackeray.

IN the *Magazine of Art* Mr. F. G. Kitton has been describing the various portraits of the great novelists. The earliest known portrait, he says, of William Makepeace Thackeray is a delicately-tinted drawing, by George Chinnery. Mrs. Ritchie remembers how it was admired as it hung upon the nursery walls of her earliest home, and how her father used in after years to take off his spectacles when he looked critically at it, and say, "It's a pretty drawing; but if my father in the picture could have risen from the chair he would have been about 9 ft. high, according to the length of the legs there depicted." The early bust was electrotyped from a mould taken from nature by J. Devile in 1822, at his mother's residence in Devonshire; and a replica was presented by Mr. Leslie Stephen to the National Portrait Gallery.

Of the posthumous portraits of Thackeray, the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.—given by him to the Garrick Club—may claim precedence. It depicts the novelist, with long silvery-white hair and spectacles on nose, seated at a small table on which light refreshment is displayed; in the background is introduced Stanfield's large picture of a Dutch lugger, which still adorns one of the club apartments. Sir John informs Mr. Kitton that the first sketch for this portrait was made as Thackeray sat in the smoking-room of the old Garrick Club-house; the painting was executed soon after his death—partly from the original sketch, partly from the strong recollection the artist retained of his subject, and partly with the aid of photographs. For further details about a host of portraits, the interested reader will turn eagerly to the pages of the magazine.



The Abuse of Books.

DURING the ages which preceded the invention of printing, the owners of richly illuminated books caused them to be decorated by silversmiths and workers in inlay and enamel. Such a book represented years of patient toil, and was consequently a rare and costly object. When not in use it was kept shut up in a box almost as handsomely ornamented as the book itself. It was, without any exaggeration, a gem in a casket.

Even when bound in plain leather, with iron or brass bosses, nails and clasps, a folio edition of the Psalms or New Testament was deemed far too valuable a thing to be left lying on the altar or reading-desk of a church or cathedral.

It was chained fast to the wall, hence called *catenatus*. Even long after the coming of the printing press books were still the objects of a certain reverence on the part of the common people. They were not allowed to handle them, for the prevailing notion was that books were intended solely for the favoured few who could read and interpret them.

Putting a book into the hands of a peasant would have seemed like casting pearls before swine.

Hence the growth among the people of a sort of dread, mingled with superstitious fear, of these mysterious things set with heavy metal clasps and kept concealed from the vulgar gaze. A book and a staff were alike the symbols of priestly power and necromancer's art. Many books were adjudged to be wicked and dangerous and decreed to be burned by the common hangman—a proceeding which in the eyes of the common people augmented the mystery of the printed and illustrated page. But now all is changed. Books large

and small are everywhere to be met with. From childhood up rich and poor alike are accustomed to see them, handle them.

Their mystery has departed. This wise generation knows that there is nothing supernatural about them, that the paper is simply a film of rag pulp, with impressions of a mixture of lampblack and oil. This cheapening in a commercial sense has had a like effect in a moral sense. Familiarity has begotten contempt. To state a plain truth, books are no longer treated as well as they used to be. If this bad treatment were only confined to cheap books it would not be so deplorable. But the careless reader doesn't stop to discriminate between good and bad, rare and common. He doesn't hesitate to put a book to most outrageous uses, such as setting a lamp on it, sharpening his knife on its leather cover, laying fruit rinds upon it, making use of it to hold up a window, laying it down opened, with cover upward, leaving it outdoor all night or thrusting it into some damp place, &c. But, strange as it may appear, this lack of respect for books is found among the most scholarly men.

When one of this ilk has gone through a book he leaves his trail like a locust in a grain field. Dog ears, finger and thumb marks, stains, ink blots, creases, smudges, tobacco ashes, snuff, bread crumbs, &c., mark the track of the destroyer.

Nor is the list yet complete, for there is still another species of devastator, to wit, the man who marks. It is quite immaterial to him how he does it. It may be with thumb nail, pen and ink, pencil, knife point, or what not. And, strange to say, these vandals who entertain so little respect for books absolutely insist that they do the book a service!

Lamb, Coleridge, Voltaire, and Montaigne were transgressors of this kind, and were never so happy as when scoring over the leaves with pen and ink; and this practice they followed even in the case of borrowed books.

Borrowed books! Think of it! Don't you feel the blood tingle to the tips of your fingers in righteous indignation at thought of such a lack of respect for objects which have so justly been styled by Jules Janin "*nos amis, nos guides, nos conseils, nos gloires, nos confesseurs?*"



Embroidered Books.

IN the history of bookbinding some little space may perhaps be spared for consideration of the comparatively few specimens of the old embroidered bindings which are left to us. These most decorative productions of skilful fingers have unfortunately rarely survived the ravages of time in any degree of perfection, being from their nature peculiarly liable to deterioration by fading or rubbing. In the case of books embroidered with pearls and precious stones it is most likely that theft has had a share as well as time in the spoliation of the volume.

Embroidered cases and covers have been used for manuscripts from a very early period, and there are several instances in early printed books where loose covers have been worked in velvet or satin, and fitted over the already existing leather binding, but the work more especially of interest is where the embroidery itself actually forms an integral part of the book and takes the place of the leather in an ordinary binding.

The earliest printed book bound in an embroidered cover is probably "*Fichetus Rhetoricorum libri tres*," &c., printed at Paris in 1471; the cover is of red silk, and on it are worked in colours the arms of Pope Sixtus V. when cardinal. It is now preserved in the British Museum. Covers of this kind were very extensively used in England, particularly for works of a religious kind, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The luxury and splendour so prevalent during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth gave an undoubted impetus to all industries and arts which could afford a field for the use of velvet, satin and

jewels, and neither of these sovereigns was backward in fostering the tastes to which their own wishes gave rise; so we find the most gorgeously bound books to have been made during their time.

Katherine Parr and Mary Queen of Scots and other royal ladies were noted embroideresses, and even Elizabeth herself is known to have worked several book covers, some of which still exist, and many more made expressly for her use are to be found. James I. and his immediate successors on the throne of England inherited to a considerable extent the Tudor liking for fine books, and many works, splendid in velvet and gold, made for them and under their auspices and favour, remain to this day.

Perhaps the most regular production of embroidery applied to books, boxes, looking-glasses and the like emanated from the religious establishment founded by Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The many works produced about this date bear great resemblance to each other in design, workmanship and material, and record shows that embroidered books were in many instances made for various royal personages of the time by members of this community. Mary Collet, niece of Nicholas Ferrar, was taught practical bookbinding, and is well known to have bound some remarkably decorative books herself.

A Note on Chatterton.

A LETTER of extraordinary interest in relation to the history of Thomas Chatterton came into the market recently. It opens up an altogether new circumstance in this unhappy youth's career, and proves that he attempted to impose "perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol," upon Thomas Dodsley, the well-known bookseller and poetaster, before he ever addressed Walpole. This fact appears to be quite unknown to all his biographers. The letter is dated Bristol, Dec. 11, 1768, and is signed "D. B.," "to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton." In one of his letters already published he mentions that the reason he conceals his name is "lest my master should see my letters and think I neglected his business."



A Poetical Bookseller.

WE take the following amusing article from the New York *Book Lover*, whose early death we deplore:—

In this great metropolis adversity works wonderful surprises. The former racehorse, once the pride of the track, may be seen tugging and straining in front of an overloaded street car, and Pegasus, too, often finds himself yoked with horse of low degree. To lay aside metaphor, *The Book Lover* desires to call attention to one of these striking changes wrought by adversity, namely, the sad and sorrowful experience of a genuine epic poet, forced by the trials and tribulations of hard-hearted fate to turn second-hand bookseller.

But think not, gentle reader, that this poet has striven in any way to hide the fact of his former occupation. Nay, he glories in it, and has issued to "mankind in general" his "Proclamation Primus" in admirable verse. Would that *The Book Lover* had space to give long extracts from this fine book epic!

It cannot be. The reader must seek out this poet bookseller by the side of his "Pierian Spring" and bear away a copy of this epic. The opening is very fine:

Far from the joys of home, the voice of friends,
What for the severance can make amends
And part atone for their kind words and looks?
A good supply of well selected books.

The poet soon becomes very practical, for he exclaims:—

Men of New York, awake and move not slow!
Pull wide your purse strings—let your dollars flow!

* * * * *

Hold not your heads too high nor with proud looks
 Survey the humble peddler and his books !
 All good Republicans, wool dyed and true,
 Should read the life of Blaine, and Logan too ;
 And Democrats, who've lately grown so merry,
 Should study up their gifted adversary.
 Here grave and gay in sweet communion mingle,
 Tasso for 25, 50 for McFingal,
 While in one section nestle side by side
 The life of Washington and Milton's pride.
 And only think—'tis true as I'm alive!—
 The life of General Grant for 25.

In his envoi the poet goes somewhat to pieces, but he still exhibits no small amount of the afflatus :

By the great gosh ! I have more books than money,
 Alias boodle, brads, dust, rocks and rhino,
 Spondulicks, sugar, sand, soap, stuff, oil, honey,
 But, called by any name, most welcome, I know.

Thackeray as an Artist in Colours.

THACKERAY, as the author of pen-and-ink sketches sufficiently crude is pretty well known ; but Thackeray as a colourist is a very much less familiar individuality. A copy of C. G. Addison's "Damascus and Palmyra: a Journey to the East," published by R. Bently in 1838, was sold recently at Sotheby's for £27 10s. The illustrations are guaranteed to be by Thackeray, but they are not mentioned in any bibliography of the great novelist. The book itself comes direct from the possession of a son of the author to the sale-room, and in it is inserted the original receipt for £20 for the illustration of this work in the autograph of W. M. Thackeray, also the agreement with Bentley, the publisher. Thackeray at that period was a young man of twenty-seven, and there is very little doubt as to the identity of the artist.



The Entertainment of Books.

THE following very quaint and entertaining essay, by Jeremy Collier ("Essays upon Several Moral Subjects," 1697-1705), has many points of interest, not the least of which is that it is nearly the only "bookish" essay of merit that appeared during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries :—

The diversions of reading, though they are not always of the strongest kind, yet they generally leave a better effect than the grosser satisfactions of sense. For if they are well chosen, they neither dull the appetite, nor strain the capacity. On the contrary, they refresh the inclinations, and strengthen the power, and improve under experiment. And which is best of all, they entertain and perfect at the same time; and convey wisdom and knowledge through pleasure. By reading, a man does as it were antedate his life, and makes himself contemporary with the ages past. And this way of running up beyond one's nativity, is much better than Plato's Pre-existence; because here a man knows something of the state, and is the wiser for it; which he is not in the other.

In conversing with books we may choose our company, and disengage without ceremony or exception. Here we are free from the formalities of custom and respect: we need not undergo the penance of a dull story, from a fop of figure; but may shake off the haughty, the impertinent, and the vain, at pleasure. Besides, authors, like women, commonly dress when they make a visit. Respect to themselves makes them polish their thoughts, and exert the force of their understanding more than they would, or can do, in ordinary conver-

sation : so that the reader has as it were the spirit and essence in a narrow compass, which was drawn off from a much larger proportion of time, labour, and expense. Like an heir, he is born rather than made rich ; and comes into a stock of sense, with little or no trouble of his own. It is true, a fortune in knowledge which descends in this manner, as well as an inherited estate, is too often neglected, and squandered away ; because we do not consider the difficulty in raising it.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to our selves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things ; compose our cares and our passions ; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design, in their conversation. However,

To be constantly in the wheel has neither pleasure nor improvement in it. A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much over-charges Nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigour to the mind. Neither ought we to be too implicit or resigning to authorities, but examine before we assent, and preserve our reason in its just liberties. To walk always upon crutches, is the way to lose the use of our limbs. Such an absolute submission keeps us in a perpetual minority, breaks the spirits of the understanding, and lays us open to imposture.

But books well managed afford direction and discovery. They strengthen the organ, and enlarge the prospect, and give a more universal insight into things than can be learned from unlettered observation. He who depends only upon his own experience, has but a few materials to work upon. He is confined to narrow limits both of place and time, and is not fit to draw a large model, and to pronounce upon business which is complicated and unusual. There seems to be much the same difference between a man of mere practice, and another of learning, as there is between an empiric and a physician. The first may have a good receipt, or two ; and if diseases and patients were very scarce, and all alike, he might do tolerably well. But if you inquire concerning the causes of distempers, the constitution of human bodies, the danger of symptoms, and the methods of cure, upon which the success of medicine depends, he knows little of the matter. On the other side, to take measures wholly from books, without looking into men and business,

is like travelling in a map, where though countries and cities are well enough distinguished, yet villages and private seats are either overlooked, or too generally marked for a stranger to find. And therefore he that would be a master, must draw by the life, as well as copy from originals, and join theory and experience together.

The Antiquity of Maps.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association at Cardiff, Mr. Ravenstein, who presided over the section devoted to geography, made the following interesting remarks concerning the antiquity of maps :—

"We can hardly conceive of Joshua dividing the Promised Land among the twelve tribes, and minutely describing their respective boundaries without the assistance of a map. A plan of Rome, the only document of the kind which has survived, is engraved on slabs of marble on a scale of 1.3, and was originally fixed against a wall of the Roman Town-hall, so that it might be conveniently consulted by the citizens. Of the existence of earlier maps of the world, or even of provinces, we possess only a fragmentary knowledge. That maps grow popular at an early age is proved by Aristophanes, who, in his comedy of 'The Clouds,' 423 B.C., has a map of the world brought upon the stage by a disciple of the Sophists, who points out upon it the position of Athens and of other places familiar to the audience. A real advance in cartography was made when Dicæarch of Messena (390-290 B.C.) introduced the parallel of Rhodes. This 'diaphragm' was intersected at right angles by parallel lines representing meridians. Ptolemy of Alexandria introduced reforms into the methods of representing the earth's surface which fully entitled him to the foremost place among ancient cartographers. Before a map like his could be produced much preliminary work had been accomplished."

Parisians and their Fiction.

PARISIANS—if we are to judge from some statistics published—do not take so kindly at present to fiction in book-form. Formerly the yellow-covered novel, which costs usually about half a crown or a little more when just issued, was to be seen on every table and in the hands of numerous travellers by boat, rail, or car. There is now, however, a crisis threatened in the book trade, and novels are at a considerable discount. It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty popular authors whose books fulfil the requirements of the publishers. To attain this end at least 30,000 copies of a work must be sold. Zola and a few others reach this point easily, but it has happened lately that one of the most celebrated of the latter-day fictionists had the misfortune to find that 45,000 copies of his last production were returned to the publishers by the Maison Hachette, which has the monopoly of railway book-stalls. It is stated furthermore that one publisher in Paris has on hand three millions of volumes which he cannot sell. The fact is that the authors themselves are to blame partly for this threatened crisis in the book trade by allowing their works to appear in serial form in newspapers and reviews before final publication. People read *feuilletons* as eagerly as ever in France, and, what is more, they cut them out and sew them together, so as to avoid having to buy the stories eventually in book-form.

Book-Lending.

THOSE who have collected books, and whose good-nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of the answer made by a man of wit to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he had lent them :

“Sir,” said he, “your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them.”

Voltaire and England.

MR. EDWARD SCOTT, of the British Museum, writes to the *Athenæum*:—The two following notices of Voltaire, which I have just unearthed from the Stowe MSS., among the correspondence of James Craggs, jun., Secretary of State, seem so interesting, if unknown (and I can find no hint of them in Parton's "Life of Voltaire"), that they are worth publishing. John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, in whose letters to Craggs the paragraphs appear, was ambassador to France from A.D. 1715 to 1720, and it is most likely that the intimacy here alluded to was the primary cause of the poet's visit to England in later years:—

1. "Paris, 2 April, 1719.—I hope y^e king will make my little poet y^e Author of 'Oedipus' a present, he's y^e best poet maybe ever was in France, he is just now writing an Epic Poem Henry le grand, he has read pieces of it to me y^t are most wonderfully fine."

2. "Paris ce 24 Avril, 1719.—Je vous remercie du present que le Roy veut bien faire a Arrouet je crois qu'un medaille d'or du Roy, avec une montre d'or a repetion [*sic*] sera un present plus agreable que de luy donner 100 guineas."

Cranmer's and other Missals.

OUR esteemed contributor, Prebendary Burbidge, of Backwell Rectory, Bristol, would be glad of notices of copies of the following:—

Missale mixtum secundum regulam B. Isidori dictum Mozarabum. Toleti, fol., 1500.

Breviarium mixtum B. Irysidori. Toleti, fol., 1502. [dictum Mozarabum].

Missale mixtum secundum usum ecclesiæ. Toletanæ—1512, Burgis, 4to; 1517, Toleti, fol.; 1530, Compluti, fol.: 1539, Compluti, fol.; 1550, Lugdm, fol.; 1550, Compluti, fol.; 1551, Toleti, 4to; and other editions between 1500 and 1550.

Owners of the books are particularly desired to examine top margin of title-pages for signature "Thomas Cantuarion."

Mr. Bradlaugh and the Book Borrowers.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S books numbered in all rather over 7,000 volumes, and about 3,000 Blue-books, says his daughter, besides a very large number of unbound pamphlets. "In many respects the library is essentially a poor man's library. There are only a few rare bindings, and comparatively few costly 'first editions'; now and again there is a volume missing from a set, and here and there a title-page is wanting. But, such as they were, he valued them, all and every one. Twice within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses—the first time it was to pay Government costs during his parliamentary struggle, the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the anticipation of the possibility brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart. Last December, when he was feeling ill and in want of rest and change, which he had no money to procure, I asked him: 'Why not sell two or three of the more valuable books? If you could get health with the money they would fetch, it would be well worth the exchange.' 'Ah! my daughter,' he answered with a sad half-smile, 'when I have to part with my books——.' I was anxious about him, and ventured to press him further; but he only shook his head, saying: 'It is of no use arguing the matter.' In spite of—or was it because of?—his affection for his books, he was always willing to lend them to responsible people, but there was a slate kept hanging by the window at his side, upon which the borrower had to write the name of the book he was taking and the date upon which he proposed to return it."

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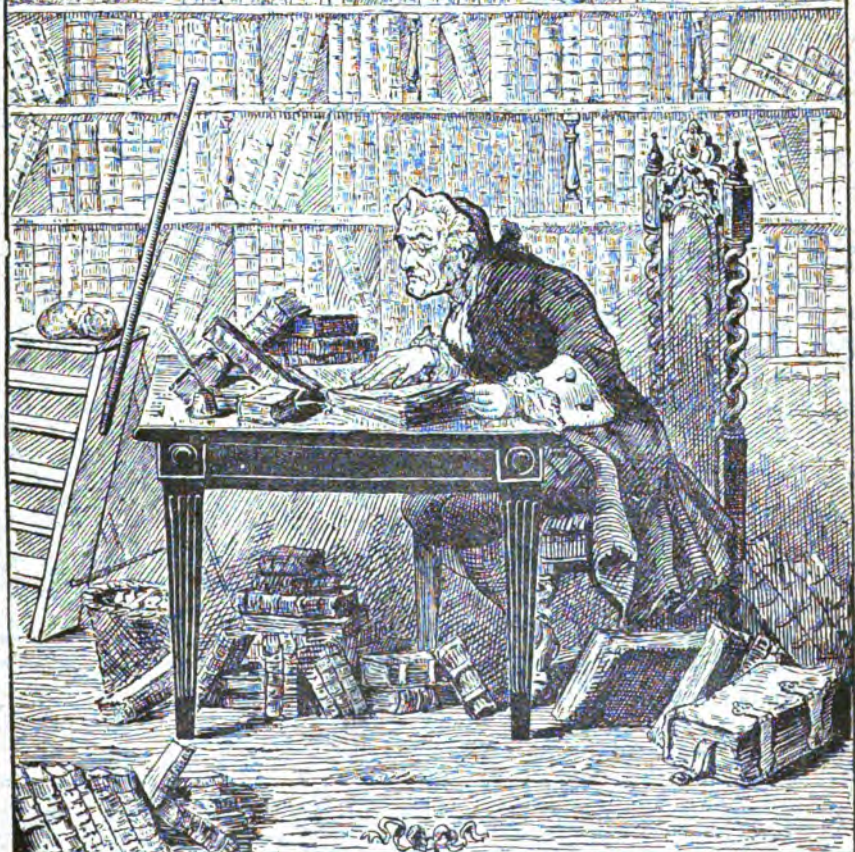
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John Dennis : A Sketch.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

AS a dramatist, John Dennis was an emphatic and irredeemable failure. Even if his works are estimated in connection with contemporary productions—which, indeed, is the only way of getting at their true value, and his position among dramatists—their heaviness and stupendous clumsiness are everywhere apparent. There is not a well-delineated character in the whole of his plays, and yet he is perfectly consistent to his theory of poetical justice. The cardinal point of his doctrine was that the good people should neither die nor suffer, and to this he invariably adhered, with, however, the most unhappy results. Credit must be given him for endeavouring to displace the corrupt plays at that time so much in vogue, and to this end he effected a small amount of good. But he soon became known as a writer of unsuccessful plays, and when once such a character is acquired, a man's future prospects are pretty nearly blasted. It has been wittily said that Dennis laid down excellent rules for writing good plays, and showed what were bad by his own. But if the plays are only fit for oblivion, it cannot be denied that the prefaces to them are excellent; they are, in fact, of a very high order of merit, and written in pure and flexible English, they are not only extremely pleasant reading, but important contributions to dramatic literature.

It is most pleasant to turn from the unsuccessful to the successful side of this strange and unhappy man's career. But even this is full of wormwood and gall. For over a quarter of a century he fulminated against the tin-pan jingle of the heroic couplet, and the shoddy character of English poetry. Unable to reply in a cate-

gorical manner to his charges, the "so-called" poets did the next best thing—abused the critic. All the leading men fell foul of him. Swift¹ speaks ironically of "Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet"; and Theobald, who, however, was not at all a "leading man," refers to "the modern Furious, who was to be looked upon more as an object of pity than that of which he daily provokes—laughter and scorn";² and he is held up to derision as Sir Tremendous, a pedantic critic, in that justly damned farce, "Three Hours after Marriage" (1717), the joint production of Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay. But Dennis's critical insight was keen, and his judgment, as a rule, good. Southey has gone so far as to declare that his critical pamphlets should be republished (*"Specimens of the Later English Poets,"* vol. i. p. 306). His "Remarks on a book entituled 'Prince Arthur'" (1696) was one of his earliest criticisms of any importance; and for a wonder the author, Blackmore, was well contented with the criticism, and returned the compliment by describing Dennis as equal to Boileau in poetry, and superior to him in critical abilities. We will not stop to discuss this point, or Dennis's contention that Blackmore's "Creation" (1712) placed its author on a level with Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and above him in the "solidity and strength of its reasoning." We are quite willing to accept Dennis's judgment, for life is too short to tackle Blackmore's interminable epics. Before the appearance of his "Remarks" on "Prince Arthur," Dennis had produced "The Impartial Critic" (1693), which was called into existence by Rymer's "Short View of Tragedy." The two men resembled one another in many things, but in nothing so much as their furious zeal for the honour of tragedy. Dennis's "Letters upon Several Occasions," 1696, were chiefly critical, and it is as a letter-writer that he excels nearly every other author of the period—they are graphic, natural and manly. Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," 1698, was soon followed up by Dennis with "The Usefulness of the Stage to the Happiness of Mankind, to Government, and to Religion." Collier returned to the subject again in 1703 with "A Dissuasive from the Playhouse," by way of a letter to a "Person of Quality," and to this again Dennis replied, defending a "regular Stage," and vindicating the value of a theatre under proper regulations without in any way defending the licentiousness of which Collier so justly complained.

¹ Introduction to "Polite Conversation."

² *The Censor* ii., No. 33.

Dennis's chief critical work, "The Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry," appeared in 1701. It was divided into two parts: in the one the author endeavoured to show that the principal reason why the ancients excelled the moderns in their poetry was because they mixed religion with it; and in the other section it was pointed out how the moderns might equal the ancients by "joining poetry with the religion revealed to us in Sacred writ." This essay reached a second edition in 1725. "The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry," 1704, was a sort of sequel to the "Advancement," and in this also Dennis insists upon the wide scope which religion affords for poetic excellence.

To the Sacheverell controversy our author contributed "The Danger of Priestcraft to Religion," 1702, which had a large sale, and did considerable damage to the High Church party. It was answered by Charles Leslie in a dull and abusive pamphlet, which ran through three editions in a year. To the same class of literature, and shortly after the accession of George I., Dennis published "Priestcraft distinguished from Christianity," which was an attempted exposure of the claims of the High Church party, and the arbitrary principles of government which were hostile to the interests of the House of Hanover.

Dennis's political essays, like his poetry, have very little merit: his theories are much more remarkable for their extraordinary character than for their practicability. They include "An Essay on the Navy" (1702), and "Proposals for putting a Speedy End to the War" (1703), which, Dennis contended, could be effected by ruining the commerce of the French and Spaniards, and so recover our own without any additional expense to the nation. His "Essay on the Opera's after the Italian Manner" (1706) is a quasi-political denunciation, not so much of the Italian interlopers as of the danger which arose from encouraging their effeminate music, which, he contends, neither instructs the mind nor elevates human nature. It will perhaps be sufficient to mention that he also wrote an "Essay upon Public Spirit," 1711 (for which Lintot paid £2 12s. 6d.), and an answer to Mandeville's "Fables of the Bees," under the title of "Vice and Luxury Public Mischiefs." In the way of pure criticism his "Three Letters on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," 1711, may be regarded as his best. The same year is equally remarkable from the fact that Dennis's quarrel with Addison had now begun. The *Spectator*, Nos. 39 and 40, denounced the critic's theory of poetical justice. In the issue of April 24th, Addison quoted a humorous couplet from Dennis, with no good-feeling

towards him, and he quickly saw through the apparent complaint. The lines,

" Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother,"

are a translation from Boileau. Dennis wrote a furious "Letter to the *Spectator*"; the delightful papers on Chevy Chase (*Spectator*, Nos. 70 and 74) still further annoyed Dennis, and the grudge against Addison was more acutely manifested in 1713, when "Cato" achieved an uncommon success. Dennis's "Remarks" on that play are by no means a string of abuse; he charges Addison with publishing "a great deal of false and abominable criticism in order to poison his general reader and prepare the way for 'Cato.'" Pope retorted with a characteristically venomous essay, "Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the strange and deplorable Frenzy of John Dennis" (dated July 30, 1713). The salient points of Dennis's criticisms on "Cato" are accessible in Johnson's Life of Addison, who repudiated any connection with the "Narrative," and who vouchsafed no answer to Dennis, other than in an indirect manner in the *Spectator*, September 10, 1714. Pope was for a short time reconciled to his old enemy who, when publishing some of his "Letters" a few years afterwards, struck out some severe reflections against the translator of the "Iliad," who was a subscriber. For this consideration, Pope thanked him in a letter dated May 3, 1721, and expressed himself heartily sorry for the differences that had existed between them. Sincerity was never at any time a pleasant failing of Pope's and he gave an example of his "regret" for these differences shortly afterwards by way of the "Dunciad." Long before the famous essays of Addison, Dennis had read and appreciated Milton, whom he declared as "perhaps the greatest genius that has appeared in the world for these 1700 years."¹

In 1717, Curll published Dennis's "Remarks" upon Pope's Homer, with which were two letters concerning "Windsor Forest" and the "Temple of Fame." This was republished as the "Popiad" eleven years later, when the "Dunciad" assured a ready sale for any personal scurrility or attack upon Pope. "A True Character of Mr. Pope" came out in threepenny pamphlet form in 1717, and in this abuse truly surpassed itself. Pope's deformity is, *inter alia*, described as "the curse of God." Allusion is made to Pope's attempt to undermine Philips in the *Guardian*, to his writing a Prologue to "Cato," and then teasing Lintot to publish it, and also

¹ Preface to "Iphigenia," p. 2.

to his open praise of Steele, and then publishing the "infamous libel" of Dr. Andrew Tripe—which last charge, however, is not correct. The authorship of this "True Character" is involved in mystery. Curll at first declared Gildon to be the writer, but subsequently averred that Dennis wrote it. Curll's abilities at lying were very nearly equal to Pope's, and his statement, therefore, is not worth much. Internal evidence, moreover, does not warrant the assumption that Dennis could stoop so low.

Once more, and in the latter part of 1719, Steele became embroiled in a quarrel with Dennis. It is said that the former, in consequence of having stood bail for the critic, was arrested, and that all the sympathy he got was, "S'death, why did he not keep out of the way as I did?" But Dick Steele was so often arrested, that it is more probable than not that it arose through his own indiscretion. Steele started the *Theatre* on January 2, 1719-20, under the pseudonym of Sir John Edgar. "The Character and Conduct of Sir John Edgar, called by himself Sole Monarch of the Stage in Drury Lane," was the title of Dennis's onslaught, to which Steele replied with great good-humour in the eleventh number. The favourable reception accorded to "The Conscious Lovers" in November, 1722, called forth the inevitable "Remarks" from Dennis in the year following. Steele has left us a grim and perhaps fantastic account of Dennis's personal appearance, and this is preserved in Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors." When Jeremy Collier no longer fulminated against the stage, William Law, a clergyman, took up the trail; to his charge Dennis replied with "The Stage Defended" (1726), and this pamphlet of xii. and 34 pages is exceedingly interesting.

The last great scene in the tragedy of Dennis's life was acted when the "Dunciad" appeared in 1728. He and Curll are noticed in about equal shares. The Goddess of Dulness is described as watching the various heroes pass onwards:—

"She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage."

After the bitter and persistent badgering, any attack, however strong, from Dennis would be excusable, and he was not the man to let the opportunity slip. He retorted in "A Letter against Mr. Pope at large," which appeared anonymously in the *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728; and he partly wrote "Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examined." In the next year Dennis's elaborate

attack, again by way of "Remarks." Among the books which the Ass in the famous frontispiece to the "Dunciad" is represented as carrying is one labelled "Dennis's Works." About five years after the famous satire, the "Provoked Husband," by Thomson, Mallet, Martin, and Pope, was acted at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket on behalf of the aged and then blind critic. Pope's Prologue was indeed an act of "most unmerciful mercy": it was, in fact, a deliberate, studied, and disgraceful insult to Dennis, who only survived this benefit a few days. After a life of almost unparalleled disappointments, of signally unrewarded industry, and of at times that bitterest of all enemies, poverty, this much-abused and very much misrepresented critic died on January 6, 1734.¹

As a rather good example of Dennis's poetry, we quote the following, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1733.

JOHN DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON.

"While I reflect thee o'er, methinks I find
 Thy various SEASONS, in their author's mind !
Spring, in thy flow'ry fancy, spreads her hues ;
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot strength in thy expression glows ;
 And o'er thy page a heavy ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but *it* no semblance takes from thee !
 That hoary season's type was drawn from ME—
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms, I with'ring lay,
 Leafless, and whitening, in a cold decay.
 Yet shall my propless Ivy—pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine, which thy pity lent."

¹ *Gent. Mag.* iv. 42, 50.





On Book Buyers.

EVERY bookseller must have noticed the different methods which persons employ who purchase books.

There is the customer who drops casually in in a disinterested sort of way and glances generally about the shelves and concludes by asking for a catalogue, which, by the careless way he thrusts it in his pocket, shows that he will probably never read it, or, if he does, will not appreciate the desirability of the books offered. This kind of client generally buys showy sets and table books at the more prominent shops.

He is the collector that *sees*.

Next is the customer who comes in and asks to "look around." He has learned a little something of book lore, and hopes to catch a bargain. If the dealer tries to engage him in conversation, in order to discover his taste and to offer books of a kind to gratify it, he is likely to be politely rebuffed in a manner which shows that the collector is afraid he may be sold something he doesn't want. This kind of collector must be adroitly dealt with, for he is generally inoculated with the idea that he knows it all.

He is the collector that *looks*.

Look at the man who enters a book store in an assured manner and proceeds with confidence to inspect the shelves.

Note how his eye scans the top shelves and runs down to the larger volumes below. He rapidly perceives the arrangement and classification of a stock, and skips whole sections of books which he knows are "out of his line."

He will slowly encompass the whole shop, and if then he does not

find books to please him will approach the dealer and make intelligent inquiry. Then very likely there will ensue a chatty conversation which will prove of benefit to both. There will be an interchange of ideas and a kindling of enthusiasm if the dealer has books on which he can expatiate. There will almost surely be a barter and sale, and when after a half hour or so the customer departs he goes away pleased, the richer in books and the knowledge of them, and resolving to come again.

The dealer is gratified, less at the pecuniary part of the transaction than by the pleasure of having made almost a friend by the magic freemasonry of book love.

We have described the customer who *observes*.

The door opens quietly and there enters a man of secretive aspect. Upon being asked his requirements he replies, "Nothing; oh, nothing; just to look around." He takes a comprehensive glance over the shop, and, disdaining the sets of books and those of fine appearance, gravitates surely to the sections and corners where stand the musty-fusty volumes huddled together. Now observe him carefully and note how he takes up volume after volume, inspects it critically, and turns promptly to see the price upon the fly-leaf.

If the price is too high in his estimation he puts it back with a sigh; if moderate, his hesitation is evident, and he will probably put the volume on one side for consideration a little later; if cheap, note how he brightens up and promptly claps the volume under his arm. If he gathers several cheap books he is apt to disregard all those he hesitated over, and with his selection he will go to the dealer and ask him what he will take for the lot.

As the dealer glances over them he knows he has marked them too low, if anything, and yet he knows he must do better on the lot or lose a customer who always pays cash.

So he makes a virtue out of a necessity, gives a slight deduction, surrenders the books, and with a rueful countenance watches his customer depart, for he suspects he has been "bested."

We have attempted to describe the *book hunter*.

There are very few of his class in America, for as a general thing Americans are too much occupied in carrying on their own lines of business to acquire any real knowledge of books. Our leisure class, the favoured few, are almost entirely "busy idlers." The truest book hunter is the book dealer himself when he makes a *sortie* into other dealers' shops. With what keen delight does he lay aside in an apparently unconcerned and business-like manner certain

treasures which he knows will delight the souls of some of his customer friends!

The dealer selling, while he knows his brother dealer is getting some advantage over him, cheerfully lets the nuggets go, with the reflection that he will return the compliment some day. Moreover, it is to the good of the trade, and "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

"Dutch Hand-made."

DUTCH hand-made paper is chiefly manufactured at Maestricht, Amsterdam, and at Apeldoorn, a mill which produces the fine "verge de Hollande" laid paper and paper for bank notes, loan papers, &c. All sizes are made, but chiefly the superior qualities. This factory employs 150 workmen and produces on an average 2,500 pounds per diem. These papers are well-known throughout the world. The Nederlandsche Papier Fabrick at Maestricht is the largest in the country. Its production is taken largely by England and her dependencies. About 700 hands are employed, and all kinds of papers made from the common wrappers to the finest book papers. The output of "fine writings" is used by the Hollanders themselves. The reputation which the Low Countries have obtained for the best kind of papers extends also to those of a cheaper grade.

The Wonderful Book-Fish.

ON the 23rd of June, 1626, a cod-fish was sold at Cambridge Market, which, when it was opened, was found to contain a book in its maw ! The book had been covered with sail-cloth, but it was much soiled. It was written by John Frith, and contained treatises on religious subjects. Writing to Sir M. Stuteville on the subject, Mr. Mead, of Cambridge, says :

“ I saw all with my own eyes—the fish, the maw, the piece of sail-cloth, the book—and observed all I have written ; only I saw not the opening of the fish, which not many did, being on the fish-woman’s stall in the market, who first cut off his head, to which the maw hanging, and seeming much stuffed with somewhat, it was searched, and all found as aforesaid. He that had had his nose as near as I yester morning, would have been persuaded there was no imposture here without witness. The fish came from Lynn.”

This letter is now in the British Museum. Frith, the author of the book, wrote it while in prison. Curiously enough, he was confined in a fish-cellar at Oxford, where many of his fellow-prisoners died from the impurities of the fishy exhalations. The book was reprinted by the authorities at Cambridge, under the title of “*Vox Piscis*,” with a woodcut representing the fish-stall, the book, and the knife.

[The above anecdote is not without its modern parallel. A few weeks ago a copy of a threepenny novel was discovered inside a cod-fish at Newlyn, near Penzance ; with the exception of the last page, which was missing, the book was quite intact and perfect.—ED. BOOKWORM.]



Roger Payne, the Binder.

THE well-known portrait of this celebrated English binder represents him exactly as he appeared in his wretched working room, and it clearly indicates that this original genius and painstaking master of his craft was wretchedly poor and careless of appearances. His greatest enemy was drink, and to this indulgence he yielded all the pleasures of life, for he was heartily appreciated in his generation, and had he been industrious and temperate might have driven his coach and horses.

Dibdin says: "At the mention of this magical name in the annals of bibliopegism, uprise the spirit and heart's blood of the bibliomaniac. While his pulse scores somewhat hard upon ninety-nine to the minute, his eye, 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' darts along his book shelves in search of a volume 'bound by *Roger Payne*,' as they emphatically designate his bibliopegistic achievements."

Roger Payne was so poor that he was often obliged to make his own tools—and those of *iron*! Yet this fact only served to show his genius, for in spite of such implements he generally "turned out" work of astonishing excellence.

Payne's pre-eminence was in the finishing and tooling of a book bound in full leather.

His great merit lay in his *taste*—in his choice of ornaments, and especially in the working of them. The ornaments upon the backs of the books he bound were generally of his own design, and the method of managing the *bands* was peculiarly his own. Thus bindings executed by him are quickly discovered by these characteristic marks.

Many apocryphal specimens of Payne's work have been sold to book collectors.

The bibliopagist who seeks a specimen should endeavour to secure with it one of the original bills of Roger Payne in which he quaintly sets forth in full detail all operations of his work. Cultured collectors rarely fail to have some of their book-covers ornamented with Payne corner-pieces and back paneling.

British Museum Acquisitions.

THE British Museum Report states that in English literature the fortunate acquisition of William Blake's first work, the "Poetical Sketches," 1783, has made good one of the most mortifying deficiencies in the Library, pointed out as such by Blake's biographer, Gilchrist, nearly thirty years ago, but, from the excessive rarity of the book, never remedied till now. A similar acquisition has been made in a complete copy of the *Gownsmen*, one of the two magazines conducted by Thackeray when an undergraduate at Cambridge; its companion, the *Snob*, has long been in the Museum. Rarer still are complete sets of the *Mite*, *Elf*, and *Fairy*, miniature magazines chiefly written by Sir A. Panizzi and Lord Langdale, and printed at the latter's private press at Roehampton. Only two such sets are believed to exist; the one now obtained was Lord Langdale's own, and has a MS. key in his handwriting. Interesting acquisitions of like character are the original edition of Gibbon's "Mémoire Justificatif" for Great Britain against France in the American War, and the first edition of Emerson's "Nature," Boston, 1836.



“The Pentateuch of Printing.”

ALTHOUGH the late William Blades's last work is not also his most important, it is nevertheless one of great interest. “The Pentateuch of Printing, with a Chapter on Judges,” is not, observes the author, a fanciful title. There is a self-evident analogy between the genesis of the world and the genesis of printing. The spread of Typography is not inaptly typified by an Exodus, while the Laws promulgated in Leviticus have a parallel in idea with the laws and observances necessary to be followed in making a book. Numbers is not so directly suggestive of the many great names which figure upon the printer's roll of fame, but Deuteronomy at once suggests by its very signification the second birth and reinforcement and vital conditions of printing introduced by the steam machine; whilst in the section named Judges we have a good list of what specialists have written on the art preservative of arts. This entertaining book is published by Mr. Elliot Stock; and we are indebted to the courtesy of the owners of the copyright of Mr. Blades's book to reproduce, as a frontispiece, the exceedingly interesting illustration (which we have been compelled to reduce somewhat, and to omit the “legend”) of St. Christopher, which was cut in wood in the year 1423. This is regarded as the first dated woodcut, and was discovered by the bibliographer Heineken on the inside of a cover—the “Laus Virginis,” a manuscript of 1417—in the Library of the Carthusian monastery at Buxheim. Taken in conjunction with our two previous frontispieces, we think the “St. Christopher” given with the present volume will be welcomed by our readers. As the subject of zyllographic books has already been dealt with in previous volumes, it need not again be entered upon.

A Newspaper Curiosity.

ALL countries have their newspaper curiosities, but Portugal has the fewest novelties to offer in this direction. The only curio known so far in that country is the typographical appearance of the *Diario de Noticias*, a journal which consists of four pages, size 18 inches long by 15 inches wide, and in that width no fewer than ten columns are placed. The narrowness of those gives it a peculiar appearance. The length of each line is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres (just under $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches), being a measure of a little over $8\frac{1}{2}$ ems pica—a petty width enough to make the chronically dissatisfied comp., whose halcyon stretch is 20 ems, wish still more for eternal summer weather and life on the racecourses. This is probably the narrowest measure of any newspaper printed in Europe. Owing to inferior, flimsy paper, the *Diario de Noticias* has a poor and careless appearance typographically, and the advertising pages are worse, due to the incongruous sizes of letters used and lack of good taste in composition. It is in its twenty-sixth year, and has an announced diurnal circulation of 25,000 copies.

A Marginal Note.

THE habit of writing remarks upon the margins of books is not confined to members of Mudie's Library. An emotional creature in Cleveland writes: "The pangs of love are grate; i have been there my self."



A Literary Chimney-Sweep.

THE frequenter of old bookstalls will occasionally come across a somewhat interesting pamphlet of fifty-six pages, entitled, "Considerations on the Present State of Chimney-sweepers" (1792). Its author, David Porter, hailed from Little Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, and apparently combined the trade of chimney-sweeping with pamphlet-writing. The preface to the work above-mentioned is singular, considering its source, for the clearness and logical precision of its composition. The author's aim in publishing this booklet was not, he assures us, for the purpose of extending his business, or to induce his customers to pay him higher fees, but for the good of his fellow-tradesmen, for the purpose of removing grievances, and to point out certain improvements.

It does, indeed, as Mr. Porter modestly admits, "appear singular enough for a chimney-sweep to turn author," but had that excellent and useful man lived to the present day, he might have witnessed a tendency of literary men gravitating towards the more lucrative profession of which he was so able an exponent. Mr. Porter not only knew the trade practically, but was also well up in its historical annals. He justly observes, and in doing so no doubt he felt a trifle hurt, that the history of this country is rather silent about chimneys and their sweepers. He assigns the introduction of the former to the time of Alfred, backing up this proposition with the statement that brick and stone were but little used in building before that period. Indeed, we do not find any historical grounds for supposing that they were used prior to the latter part of 1200, and previous to which the outlet for smoke was either an aperture at the roof, or the

primary entrance to the building itself. In either case there was no necessity for a sweep.

Chimney-sweeping has now become almost a science, although it still requires something more than science to rid it of its sable character. The method of sweeping employed, until about the latter end of the seventeenth century, was chiefly by means of birchen-brooms, fixed on the ends of poles, or, where the chimneys were too lofty, the operation was performed by drawing or letting straws or brushes down them. Both these methods are still occasionally employed in some country places. The simple construction of the old chimney would admit of either practice. At what period chimney-sweeping became a profession is not known. It was certainly in existence before Shakespeare's time; for, in reflecting on the brevity of human life and certainty of death, he says :

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, turn to dust."

At what date climbing chimney-sweeps came into vogue is also uncertain; but in Porter's time it was a sort of tradition among the "old men" of the fraternity that the very first individual who directed his scandent proclivities to chimneys was an intimate friend of Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the advanced age of one hundred and sixty-eight years. It is certain, however, that climbing was carried out before the Great Fire of 1666, as the construction of the chimneys erected immediately after that event sufficiently prove.

Mr. Samuel Pepys did not, we suppose, hobnob with sweeps, but he records an incident in his "Diary," under date March 3rd, 1661-2, which has some bearing on our subject. "I am told," observes Samuel, "that this day the Parliament hath voted two shillings per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue for ever to the crowne." But this tax was an all-round and unmitigated nuisance. On October 18th, 1666, Mr. Pepys quaintly remarks that "the business of buying-off the chimney-money is passed in the House," &c.

When William of Orange ascended the throne of England there was a family of climbing chimney-sweeps employed to do the business of the Court, and the descendants of this family were in the business when David Porter wrote his "observations." The fearful cruelties to which the poor boys employed in climbing were submitted is now quite a matter of history. But it is passing strange to read the defence of this infamous system advanced by Porter, and not a little

amusing to note his ridicule of the then new-fangled system of cleaning by brush. His graphic pictures of the wretchedness, crime, and disease which prevailed among this class were by no means exaggerated.

Morton, Hanway, and Porter were the "leading lights" of the fraternity during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and they were undoubtedly sincere in their attempts to promote the moral, commercial, and spiritual interests of the trade. In 1770 a number of sweeps formed themselves into a friendly society, and met at the Swan Inn, Chandos Street, Covent Garden. Porter himself drew up the "articles," and acted as secretary, whilst Hanway discharged the duties of treasurer. But after a few months the meetings became irregular and disorderly, whereupon the subscriptions were returned and the society dissolved.

The history of chimney-sweeping and sweepers is not without its interest. Charles Lamb has sounded a pathetic note in favour of the poor fellows whose mouths became so watery at the sight of that mysterious mixture, sarsaparilla. Happily, times have greatly changed, and the manners with them, since gentle Elia wrote, and those whose recollections do not carry them far back, can scarcely realize the characteristic illustration given in the twenty-second volume of "The Pamphleteer."

We do not know, however, that the "sooty cause" includes in its annals the literary achievements of another Mr. David Porter, who may be fitly termed the Prose Homer of Chimney-Sweeping.

W. R.



Royal Printers.

ALTHOUGH the printing-press has probably done more than any human agency to bring about revolutions, topple over thrones, and drive kings into exile, yet it has always had a peculiar fascination for crowned heads. Louis XIII. set aside a long suite of beautiful rooms in the Louvre and filled them with cases and presses. This was the famous Royal Printing House. And Louis XVI., when Dauphin, established a small printing-office at Versailles. A little work of thirty-six pages was printed here—a collection of maxims from “Télémaque.” One of these is said to have made a profound impression on Louis. It spoke of revolution being near when kings break down the barriers of honour and good faith. Still another king, who not only wrote books, but actually engaged in printing them, was Frederick the Great of Prussia, who fought like Alexander, but made verses like Tupper. He established a printing-office in the cellarage of his palace at Berlin. In 1750 he published the “Works of the Philosopher of Sans-Souci” in three quarto volumes, and in 1751 his Memoirs appeared.

 She Loved this Book.

I.

O TENDER voice long stilled, would thou again wert here,
 To speak this name to me—this name so fondly dear !
 How oft her soft, dark eyes have scanned these pages o'er,
 How oft her wounded heart has felt their balmly lore !
 It was her trusted friend, this rare and soulful book,
 And in its words her mind a strange, deep pleasure took.
 She loved this book !

II.

Here see I through my tears the traces of her hand,
 Where lines best loved are linked with dim and shadowy band.
 Here stand the gentle words : “He loved this chapter best !”
 This page she read the day she entered into rest.
 Aye, here's the very date. How radiant was her look
 As with a sad, sweet smile she closed this soulful book.
 She loved this book !



The Romance of Book-Hunting.

BOOK-HUNTING has, like every other phase of hunting—fox, fortune, &c.—its pleasures and its disappointments. The latter, it must in truth be admitted, invariably maintain the ascendancy. But your genuine book-hunter never admits making a bad bargain, and even where one is obviously and actually perpetrated, he who makes it generally explains it away in a manner that at least has the merit of self-satisfaction. The day on which a really *rare* work is “bagged” is indeed a red-letter one in the book-hunter’s calendar, and most people hear of the circumstance. But a not at all uncommon incident, of which outsiders and insiders alike hear nothing, is where a presumably unique book is purchased, and the said book, after due examination, turns out to be anything but what was first thought. Little incidents like these are kept dark !

The history of fourpenny and sixpenny boxes is a strange one. From the contents of these we sometimes hear of fabulous sums being realized ; but such anecdotes must be taken with a big grain of salt. Leigh Hunt has gone so far as to say that he doubts whether even a “good bargain” has been secured through the medium of these boxes. After an experience of some years, we are unable to endorse Leigh Hunt’s hypothesis. Really good bargains are to be obtained without much trouble, if a little discretion be exercised. Apart from book-hunting as a mere commercial enterprise, the seeker after intellectual food will find nothing so useful or attractive as a few bookstalls. From these, indeed, no class of literature is exempt, and all play a part. Bibles and facetiæ, poetry and logic, medical treatises and law reports, histories and romances—each and all, in time, become relegated to the omnivorous stall.

Turning over such multifarious collections will assuredly cause a

lost chord to vibrate. Now it is a much-faded volume of poetry, dedicated with youthful ardour to a loving and indulgent mother, who, perchance, did not live to see *her* boy blush forth into the glory of authorship, and whose hand has long since vanished, and whose voice has become still and silent. And again we may turn up a volume inscribed to a school-chum or college friend, who possibly proved the author's most uncompromising opponent in the great struggle for existence. The experience and study of bookstalls and their silent, but yet eloquent, contents, tend to prove, almost as much as daily life, that the closest friendship often resolves itself upon the shallowest of pretexts into the bitterest animosity. Perhaps, once more, the little volume now buried in oblivion was dedicated to a sweetheart whose eyes—if the author spoke truly—bore favourable comparison to the stars, and whose heart he then held in sacred keeping; but she, like the rest, too, changed her mind, as women are wont to do, and came to the utilitarian if unsentimental decision that money stands before aught else. Such things have been.

The British Philistine is unquestionably the most obnoxious person with whom the bookhunter has to contend. The "candid friend" species is an especial and particular abhorrence. Nothing is so irritating as such a person's quite uncalled-for and utterly worthless advice on books, of which he has none but what are gorgeously bound and securely locked in a glass case. One book is just as good as another to him. His powers of prophecy are truly great. He charitably informs the man of books that *he* knew several bookhunters who finished their careers in a workhouse or madhouse, and he instances several who "solved the great mystery" by dancing upon nothing with a rope round their neck to keep them from falling—a little incident which makes one wish that the Philistine had danced to the same tune. His contempt for the person who buys books, but who, admittedly never reads them through, is very great, and his contumacious reasonings goad one to the last degree of distraction.

The shades of a whole host of the great departed hover around bookstalls, and point to the vanity of human wishes. We conjure up the placid smiling face of Shakespeare, and the sunless eyes of the whilom mute inglorious Milton. A movement of the magic wand calls forth, perchance, "the wonderful boy" Chatterton, "the sleepless soul that perished in his pride." And as our fingers wander aimlessly over heaps of old volumes we shall most assuredly come across some work of another precocious youth, Shelley, and our thoughts are at once carried to the Gulf of Spezzia, when, on a stormy July afternoon in 1822, one of the greatest poets of this country perished.

Stray volumes of the "Pilgrim's Progress," of "Robinson Crusoe," and of "Gulliver's Travels," carry our recollection back to the happy days of childhood, when we, like Heine over Don Quixote, "took everything in good earnest," and when happily we knew nothing of Defoe's genius at lying and duplicity, nor aught of Swift's morose and evil temper.

There is no "fad" so delightful or agreeable as bookstalling, and none which, with care, is more likely to be even a commercial success. But to pursue the fad simply with the notion of making money is to rob it of all interest. The true bookstaller is not daunted by heat or cold, and a lengthy distance loses its terrors with the prospect of overhauling an unexplored stall. In short, nothing can damp the phlegmatic bookman's ardour; he is above those petty considerations which harass the ordinary run of mankind.

A BOOKSTALLER.

The "Minerva" Library.

THIS admirable series of books, edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, M.A., shows no signs of "falling off" either as regards popularity or quality. Indeed, it seems to improve with age. We have already spoken frequently in praise of the works included in this series, and we need only mention that the most recent additions include Beckford's "Vathek," Yonge's "Life of Wellington," and C. J. Wills' "Land of the Lion and Sun." The last named is unquestionably one of the most interesting books of travel published within recent years, and as a description of modern Persia by one who lived there for fifteen years it is quite without a rival.



Macmillans and their Books.

THE eminent firm of publishers trading under the name of Macmillan & Co. have created a precedent which it is to be hoped other leading houses of the same class will not be slow to follow. The "Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co.'s Publications from 1843 to 1889" (inclusive) is decidedly one of the most important contributions to the history of modern publishing issued during the past few years. The rise and early years of the firm are dealt with fully in T. Hughes' biography of David Macmillan, and it will suffice for us to state that, after due apprenticeship, Daniel decided to start on his own account, and after much hunting about he at length secured a shop at 57, Aldersgate Street, London, of which the rent was £45 and the fixtures £100. Only a couple of books were published by the two brothers—for Alexander Macmillan, who still survives, was taken into partnership by his brother. The first book which has the firm's imprint was a slight one of ninety-two pages, entitled, "The Philosophy of Training," by A. R. Craig, who was at that time connected with the Barford Street Institution, Islington, having been previously classical master in Glasgow Normal Seminary. The second book, which appeared also in the year 1843, was W. H. Miller's "The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" This book ran into a second edition in the following year. In the summer of 1883, however, and with the assistance of Archdeacon Hare, the business of Newby, 17, Trinity Street, Cambridge, was purchased, to be carried on in conjunction with that in London, which was to be managed by Alexander, his brother Daniel looking after the much more important one at that ancient seat of learning. In a few months, however, the Aldersgate Street shop was given up, and both brothers settled at

Cambridge. Archdeacon Hare had lent them £500 to start with, and in 1845 they acquired the business of Stevenson, of Trinity Street, in the same city. To provide the necessary capital for this extension a partner in the person of a Mr. Barclay was taken in (he retired in 1850). For many years Daniel Macmillan's life was a living death, and the worries and anxieties of a huge business severely taxed an already extremely delicate constitution. His death at the early age of forty-five, in 1858, forms the first great landmark in the history of the firm of Macmillan. Many notable books had already been issued with their imprint—an unfailing guarantee as to a book's respectability. The names of Archdeacon Hare, Trench, Charles Kingsley (whose pamphlet, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty. By Parson Lot," in 1850, was the commencement of a long and honourable connection), Frederick Denison Maurice, J. W. Colenso, F. W. Farrar, Todhunter, and many others. Although several of the books published before 1855 had run into two, three, or more editions, *the* great hit of the firm was not made until Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" appeared in February, 1855, in two octavo volumes. From that date up to October, 1889, this book has reached its thirty-second edition, and as in the case of the sixpenny issues, an edition means between one and two hundred thousand copies, the distribution may be rightly regarded as phenomenal even in these days of big editions. Some of the theological and mathematical works published by this firm in the earlier years of its existence are still standard books, and have sold in comparatively large numbers. Todhunter's "Treatise on Plain Co-Ordinate Geometry," for example, a substantial book of over three hundred pages, is in its ninth edition, as is also the same author's, "Treatise on the Integral Calculus," and McLeod Campbell's, "The Nature of the Atonement and its Relation to Remission of Sins and Eternal Life," a formidable work of nearly four hundred pages, has reached a sixth edition. No fewer than fifty editions of "Tom Brown's School Days" have been called for.

The year 1858 was noteworthy not only on account of the death of Daniel Macmillan, but also from the fact that a branch establishment was opened at 23, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, whilst in 1863 the head-quarters of the firm were once more established in London, at 16, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. The present premises at 29 and 30 were taken over in 1872. *Macmillan's Magazine* was started in November, 1859, under the editorship of David Masson. In 1861 the "Golden Treasury" series of charming little books started off with Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of the Best

Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language," a book now in its twenty-third edition ; and three years later the "Globe" series commenced with the "Globe" Shakespeare, a masterpiece of perfect editing, beauty and clearness of small type, and cheapness—now in its sixteenth edition. In May, 1878, another exceedingly popular and admirable series of books, entitled, "English Men of Letters," was started on its long and prosperous career with Mr. Leslie Stephen's sketch of Samuel Johnson.

Messrs. Macmillans "express their obligations to their valued assistant, Mr. James Foster," compiler of this handsome volume, which will be heartily welcomed by every student of bibliography, and with which it is impossible even for the most carping critic to find fault. The fullest bibliographical details are given, and the books are alphabetically arranged, according to the authors' names, under the particular year in which they first appeared.

It may be mentioned that the present members of the firm are : Alexander Macmillan, G. L. Craik (admitted in 1865), Frederick Macmillan (1874), G. A. Macmillan (1879), and Maurice Macmillan (1883).





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